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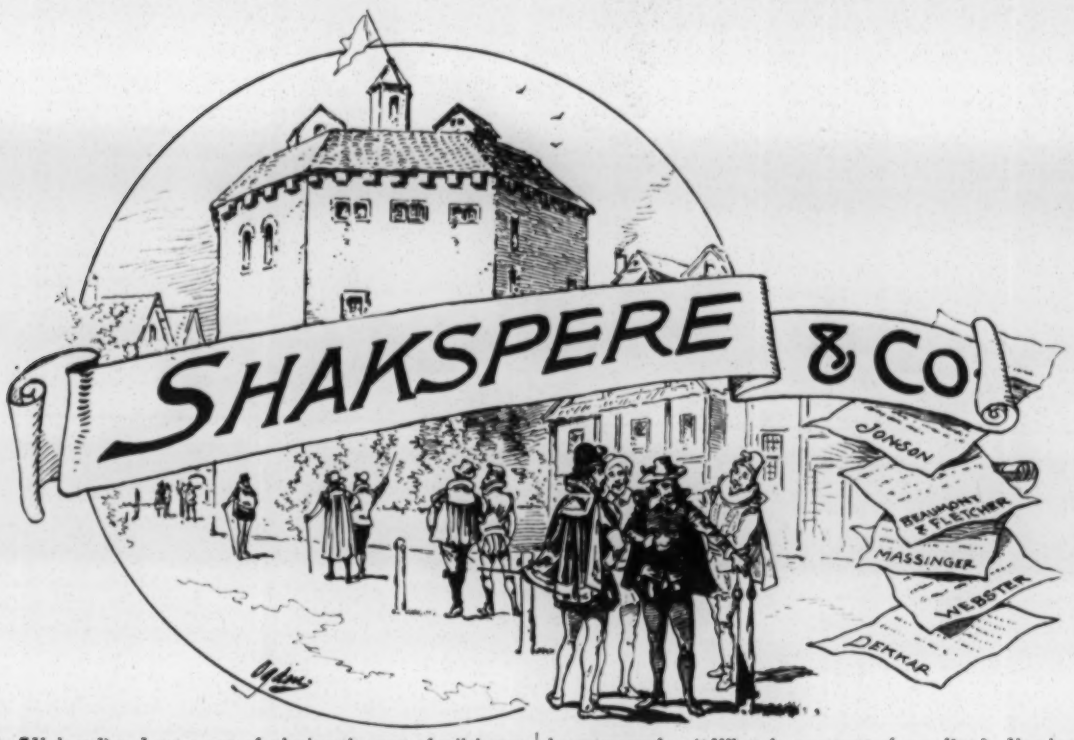
X-MAS IN THE DRESSING-ROOM.
X-MAS ON THE ROAD
"Ten minutes for dinner and refreshments."
X-MAS IN THE BOX-OFFICE
THE ACTORS' FUND SANTA CLAUS.
X MAS IN HEAVEN.
PUNCH IN THE FLIES.

CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.



MY dear Ben, I am weary of playing the part of milch cow to an association that regards me with jealousy and contempt."

Jonson protested with a gesture, but the speaker proceeded with insistance.

"Yes, it is so. They are jealous of my success, and they despise my lack of learning. I have no pretensions to measure minds with Beaumont, Dekkar, Fletcher, or with Phil Massinger. I know they mock my work, and call me 'the hedgerow poet,' and Will Shake-scene! But when the theatre is foundering amongst the shallows into which they have brought our company, you see they put on another face and voice, as they sue to 'poor dear Will' to come to its aid. Does Conyers refuse his part? Is Duggan drunk? Oh, Will can go on for it! Is money required to meet our debts? Oh, Will, our prudent, careful Will, has a store laid by; he will help his fellows. I am sick of it, and will serve their purposes no longer."

So saying the speaker flung himself on a settle-couch that stood in a dark corner of the room, and, turning away, seemed as though he would wrap himself in his resolution and decline further discussion.

Regarding him with a puckered brow and a lurking smile, stood the burly, sturdy form of Ben Jonson, then in the prime of his middle age. His face, when unconcerned with thought, was brimful of boyish expression; in manner and gesture he lacked the staid reserve which accompanies age; for genius is always young. So in this companionship Ben assumed, or rather fell naturally into, the paternal character in which he lent himself to the varying humors of his friend with an easy complaisance. This scene took place in a room overlooking the Banks of the Thames; for the Thames had banks three hundred years ago, which were, on its north side, from the Temple to the Abbey, occupied by the mansions of the great lords, Buckingham, Essex, Southampton, Salisbury, Somerset, and others. Their adjacent grounds swept down to the river and formed a fringe of gardens, with water-gates serving each establishment with access to the river, then the chief thoroughfare of the city. This fringe was interrupted in one place by a nest of buildings called the Savoy, and in another by a similar intrusion that rested against the buildings of the Temple. It was in one of the small houses, situated in a lane that skirted the grounds of Lord Essex, that Master Shakspere lodged. The bay-window of his dwelling-room overlooked the river, which glistened with skipping wherries and stately barges, while to the right it afforded a sidelong view over the gardens of Essex House. A third person was present during the wordy war between Ben and the fractious Will. He was seated on an oaken coffer, that served as a receptacle for fuel and waste-paper, and, when closed, formed a low seat in the recessed window, through the diamond panes of which the autumn sun flung a checkered light over his recumbent figure and deepened the yellow leaves of the manuscript he was employed in reading. As he lay tucked into a corner of the lattice, he appeared to be of low stature and inclining to obesity. He was without beard or mustache, both of which were worn by his companions. There was nothing to distinguish this individual, excepting the extraordinary mobility of his large but exquisitely modeled mouth, which changed its form and expression with marvelous plastic power, and the depth of his long eyes, fringed with dark lashes of exceptional beauty. After taking a few strides back and forth in the room, Jonson approached the couch and, laying his hand on the shoulder of his friend, said:

"You have some cause to complain, but you must remember that this jealousy of your fellows is in some sort the tribute paid by them to your merit. These were the first to recognize and hold out their hand to your early efforts. Come, Will, I know you have a heap of unfinished works and some half-made plays. Webster, Dekkar and I can put our heads together to finish them, and while our fellows are rehearsing the first part, we can be making the rest."

"Oh!" groaned Will, "what a waste of time and thought we make over these foolish plays, which, seen for a week's amusement for the groundlings, are then swept away into the dust-hole!"

"You are right there, Will, old friend. Some of your best work lies scattered over the stage; and what a stage! The Greek Drama survives, like all Greek art, because its form is godlike and its substance noble; but ours is grotesque in form and vulgar in substance. But you will live by your poems, Will. If your 'Othello' be forgotten, your Sonnets will make your name known to unborn generations."

"Do you think so, indeed?" asked the poet, looking up almost piteously, yet with such boyish entreaty, into the good-natured face that met his gaze with honest conviction.

"You can say with Horace: *Exegi monumentum are perennius.*"

"Can I?" replied Shakspere; and then, after a pause, a smile so childish, so winning, spread itself over his face as he said, frankly: "What does that mean, Ben, in our vulgar tongue?"

"You have erected a monument more durable than bronze!"

Shakspere sank slowly back with a deep sigh of mingled doubt and happiness; then in the weary voice of a pettish child, he murmured: "What do you want of me, Ben? You know I cannot deny you."

"The money we expended on the production of 'Tarquin' has emptied our coffers," commenced Jonson.

"Yes, and has left the company in debt to me!" cried the poet, suddenly awakened to business. "I provided the armor and properties for the Banquet scene at great cost; but at the same time I warned our fellows that they would fail! Who cares for Roman subjects? When you persuaded me to make 'Coriolanus' and 'Julius Cæsar,' I told you they would not draw a crown, and you remember the result! We lost money by them both."

"But we gained credit," retorted Jonson. "Some of your greatest work is to be found in those plays."

"Yes!" re-cried Will; "it is found and buried—dig for it! Besides, what is good there is yours. You guided my pen!"

Here the muttering of the reader in the window, to which the speakers had accorded little attention, broke in on their converse. His rich, full voice filled the room like the deep tones of a clarionet. He rose to his feet, and with a gesture such as Jove used when imposing silence on the gods, he drew from the depths of his being a cry so mournful, so sweet, tremulous and pitiful! It rose as a wail and fell like a tear. Then the great music of his voice poured out these words, which he read from the manuscript that quivered in his hand:

Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his whole conceit
That from his working all his visage wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspect,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general air with horrid speech;
Make the mad guilty, and appall the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of my eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whose property, and most dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain? breaks my pate across?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the nose? gives me the lie i' the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Why, I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter; or ere this,
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal: bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O vengeance!
What an ass am I! Ay, sure, this is most brave;
That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a bawd, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh!

As he proceeded the jaws of Jonson fell; his cheeks twitched and turned pale.

"My God, Dick! What have you there? Go on! go on!"

"There is no more!" gasped Burbage, holding out the blank leaves of the manuscript from which he had been reading. "It is the fragment of a play."

"What play is this?" said Jonson, running to the couch. "Can you listen to that tirade and give no sign?"

"Oh, leave me in peace!" replied Shakspere. "I am weary."

"You shall have neither peace nor rest until you answer me," said Ben, pulling his friend into a sitting posture. "What is this work of which Dick Burbage has given us a taste?"

"Well," growled Will, "if you must know, I was trying my hand on that old piece of nonsense, 'Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.' I thought the part might be in Dick's vein. Indeed, he proposed the subject to me himself."

"I had forgotten the circumstance," said Burbage.

"But why did you relinquish the task?" inquired Jonson, eagerly. "The character of the wild Norse prince, part savage, part philosopher, and the rest madman, would give ample scope for your own Gothic genius to run riot."

"The day after we produced 'Julius Cæsar,'" said Shakspere, quietly, "I overheard a wish expressed by Raleigh at the Mermaid to Alleyne. He said he hoped Will Shakspere would make a play without a ghost in it; that he dealt out his ghosts for the benefit of the groundlings—the visitations in Macbeth, and Richard, and Julius Cæsar might impose on the lower sort, but such tricks excited laughter in those more sensible. So when I returned to my work on 'Hamlet,' the prominence of the ghost struck me in a new light, and I threw the manuscript aside. Where did you find it?"

"In this wood-coffer," replied Burbage.

"I thought Mistress Ford, my landlady, had used it for fuel," said Will. "I so intended it when it was thrown there."

Burbage and Jonson exchanged looks.

"May I take it with me?" asked the latter.

"Yes, if you will take Dick also, and leave me to sleep. Middleton and Burgess brought me home this morning, all the better for a supper at the Red Bull on Oldbourne, and Nature claims me for the present."

Jonson and Burbage descended from the room, but not before Ben had crept to the window and closed the curtain gently.

"God bless you, Ben!" murmured the poet, as he fell away into dreamland.

"God bless you, Will!" whispered his friend, as he bent over him; and then, following the actor, he closed the door softly after him.

The cottage had once served as a lodge to the head-gardener of Lord Essex, as a door in the wall of the yard signified, by which access was obtained to the extensive grounds of the mansion. A small slip of garden, now somewhat neglected, but showing evidence of former masterly care, stretched down to the river bank, where a rustic summer-house, covered with creeping plants, bathed its feet in the water at high tide. Here the two fellows ensconced themselves. Jonson flung himself on the turf, and relinquished the only seat to Burbage.

"Now, let us have at it!" he cried, closing his eyes. "Read this piece of a play." The actor addressed himself to the welcome task. Ben gave no sign until the scene of Hamlet and the Ghost was reached, when Dick uprose, and, throwing into the attitude and appalled face of the Prince all the intense mimetic powers of his art, he made the spirit of the father visible: the tears coursed down his cheeks, the responses of Hamlet came sobbing when he extended his arms to clasp the incorporeal presence as it faded into night. The eyes of Jonson were directed to the wall of the enclosure, and by the motion of his head he directed the attention of the other to that spot. Above the coping was seen gathered a row of heads, with widespread eyes and open mouths,—an audience of gardeners and serving-men drawn thither by the voice of Burbage. They had climbed the low wall and become spectators of the scene, at first with wonder and amusement, but, quickly fascinated by the exhibition, they listened spellbound. As the spell of the speaker ceased and their presence was discovered, they dropped discreetly out of sight.

"Have those rogues been watching us?" cried Burbage.

"Yes," replied Jonson, "and I have been watching them as they raised their smirking faces one by one over the wall. They came to mock, but soon their mood was changed, and wonder-stricken they gasped. I wish they had not taken to flight; I would have loved to drop my plummet into their hearts."

The head of a youth appeared, furtively, above the wall, and it spake very humbly.

"We crave your mercy, Master Burbage, if we have offended; but we knew your voice, and could not resist its invitation."

"Well, well," answered Dick, laughing, "you are forgiven."

"Would you tell us does the Prince, in the end, kill the king that murdered his father?"

"Like a dog!" shouted Ben.

"God bless him!" came from a chorus on the other side of the wall, as the youth dropped out of sight amidst his gratified companions.

"Io triumpho!" cried Jonson. "The plummet has struck bottom in their hearts! This play will fill the Globe!"

The thoughtless words were prophetic.

DEAR BEN: Herewith a plan of the play as it was forecast—that is, the matter of it. (Keep it dearly, for you will see it is written on the back of a letter from Lord Southampton, of which I would not lose a word. Let me have it again, after it has served.) The scenes as laid forth are apportioned amongst Webster, Dekkar, Alleyne, and yourself. As each of our fellows may finish his portion, he should leave it with me, that I may pass it through my pen, and use judgment to introduce, change, amend, or omit, at will. The play is a wild thing, and so perhaps Massinger, or Fletcher, who are shapely and circumspect, would have lost time by objection. I have a scene between Hamlet and Ophelia, in which he takes leave of her, which may fit somewhere. If not, let it go.

Thine while his soul is to him, W. S.

Keep it in your thought that we retain the mind of Hamlet in that region that lies between sanity and madness. I have watched it thoughtfully in women whose natures suffer with that complaint called "isteria," that causes confusion in them. Yet in most things they are not unreasonable, but, nevertheless, are aware of such irresistible inconsequence in their mind as may lead to madness.

Inclosed in this letter Jonson found Southampton's epistle, and on the back was scrawled:

Plan of Amlet after arrival of Players.

1. The Court play, in which the murder of a king by his brother is performed. This scene, acted like the Taming of Shrew, on inner stage, Claudius, Gertrude, and the court being spectators. (Note by W. S.:—Let Jonson do this.)
2. The Queen seeks an interview with her son to probe his suspicions. Hamlet turns it into a scene of reproach. (W. S. reserves this scene, in which the Ghost will reappear, and he intends to play that part.)
3. Claudius resolves to send Hamlet to England with letters which will insure his assassination in that country. (Webster will handle this part.)
4. Laertes, recalled to Elsinore by the madness of his sister, deserted by Hamlet. Her death. (Dekkar and Alleyne.)
5. Hamlet returns, and is present at the burial of Ophelia. (W. Shakspere.)
6. Grand Court scene; prepared for fencing bout between Hamlet and Laertes; poisoned foil. Death of Gertrude, who drinks cup prepared for Hamlet. Laertes and Hamlet fall by each other's hand. (Will explain this.) Hamlet kills the King. (Jonson and Webster.)

Afterthought: The armor bought for "Tarquin" will serve in this play; also the banquet service and trappings of the throne.

"By all the gods of Olympus!" cried Jonson, when he arrived at the "afterthought," "Will has had his mind on those furnitures all the while."

"Oh!" quoth Webster, "can so great a soul descend to such a trifling and sordid matter?"

"They say that the elephant can, with his mighty trunk, pick up a pin," said Ben; "and with some minds little things are great, because great things seem to them little. Will values a poor trick of words, and enjoys his play on them with more satisfaction than the richest ore of his imagination. The latter costs him nothing to produce, but the other is an effort. But to work. Those acts which remain unwritten may contain some 1,500 lines. To us, then, will fall about 800; to Alleyne and Dekkar 200, and to Will the rest. To-day is Thursday. We can supply our parts to Shakspere by Saturday night, and if we call the tragedy for rehearsal on Tuesday, we can play it on Friday in next week. How are you affected toward the play?"

"I am afraid of it! So far as it has gone it is a wilderness where mighty thoughts overgrow each other, great shadows pass misleading and terrifying," said Webster. "Shakspere loves to deal with madness and with ghosts. In Macbeth he brings forward the ghost of a dagger, then the ghost of Banquo, then a community of ghosts, some emerging from a witch's caldron, and others marching in procession."

"The people love to see it," objected Ben. "It is wild, weird, grand, and, above all, it is in the English vein. Instead of studying the Greek models, as we are too prone to do, he has made a drama of his own."

"Ay," said Webster, "but those Greek fellows have survived for two thousand years. Where shall we be in the Year of Our Lord 3600?"

And so they parted.

. . . . . .

The first rehearsal of "Hamlet" was called for Tuesday at eight the clock, at the Globe Theatre. A few minutes before that hour a wherry crossing from the Savoy landed Will Shakspere and Ben Jonson at the steps by Bank-side, from whence a narrow lane, fringed with a few scattered houses of somewhat mean appearance, led toward Blackfriars. The actors soon reached an open space, in the midst of which arose a circular building, painted yellow and gray, over which floated a gaudy flag. Above the door was a hemisphere on which was depicted a fanciful globe. A row of narrow slits surrounded the theatre for the admission of light and air. At a distance of seventy or eighty feet from the walls a line of posts encircled the building. These were for the accommodation of those who, visiting the theatre, tethered their horses to the iron rings, four of which were furnished to each post. To every ten of these a boy was assigned, whose duty it was to care for, feed, and water the animals during the performance. As Shakspere passed between two of these pillars he laid his hand on one of them.

"Scant thirty years have passed since I stood here and claimed these ten posts as mine only friends. How often and how greedily I watched the crowd entering those doors, and listened to the applause and wept for envy that I could not share in the feast."

Nodding to the pillars, he passed on and entered the theatre. Two-thirds of the interior was used for the auditorium, and one-third was screened by a simple partition, to form the stage. This platform was elevated, however, some five feet above the floor of the hall. The two shallow galleries surrounding the house were divided into small boxes, six feet square. On each side of the stage some dozens of chairs occupied a prominence now given to the stage-boxes. These places were reserved for the more distinguished visitors. The pit was a simple place in which the public stood to see the performance. This was the low-priced and popular part of the theatre, and as we now call the denizens of the gallery "the gods," so these pittites were nicknamed "groundlings," and regarded with contempt by the boxes and the stage beaux. There was no orchestra, but against the stage front hung a blackboard, on which was written in chalk the words: "Platform of Castle at Elsinore." There was no scenery, but this notice served to instruct the public where the scene was supposed to be. Similar notice-boards are used at this day in the music-halls and open-air theatres in Europe to indicate the change of performances. In the midst of the pit, a group composed of a score of men lounged around a rough table, on which were scattered writing material. These were the authors and actors. They formed the company of the Globe, in which they were shareholders — as the company of the Théâtre Française in this day are shareholders in that enterprise. Two or three of them walked apart, employed in reading their parts, which had just been issued to them by Alleyne, in whose person was combined the offices of prompter and stage manager. Jonson assumed the responsibility of drilling the supernumeraries, for which command his experience as a seaman was of value. Shakspere supplied the stage fittings and furniture—what we now call "properties"—charging the association for the hire of the articles. Greene, who neglected no occasion to administer a sly handful of dirt, accused Shakspere of introducing feasts, and parades of servants carrying sundry festive services across the stage, so as to bring in an extended property bill at the end of the month.

A play written by Greene failed badly. Shakspere took the piece home, and returned it within two days remodeled. It

proved a success in this shape. "There," quoth Will, with a good-humored smile, as he threw his arm gently over Greene's shoulder, "I have carried you across the stage, and it will cost you nothing." So he reproved his companion with that ineffable sweetness that brought him so much love.

One of those actors who had been studying their parts drew Will aside:

"I cannot present this character to my mind," said he. "He begins like a philosopher and ends like a fool."

It was Polonius.

"I played the part in the old piece," he continued. "It was that of a garrulous, tedious, feeble, good-humored gentleman. The public will expect to see me as the unconscious butt at which Hamlet shoots his wit. You have cut out his description of the Players, and his comic interview with Hamlet the Prince, and Polonius disappears after the second act."

"If you think the pit will cry out for these scenes, we can restore them at rehearsal. But," said Shakspere, smiling, "my Polonius is a worldly-wise, shrewd old courtier. How will it be if you show that kind of character in the first two acts, and become a notorious old fool in the end? You will present, as it were, a monster, with the head and body of a man and the tail of a fish."

"A roar of laughter covers a multitude of sins" replied the actor. "The pit never stops to think; it only begin to judge when it ceases to be amused."

A bell sounded, and the rehearsal began. All went well until the scene between Polonius, Laertes and Ophelia proceeded, in the midst of which the young man who played Ophelia cast inquiring looks toward Greene, and at last, turning to Shakspere, remarked:

"Do you not feel this scene is too long?"

"No! no!" came a loud protest from a small group who sat in one of the boxes on the right, near the stage. It was composed of Fletcher, Beaumont and Middleton.

"I am with Hart!" cried Burbage, coming forward. "It is fine writing, but sententious as a sermon. It sounds as if Will had filled up the scene out of his commonplace book."

"You have hit it, Dick!" shouted Ben Jonson. "I read every word of it there a year ago."

"Do you feel it is tedious, Ben?" asked Shakspere.

"Not to me," replied Jonson; "but it may be to the pit."

"Cut it down, then," agreed the pliant Will. Then turning to Fletcher, he remarked, "What is omitted is never hissed."

So the rehearsal proceeded until the second act, wherein Polonius announces to Hamlet the arrival of the Players. Here the actor took a license to introduce some speeches from the older play. When he had finished his comic tirade, Burbage looked around, inquiring, "Who speaks to that cue?"

"I have not got it here!" said Greene, examining the prompt manuscript.

"Polonius is wandering back into the old play," said Dick. "Wake up, my friend!"

"No!" interposed Shakspere, "we agreed he should restore some of those speeches, which, he assures us, the public will expect."

"It shocks my sense!" objected Burbage. "It sounds like a cock-crow in Westminster Abbey during a mass—I mean a service."

"And Dick, being the only cock in the walk," cried Polonius, "objects to any crow but his own."

A shout of laughter, in which Burbage readily and heartily joined, followed this retort, which was followed by a comic sparring-match between the opponents, ending in an embrace.

"Is this a scene in the play?" inquired Massinger, gravely,; "This stately sense of propriety protesting against such exuberance of folly."

"No," replied a voice; "there is nothing so good in it." (It was the grave-digger waiting for his brief scene in the fifth act.)

So the work went on until the rehearsal arrived at the scene in which Hamlet calls on the First Player to repeat a scene from an old play, which the Prince claims had scant justice awarded to it in its production. Burbage proceeded.

"Hold!" cried Fletcher. "Where have I heard those lines?"

Shakspere, looking up to the box from which his fellow-author had spoken, replied demurely: "They are out of my early play, 'The Siege of Troy,' which met with an undeserved reception. I have urged on you to afford the work another chance—but all your voices were against it. So I am reduced to give the public in this manner a taste of its quality."

The quiet humor with which this was explained elicited a hearty laugh, ending with a round of applause. Then Burbage let forth the soliloquy beginning, "Oh, what a rogue and peasant slave am I!" with all the powers of his mighty voice and expression. He was acting before an audience of giants, and he rose to the level of their company. At the conclusion, amid a grand silence, Ford arose and said quietly: "My masters, there is nothing in modern or ancient poetry, within my reading, which excels that soul-burst!"

"And the apostrophe of Lear to the storm?" objected Massinger.

"I am glad, Philip," cried Jonson, "that you can find no rival to Will excepting himself."

During a recess of an hour, accorded to the actors for refreshment, Burbage took Shakspere apart.

"Listen, Will. You are too easy with those who play the clowns. The day is past when the poet left great spaces in his work for the clowns to fill with prattle of their own, which they changed from day to day, vying with each other in impertinence and vulgarity. We order things better now. But the fools still introduce their jingle—to our detriment. You gave Polonius free warrenage and license. Who knows with what fat nonsense he may lard my best scenes? I overheard Sly, who plays the Gravedigger, arranging horseplay with Boone, who plays his underling. Sly, when he leaps into the grave, intends to divest himself of twenty-four jerkins in succession. He has also devised a strawberry nose to be molded in wax and wool. He and Boone are now employed yonder in exchanging quips, to set on the unthinking to laughter and derision, and this to the ruin of the burial scene, in which you have given Hamlet expressions so tender. It is sheer blasphemy!"

"Yet the contrast of the Prince and the gravedigger is good if they would let it be," replied Shakspare, reluctantly. . . . "We cannot hold these clowns in check! But they are not alone in fault; for those who perform the second parts are not content to stay put, but hope by vehemence and rant to push themselves to the front. These swashing bullies offend me to the soul.—See where our Laertes is threatening the roof, spouting like one struggling for life. The fellow is rehearsing Ajax!" and he pointed out to Burbage a young actor who, with clenched hands and uplifted arms, was dealing out death to the gods in an obscure corner of the pit.

"I wish you could read them all a lesson!" said Dick, despondingly. "They would not take it from me."

"Faith, it could not come amiss!" replied Shakspere, and he fell into thought.

A hand on his shoulder interrupted his meditation. It was Polonius. "My dear Will," said the actor, "you have not provided for me in the end. What becometh of me? I come to a lame and impotent conclusion. Every one else comes to noble grief."

SHAKSPERE & CO. A REHEARSAL AT THE "GLOBE."

"Would you like to be killed?" asked Shakspere.

"I ask nothing better."

"Master Shakspere," interposed a dirty-looking fellow, dragging after him a heavy cloth, "see what a rent is made in our best canopy. It needs repair, ere it serve for the new play."

"Presently, good Martin, I'll be with you." Then turning to Polonius, "How say you to acting as spy on Hamlet, who, perceiving a movement in the arras behind which you are concealed, runs his sword haphazard into the cloth, and finds he has killed Ophelia's father?"

"Excellent!" cried Polonius. "But may it not prove a cue for a laugh?"

"No; Burbage will protect the situation. Besides, your murder will furnish the King with better reason for the exile of Hamlet, and will surcharge the soul of Ophelia with a greater burthen. Good!—it is good. You shall be murdered."

"Thank you, Will!" cried the actor.

Again the property man claimed the mind of the poet, who put him aside with a gesture as he fell into a chair at the prompt table. His eyes wandered to a pair of slouchy-looking fellows that sat together on the edge of the platform joining the stage, leaving their legs to dangle over what we now call the orchestra. These were Sly and Boone, the two popular clowns. They were arranging their "gags." Some of these reached the ears of Shakspere, who lifted his shoulders in hopeless deprecation as he turned to where the Laertes was practicing his athletic tirades.

"Eureka!" he whispered to himself, as a sweet smile expanded his somewhat sensual mouth, "I will let them have it," and his pen ran over a scrap of paper. Quiet, self-satisfied laughs punctuated his work as it flowed rapidly from his mind.

"There!" quoth he, as he threw the scrap across to Burbage, "you can find some place wherein to speak those lines."

Burbage lifted the paper, and soon was buried in "The Advice to the Players." When he had finished the reading he turned to find Shakspere. The poet was busily employed inspecting the rent in the canopy and bargaining closely with Martin over the cost of its repair.

. . . . . .

SCENE—*The Royal Chase near Richmond.—Under a group of giant oaks are two men.—Beside them the remains of a meal are scattered on the turf.—The River Thames flows like a silver ribbon through the woods and meadows far below the hill on which they lie.—The City of London glitters in the east on the horizon.*

Jonson—Are you asleep, Will?

Shakspere—No; I am dreaming.

Jonson—Of what?

Shakspere—Of what we may be! Will any of our works be preserved? Shall we live in this world to come?

Jonson—Who can tell? If some book-loving monks had not preserved a few copies of the Greek and Roman classic poets, we should have never known the names of Homer, Virgil, Sophocles, or Horace. And beyond these lie, perished and unheard of, still greater names, that were dear to the Assyrians and the Egyptians.

Shakspere—Think you we—you and I—will be heard of beyond our lives?

Jonson—You will live, Will, for you are not of this age, but for all time.

Shakspere—Oh, that I felt within me the power to make an epic poem! Such an one as the Faerie Queen!

Jonson—You have written a greater work, by my opinion.

Shakspere—Greater than Spenser's?

Jonson—Greater than any poem in our language!

Shakspere—You mean "The Passionate Pilgrim"?

Jonson—No; I mean "Hamlet."

Shakspere—(*Sitting up and regarding Ben with amused incredulity*)—You jest.

Jonson—I supped with Francis Bacon last evening. Raleigh and Sydney were there. Bacon compared your play with the Orestes of Sophocles, and found you superior to the Greek. The rest of that bench concurred in the judgment.

Shakspere—Would I had been there!

Jonson—You would not have understood our reasoning.

Shakspere—That is true. What is Orestes?

Jonson—A tragedy by a Greek poet that stood to his predecessor, Æschylus, as you stand to Marlowe. But you, out of chaos, have made a world. It is a rich wilderness, like the Garden of Eden before Art had disciplined the profusion of Nature—for profusion is of God, but economy is of man.

Shakspere—I cannot see how this applies to me.

Jonson—Because genius is always unconscious.

Shakspere—You have told me that our plays are all worthless things—pastimes of the hour.

Jonson—Because my mind was "cribbed, cabined and confined" by the narrow worship of the heathen gods of poetry, which monkish teaching had set up within me. I recant. You will live by Hamlet, Othello, Romeo, Macbeth, Richard, and Lear. These plays will always afford to tragic actors in future ages the opportunity for great efforts. By the unborn phalanx, your standard will be borne aloft and ahead of the British Drama.

Shakspere—Did Raleigh and Bacon say so much, Jonson?

Jonson—Ay, and more, too.

Shakspere—What said they about my "Rape of Lucrece," my "Venus and Adonis," and the Sonnets?

Jonson—Not a word. Yes—hold——

Shakspere—Ay, ay.

Jonson—Sydney said there was a wealth of thought——

Shakspere—Yes?

Jonson—Wasted upon them.

Shakspere (*leaping up*)—Those gaudy, worthless plays, sluts of the stage, serve to conceal the better children of my brain. I shall print none of them. Let them expire when they have served their miserable end. It is on these I have wasted my life—licking the calf drama of our stage into shape as a cow licks her calf. How much of me is there in each of these plays? I could not know myself. I'll put my name to none of them. Come, Ben, let us return by Sheen to London.

Ben—Nay, but see yon barge descending the river; we can intercept that fellow at Kew, and so float on down to Chelsea.

Shakspere—Have with you. [*When they reach the foot of Richmond Hill, and after hailing the barge*]—In good faith, Ben, do you think my Sonnets will not go down to posterity?

Ben—(*pointing to the boat*)—Ay, as we go down the river borne in that boat, your poems will in like manner be carried in the hold of your plays.

Dion Boucicault

DE PROFUNDIS.

Well, who would have thought it, a fortnight ago,
That I should be lying here flat on my back,
Just counting the hours' monotonous flow,
By the mantel-clock's weary tick-tack, tick-tack?

Only ten days, is it? Seems like a year
Since they brought me up-stairs and put me to bed,
With a lively leech behind either ear,
And a neat little ice-bag atop of my head.

Brain overtaxed and nerves overwrought;
The panic has had its perfect work.
In the battle with failure our partners had fought
I never, be sure, was the man to shirk.

So the doctor says, and he's endlessly wise,
Though some things escape e'en the doctor's sight;
But our landlady looks out of womanly eyes;
She guessed what ailed me, and guessed it right.

She slipped the little "photo" away,
That hung by my bed just where I could see,
And the pearl-tinted notes, and the withered bouquet—
She has them all snug under lock and key.

Not a word has been said, but I know by her eye,
By the tone of her voice, and the touch of her hand,
She has thought the whole story out silently,
And can sympathize, pity, and understand.

Hard work doesn't kill, nor a trifle of fright;
I've weathered, ere now, worse tempests than this,
And we brought the old firm out all stanch and right,
And our creditors found not the slightest amiss.

But just in the hottest struggle and whirl—
Every nerve on the strain to carry us through—
Just then to learn what a heartless girl
In the matter of frivolous mischief can do!

It was merely a paragraph—married—to *him!*
Place—names—date—everything cruelly clear.
And the faces around me grew misty and dim,
Till I dropped in my tracks, and they brought me here.

Quiet and rest are all I require,
Says the doctor. Good faith! I've a surplus of each!
Quiet, for a man with his soul on fire!
Rest, with the live world just out of my reach!

All through the day I toss here in pain,
All night long I wander and dream,
While the same old puzzle works on in my brain,
In weary, monotonous, endless stream.

Hour after hour as it crawls along,
I count the time—tick-tack, tick-tack,
Till the clock seems to mix up my soul in its song,
And is running my wits with its dismal clack.

I've kept odd company once in a way,
Very shady sometimes, if the truth were known,
But none so wretched, I've learned to-day,
As your own sad self when you're ill and alone.

But after all the wrong and the shame,
Sickened and beaten as here I lie,
I've pluck enough still to review the game,
And look my wretchedness fair in the eye!

I thought I knew something of women—poor fool!
Too stupid to know that in matters like this
Their simplest can send our wisest to school,
And sell out our lives with a smile or a kiss!

I believe, on my soul, now the truth is told,
I'm content that he's bought her—they're just a pair;
He with his swagger, and sharpness, and gold,
And she with her beauty—the bargain's fair.

As for any such trifle as heart or soul,
Girls sometimes throw in just to make up weight,
That's neither in his nor in her control;
The property's mortgaged—he came too late.

I hardly know if I'm sorry or glad
To know that she loved me—she loves me still.
All the treasure of feeling the girl ever had
Came to me—*he* makes shift with the empty till.

Well, heaven forgive her! That's easily said—
But alas! before heaven has had its say,
She must reckon—on earth—with the man she has wed.
And a wearisome bill she'll find it to pay!

As for my part, I'm thankful I played my hand
In honest earnest—my record's sound.
If I've lost, it's no more than a man can stand.
I must bide my time till the deal comes round.

Meanwhile, when I make up account of stock,
I find a clear conscience—a purpose set,
A heart still healthy, for all the shock,
A head rather dizzy, but level yet.

Let the doctor but once set me straight on my pins,
And then back to work with a cheerful will;
For it's patience and pluck in the end that wins,
And our sort are remarkably hard to kill!

Carl Wagenknecht

A MODERN VIRGINIUS.

MR. MAURICE MARKSTEIN walked down the Bowery with the air of a man of solid respectability. This was heightened by the imposing depth of the fur on the collar of his overcoat, and the defiant twist of his purplish black mustache. Mr. Markstein was, however, in very low water financially, while morally it is to be feared that the water was not enough to float the smallest paper boat of a conscience. However, on this particular blustering December night Mr. Markstein turned aside out of the Bowery with a high-stepping action indicative of lofty moral purpose and halted in front of the establishment over whose fortunes he for the time presided. "Jolies Parisiennes" flickered in roaring gas-jets over the paint-despoiled, battered, swinging doors which, ever and anon, let loose a sweltering surge of tobacco-smoke and blasphemy as some fur-capped, short-coated young corner-loafer or tawdrily dressed pavement nymph pushed them open and passed in. At either side of this portal a couple of bill-boards were propped up, and the rather watery eye of Mr. Markstein fell on the rudely scrawled announcements which were pasted in an untidy fashion on these boards. "Engagement Extraordinary" headed the bill-of-fare provided for the patrons of the "Jolies Parisiennes," or the "Jolly," as those patrons familiarly called the haunt. This was followed by

FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY.
MONS. LE TRUE,
The World's Famed Sword-Thrower. Assisted by
MLLE. VIRGINIE,
The Most Finished Vocalist and Best-Dressed Lady on the American Stage!
FOR TWO WEEKS ONLY.

This was Mr. Markstein's last throw. For months he had been playing against Fate. Either the spare dimes of his usual patrons were fewer and farther between than formerly, or else they preferred, with the ingratitude of their kind, to bestow them elsewhere. Manager Markstein pushed open the swinging door, and entered the place which owned him as lord. If you had followed his example you would have found yourself in a sort of ante-chamber down one side of which was a sloppy bar. Across the far end of the room was an unpainted wooden screen, in the center of which was a door. Here sat a nondescript-looking thing that might have been a man of ninety, but was probably a boy of eighteen, with trembling fingers handing out dirty bits of pasteboard in exchange for the dime or fifteen cents delivered therefor. You entered a long, low room thick with tobacco-smoke and redolent of unwashed humanity.

The fame of Mons. Le True had spread far and wide, and, as it was understood that during his performance a human life was to be put in the utmost peril, the proportion of unsexed females was greater than usual. At the far end was a low stage, with a sort of pen on one side termed the "private box," and on the other a door inscribed "Wine Room. Tickets to be obtained at the Bar." Below the stage was a battered piano, thumped on with monotonous energy by a rakish-looking young man, who conversed with a few choice spirits sitting in the reserved seats and occasionally chaffed the performers on the stage.

On the particular evening with which we are concerned, and which happened to be that of the 24th of December, 188–, Mr. Markstein stood at the back of his audience for some few minutes and mentally calculated the number of ten-cent pieces they represented. The manager strode solemnly up the room, passed through the door at the upper end, and found himself in the "Wine Room." Sitting in one corner was a young and rather good-looking girl, whose plump cheeks seemed not to require the artificial roses so lavishly bestowed. These were fast being washed away by the tears trickling slowly down from her large brown eyes. Bending over her, and savagely cursing under his breath, was a tall, sallow-faced person, whose thin black mustache only seemed to emphasize the evil, cruel lines of his bloodless lips.

"Hallo, Le True, vot's der madder?" exclaimed Mr. Markstein.

"Matter? Mattier henough," answered the man addressed, in unmistakably cockney accents. "'Ere's this bloomin' gal o' mine cut up rough an' says as 'ow she cawn't go an' do 'er turn. But by ——, she shall, Crismuss here or no Crismuss here!" and bending over her he grasped one of her wrists, and looking fiercely at her, said in low, slow accents: "Do you 'ear? Do up your face again and be ready when yer turn's called. Do you 'ear?" The girl rose slowly, and, as though fascinated by the keen gray eyes which never left her face, she walked over to where a box of powder lay before a cracked looking-glass. With a rag which once had been a stocking, and now did duty as a powder-puff, she daubed her face till the traces of emotion had disappeared. Le True slipped off the dingy ulster in which he had been wrapped, and appeared habited in a close-fitting dress of dingy black on which were sewn a profusion of tarnished silver spangles. The girl had also doffed a tattered shawl and appeared in her professional garment of white muslin trimmed with faded pink ribbons. The cracked piano outside jingled an inharmonious waltz; the man picked up a small table on which glittered several metal spheres and a sheaf of dangerous-looking knives, and, followed by his companion, stepped briskly on the stage to be greeted by a burst of rude applause. As seen from the front, Mlle. Virginie—for she it was who had just left the "Wine Room"——seemed at variance with her surroundings. Her girlish figure; her babyish face, surmounted by the crop of golden curls which evidently did not owe their color to any wash or bleaching process; her half-timid, half-coquettish expression, and the appealing look in her big eyes, would have seemed strange in many a more respectable place of amusement than the "Jolies Parisiennes." The act she was about to perform with Le True's assistance was one requiring a man's nerve and coolness. Standing with her arms stretched out against a board at one side of the stage, she remained motionless as a marble statue while the man threw one sharp knife after another toward her. With a whizz and a whirr as they flew through the air, and a quivering thud as they struck the board, they buried their points in the wood so closely round her that it seemed as though a piece of paper could not have been slipped between them and her soft warm flesh. As she stood in the center of the stage that Christmas Eve to sing the little ballad with which Le True's performance was prefaced, there was a roar of applause, and every man in the room, save one, stamped his feet and clapped his hands to testify his approbation. The man who did not clap was sitting in the front row, and leaned forward in an attitude of strained attention. He was different in outward appearance from the stamping, yelling horde around him. His sparse gray hairs were covered by a faded, battered gray felt hat, while, as though the temperature of the room were not away up in the nineties, he wore a huge gray overcoat of some homespun material, and his trousers were tucked into high leather boots reaching nearly to his knees. His face, like his dress, was alien to the place and its surroundings. It was that of a man some fifty years of age, whom toil and exposure had perhaps aged beyond his years. And yet it was a face which spoke rather of the open air and fresh-smelling fields than of stuffy workshops and noisome tenement-houses. In the eyes was that far-seeing gaze peculiar to the farmer and the sailor—a gaze with something of the pathetic in it. The old man was looking with a strange intensity—half rising from his seat in his eagerness—at the girl on the stage. She stepped forward in a half-timid fashion and began to sing some simple little ballad in a clear, thrilling voice full and sweet as the blackbird's note. She had hardly finished the first line when there was a yelp of surprise and anger from the audience. "Pitch de old bloke overboard!" "Turn him out!" was yelled by a hundred voices. With a hoarse cry of "My God, ef it ain't her!" the old man had leaped upon the stage and seized Mlle. Virginie in his arms with a broken sob of "My little gel! My little gel! My Virgie, my own little ginny, and here! My God—and here!"

"Vot for you make droubles here?" said Mr. Markstein, less idiomatic than usual in his excitement. "What for you dish lady to annoy?"

"What right have I? What right? W-a-a-l, I reckon exactly know what yer mean by right, on'y this here is my gel, an' she's sixteen year old come the Noo Year, an' she's bin dead since she was borned an'—I'm her father all the right I hev, stranger."

A vision of a police captain with whom he was on the best of terms, owing to his neglect of some little formality, flitted before Mr. Markstein's mental eyesight. He was not going to be mixed up in any abduction business, he assured himself, and hastily gave orders for the tattered curtain to be rung down. Going before it, he sullenly informed the hooting audience that the sooner they got out the better it would be for them; and when he saw that the hint was taken, and the room was being rapidly cleared, he returned to the stage. The stern old weather beaten old man, his face softened with emotion, was still supporting the curly head of his daughter on his lap. By this time she had come to her senses, and was sobbing bitterly. A little apart stood the knife-thrower, leaning against the little table on which were the glittering instruments made use of in his performance.

"Seems as ef I ort to say suthin," said the old man, as Markstein looked at him in an interrogatory fashion. "Yer see, this is how it war: Virgie—Virginny here, she's my gel, an' she made a leetle mistake some months ago. She thought her ole father warn't ready an' willin' to do ennything in the hull world he could fur his little one. Mebbe, too, she felt kinder dull an' lonesome on the old farm. Ennyhow, one fine day she runned away, as many a young gel will, ye know, and nuthin' wrong about them. An' I hunted an' hunted, an' got desprit as I thort she'd gone from me furever, till I come to York quite on the chance like, an' at last to-night I see'd my gel. On'y I didn't somehow know her with all them fine clothes on. An' now I've foun' her, ladies an' gentlemen all, an' I've seen thet it war only a little bit of innercent fun that she left me fur, jest to dress up pretty and go roun' with the player-folks, an' I know thet when she comes to find out thet I'll give her all the pretty things she has a mind to, I know she'll come right along home with the ole man. Won't ye, my honey?"

The girl looked into his face for an instant, and then cast a frightened glance at the evil genius who stood silent and anxious at the back of the stage. He only gave her one look, but that was enough. She slowly straightened herself up till she stood clear of the old man's arm, and then she said slowly, and as if repeating a lesson:

"I won't go home. I hate home, and I love him," and she pointed to Le True.

"Ye hate home, and ye love him?" repeated the old man. "Then tell me, Virgie, air ye married to him? Es she yew're wife, sir?" to Le True.

"My wife! Not much! But she's just as much mine as if she were, old man," retorted the brute, with a hoarse laugh.

At first the old man seemed hardly to comprehend the words. Then, as they sunk into his mind, his face slowly changed and became set and hard. He said no word, but walked up to the table on which the knives were laid, and, picking one up, said in an indifferent tone: "Waal, ef she's goin' along wid you, I'd like to know ef these here things air really dangerous. Seem kinder sharp, don't they?"

"Go to him, Virgie," said the man, who was holding her hand; "but be careful, mind," and he cast a warning glance at her.

The girl slowly went up to her father and stood before him. "I'm sorry the ole ways didn't suit ye, Virginny," he said, "but I s'pose I'm behind the times, and don't know nuthin' of what a young gel wants. But afore I go back to the ole place, Virginny, whar you was raised, an' whar I was raised afore you, I want to give you suthin' which it goes hard with me to give you." She drew close to him and he went on: "Seems only yesterday as I had my little gel all to myself, an' I dressed her in the mornin', and tuk off her little frock in the evenin', and heerd her say her prayers and bless pappy and ask after her mammy in heaven. An' then she grows up an' goes away from me, 'fore I seem to know she ain't a little gel no longer. I'll run the risk of hell for ye, my little gel!"

Before the bystanders could realize what he was about, he had buried the sharp knife, with which he had been toying in an absent sort of fashion as he spoke, deep in the girl's bosom. Quick as a flash, he had vanished.

* * * * * * *

Wedged into the masses of drift which the river bore down to the bay that night was a dark object, which had it been sighted and drawn to land, would have proved to be a human body—the body of an old man clad in a large loose overcoat, and with a slouching hat not yet washed off his gray head.

Horace Townsend

UNLOADING A LOVER.

I.

YOU ask me to write a sketch for THE CHRISTMAS MIRROR. I will tell you a true story of an actress you knew, but of whose inner history you may not have heard. Let us shade her name with our pity, as the blackberry vines shade it on the only tablet to her memory that is left behind.

She was beautiful, gifted, and restive under restraint. She had one of those half Spanish faces, whose eyes are like a tropical midnight, and are as full of dreams at times, and which at other times shot fire like a summer cloud that is rimmed with lightning.

Her cheeks, when she first began to act, had a warm bloom seldom seen on or off the stage, and it melted into a silky brune. She inherited from some one the triple talents of the artiste, thew riter, and the actress. She carried a voluptuous, passionate nature that knew little discipline, and she was drawn to the stage as much by the freedom it proffered as by the independence it secured. One day she got married. It was not a happy arrangement, and the bond was dissolved. After that there was a dash of recklessness in her career, as there is apt to be in the careers of women who stake much on an emotion and are disappointed. She played round the country for a while and came to New York.

I was one of the many who made her acquaintance in a professional way, and perhaps I should never have known her as other than a versatile actress, if the charm of intellectuality, an indescribable brilliancy of temperament, and a pronounced artistic gift for the brush had not led me afterward to her rooms, which were a strange combination of boudoir, studio and Bohemian club.

This girl, whose mother had brought her up in a humble cottage in the Catskills, was now launched upon the tepid waves of Bohemian life in the great city. She drew about her the gay, reckless, profligate, gifted men of the professions. She charmed them with her wit, and fascinated them with her variable talents. The spontaneity and unreliability of her gifts gave a flash to her personality that we called genius.

It was the fashion at that time for every actress to paint. She put up an easel in her room, and suddenly exhibited a facility and a skill that amazed her friends. She was asked by a publisher to write a series of articles, and she threw off in her leisure moments several corruscating papers, bristling with a new raillery and bubbling with a new gayety.

When an actress gets into New York and settles down into comfortable quarters to be surrounded by the luxuries, the flattery and the excitement of metropolitan life, she begins to dread the next engagement with a traveling company. Her new abiding-place makes her think of the Arab life on the road with anything but delight. There never was a woman so bad that some instinct of domesticity did not flutter in her; and to a woman of artistic impulses, social gifts and reflective moods, the Ishmaelite curse of "living in her trunks" is not only at times almost unbearable, but it is corrosive and demoralizing.

Our Nameless played a long engagement in New York, and, despite her luxurious habits, saved up a little money. Her modest *salon* began to take on a few homelike peculiarities. Her birds and dogs and bric-à-brac; her gifts, her souvenirs and her purchases, with their associations, made it hard to tear down; and the friends who came made it still harder to abandon.

Then came the trial. The actress could not live without an engagement, and to get an engagement she must travel.

II.

ONE day along came Armand.

He was sure to come. He represented wealth—enormous wealth. He was young, indeterminate, but impressionable, and withal manly. He dropped into her train. The nameless

"Jolly?" she repeated, rather sedately. "That's a man's word. It's curious, but I can't apply it to this case."

"You're melancholy to-night. Cheer up, little woman. I'm dead in love, and dead in earnest."

"Hasn't it grown darker?" she asked. "Where 's the moon?"

"Why, it's gone up and over, and you're chilled with the night air. Let me take you back."

"Yes," she said, "I *am* cold."

III.

ONE morning in bleak March a European steamer was on the point of sailing. A young man was hurriedly taking leave of a young woman in the cabin. She held to him somewhat desperately.

"Let me go on deck with you. They will not throw off the ropes for half an hour yet," she said.

"No, don't, he replied. "There's a bitter wind blowing, and I don't want you to catch cold. Do try and take care of yourself, and come back cured. If you'll only be a little careful and do what the doctor tells you, everything will be jolly again."

"Jolly," she repeated. "How well I remember the word. It was that night last summer when we sat on the sand and I caught my cold."

"There you go again," he said. "If there's a jolly place, it's the south of France. By Jove! If I could get the governor's yacht next summer, I'd come and take you off at Malta and we'd go up the Mediterranean together. Talk about jolly! There's the whistle. Be a good girl; write to me every mail. Good-by!"

"Don't you want to kiss me once more?" she asked, holding to his hand.

He bent over and kissed her, and then hurried away, carrying a wet spot on his cheek.

IV.

SIX months later. A small pension on those hills back of Toulon, with a little window deep in stone casements, and a few oleanders that one of the fathers of the Church of St. Louis had brought back from Palestine growing under it. Heloise at the window, with her head resting in her hands, looking wearily out on the endless line of fortifications and the long mole lying in the warm sun sleepily enough. Nothing moving but the lazy French flag on the Hotel de Ville and the stupid postman coming up the road.

She saw him when only his helmet was visible above the rocks, and called out eagerly: "Lisette! Lisette! There's the postman. What *are* you doing?"

"I have not seen the postman," said the maid, adjusting her cap, "and I can see down the road to the arsenal."

"But I tell you he's there; don't argue."

She got her letter, tore it open, and read it. The red spots in her cheek seemed to die out. She held it in her hand and walked out of the window without seeing anything.

"Lisette!" she called.

"Madame!"

"I am going to America! Get me my guide-book!"

"Madame forgets the fair, and the excursion to Nice."

"Get me my guide-book!"

A few minutes later and she had to unburden herself to somebody. "I tell you, Lisette, something has happened. I must go back. I shall die if I stay here, and I'm going at once."

Nothing could change her purpose. There were a number of Americans at Nice, as there always is. They had paid court to the pretty American. She had grown stronger in the balmy air of the Mediterranean, and some of the old vivacity had been the life of the little party that came to the pension. To the amazement of everybody she packed her trunks, and with feverish haste abandoned France.

V.

WE have now to come back to the same rooms in Thirty-ourth street.

She had been in New York just a week. It is late autumn. he is bundled up and coughing. Abelard is standing by the antel, with his elbow on it, whipping his trousers with a cane.

"My dear," he said, "you are painfully unjust, not only to ourself, but to me. I think it must be because you are ill."

"I am not ill. I am entirely recovered. You are the only ne who hasn't complimented me on my improved appearance."

"You must know," he went on, "that I cannot do what I wish. I am not my own master yet."

"Are you any less your master than when I went away?"

"No."

"But something has changed you. Tell me what it is."

"It isn't fair to say I'm changed. I have to be more discreet."

"You told me that night on the sand that you loved me well enough to make me your wife. And I told you I'd rather live and work in a cellar with you than in a palace with any other man. Do you remember it?"

He nodded his head. "I thought I told you the truth."

"But you made a mistake."

"Nonsense, my dear; don't be unreasonable."

She pulled herself round in the cushioned chair. She called him by his first name. "One of two things you must do now," he said; "kill me or cure me. I'm in your hands, helpless. t's get through it without any nonsense. If I treat you dif- tly from all the rest, it is your own fault. God knows I bring this on myself. I don't want you to have to sneak alk to see me. I want you to prove that all you have is true, and accept the responsibility of it before the Can you do that?"

don't know what you are asking. It is infamously e now, and would be to you afterward."

you can't do it?"

u going to force me to answer that question?"

'm poor. I'm an actress. I know what they . I know that if you go away now I shall die. ing to ask you to go away and never let me set unless you answer and act as I want you to."

get over this if you will only be calm and sensible."

shall get over it in my way," she said, grimly. "I to you desperately. Everything in me that was g sprang into new life when I knew you. I never hen how much I had to do, and how much had been to do it. I never knew till now what a wreck I shall out you. But I've got to do without you."

"We shall be friends always," he said, meekly.

"You ought to know better than to stand there and say t to me. It reminds me of what somebody once said about mping half way down Niagara, after the skiff started. It's mply brutal. If you had not changed, you would not have dared to imply that I am such a fool. Friends, indeed! Why not acquaintances? There's my hand. Good-by!"

He took her hand. "You'll be in a different mood to-morrow, and feel sorry for what you've said."

She did not reply, and he held her hand. "I shall come and see you when I can," he said. "You'll need me."

"Never," she said, coldly. "You are going now, and there is never to be another word between us, nor a letter sent. You must go out of my world forever. Once more, good-by!"

"Good-by!" he repeated. "Let me kiss you—may I?"

"No," she said, with a start. "For God's sake, go!"

He stood at the door a moment and looked back.

"Remember," he said, "I come immediately whenever you send for me!"

Then he was gone forever.

When she heard the wheels of his coupé die away down the street, she fell off the chair upon the carpet, and Lisette found her sobbing and moaning.

All through the night, tears and the stifled wail of a broken heart.

VI.

A WEATHER-BEATEN little cottage on a slope of the Catskills. Late winter, and snow lying for weeks on the ground.

When everything failed and the doctor gave her up, she went home to her old mother to die, after years of brilliant gayety and separation. All through the long winter they had pulled her to that window with the little old-fashioned panes in it, and she sat alone and looked out at the bleak and weary waste of ice-covered hills, with the few bare trees bending in the blast, and the scurrying snow making wreaths along the crests of the desolate ridges.

The isolation of pride, no less than of necessity. They should not see her die by inches. February had come and gone. March had set in with a little coquettish promise of spring, and with it came all the old memories, moonlit sands and words of love; romance and the smell of the oleanders, and the bees humming round the French pension. Then days of hopeless gusts and gray skies, and the wind racing over the dreary stretches.

One day a hamper came from Lisette, the only one who knew where she was, and in it was a little bunch of French violets. It touched her like an April ray, and she gave way under its influence. They put some paper on her lap, and she wrote a letter.

VII.

SWELL quarters in upper Fifth Avenue. Luxurious room. A gentleman in a gorgeous dressing-gown on one side of a little round breakfast-table, and a beautiful woman on the other.

The beautiful woman is his young wife. She pours his coffee for the sake of being domestic, and drabbles the lace of her sleeve in it.

"My dear," she says, "there are two letters by your plate. You haven't noticed them. Your letters are not often sent here. I am curious to know who sent them."

He laid the paper down and picked one up and read it. This is what it said:

MY DEAR: You never expected to hear from me again; but I have suffered so much since that cruel night, and I have been so sick that you will forgive me for making one last request. It is the very last, and it is only such a little one. I want to see you and hear you say that you do not hate me. I suppose you have heard that I was fatally ill. But I am better now. Thank God, the spring is coming. The bluebirds are here and the lilac buds are swelling. Oh, my dear, life is such a weary farce that we can afford to forgive and forget for the sake of old times. I want to look at you once more, and then—then I will not trouble you. Will you not come to me for a moment? I have written the full address out at the top of this letter.

He crumpled it up and put in his pocket, parried his wife's questions, and went down-town. Something smote him. "By Jove!" he said, "I'll go up and see the girl—it's only decent. Let me see—to-morrow's Wednesday. I'll get away on Thursday."

Alas! he did not get away, for on Wednesday Lisette came and put this telegram in his hand:

"Heloise is dead.

"MRS. ——."

There is nothing more to be told. One bitter day a little funeral passed down the frozen road and over the ridge. Three or four people stood muffled in the blast over a grave in the country churchyard.

At the same time a woman in the flush of health and beauty came and put her jewelled hand on a young gentleman's shoulder and said: "See here, my dear, the florist sent these up this morning. Look at that; I'm going to put it in your buttonhole."

"What is it?" he asked.

"It's an oleander," she said.

Nym Crinkle

LA FOLIE.

NAY, do not weep; there's time enough for that
Through all the days to come in future years.
Mar not the glamour of thy glance with tears;
Sit by me as of old we two have sat.

Listen again, with dreamy smile and glance;
Here for the last my heart's great passioning;
See what I am by the soft fashioning
All my life blighted for thy heart's romance.

Smile as of old, when all that heart was mine;
Before thy wish had turned, and each caprice
But held me strong, and sought I no release—
A willing captive at thy fickle shrine.

For the last time, my sweet, the passing breeze
Blows lightly thy fair hair against my lips,
That with its golden strands thine eyes eclipse;
Thy head is resting now upon my knees.

What are the thoughts capricious, gay, that train
In thronging fashion through thy fickle soul,
That gained upon my own and won control
Over my senses, over heart and brain;

And made my life all grim and desolate,
And curse and cloud my future untried years?
I see thee smiling through my futile tears.
Oh, God, but I have met thee all too late!

Could there have been for me in years gone by
A woman such as thou, untried by fate,
When neither love nor truth had come too late
I would have perished for her lightest sigh.

Sad, open-eyed, I think me, half resigned,
With all my life unfolded at thy feet,
And all my hopes and wishes incomplete,
I sit and listen to the evening wind

That blows against my lips thy fragrant hair
And ripples the dark waters of the pool.
Across my life's scroll I have written "Fool."
Love ever, ever more I do forswear.

* * * *

Unclasp thine arms and leave me free to go,
And do not mar thine eyes with tears that burn.
Thou hast taught well. Thy lesson I would learn.
Adieu, adieu, my sweet! 'tis better so!

Maine Petrovsky

A MEMORABLE "RICHARD."

IN these days of dramatic perfection, not only in regard to *mise-en-scene* suitable to the respective productions, but more especially in regard to the quality and quantity of artists necessary for a good, if not always a great, performance of a play, it often amuses me—also my fellow Thespians—to recount our various early experiences in our struggles for theatric fame and honors. One of the most wretched and (at the time) most harrowing fates overtook me some years ago, and, as nearly as I can remember, I will relate the circumstances as they actually occurred.

I had been making what was then considered rather good innings as a Shakespearian actor, and received an offer to play Richard III. for a "production of four nights." Imagine the enormous length of this run in these days of "five hundred performances!" The gentleman who presided over the fortunes of this theater, situated not many miles from the city of Manchester, England, was well known, and more celebrated for his Malapropisms and his wonderful ability to cast the most difficult plays with the least number of people, than for his artistic yearnings or his liberal management. In fact, he has been known, when the Saturday night's bill proved too long—sometimes three plays being announced—at the conclusion of the second piece to come before the curtain and announce the fact that the Queen would pass through the town at eleven o'clock, and the officials had sent for the band of the theater to play the National Anthem at the station during the few moments Her Majesty would be there. Result—a general clearance, and the third play was never performed. But I am wandering. I gladly accepted the offer made me, and appeared at the theater in time for rehearsal.

"Have you brought any actors with you?" was my first managerial salutation.

"Brought any actors!" I replied. "Why, no!"

My manager gave a low whistle, placed his hands in the pockets of his cardigan jacket, and, looking me full in the face, said: "Well, then, I don't know how we are going to get through."

I must confess my ardor received rather a dampener, and my dreams of creating a sensation as Richard in a production (I think "production" was the word that caught me) were certainly not so brilliant as when I decided to accept the engagement. However, on receiving permission to telegraph for "two extra actors," who I knew were thoroughly conversant with almost any part in the play, my hopes somewhat revived. I faintly suggested the advisability of rehearsing the play with such people as were there, to which the manager agreed. We were to play Colley Cibber's version of the piece, and as I commenced to rehearse, the manager, who had seated himself in the front row to watch the progress, called out, in stentorian tones, "Cut all that out!" Protestations on my part were useless against his argument, which was that by commencing the play as written by the Immortal Bard, I should at once, and more effectively, stamp the character of Gloster. To use his own words, "Open the ball at once, my boy!" I succumbed to his opinion, and all went smoothly (Heaven save the mark!), until the appearance of Lady Anne, who entered, after a grand procession of *three*, to inform me she didn't know the part, and had never seen the piece, had no book, etc. A quaint old edition of Shakespeare was brought, which proved utterly useless, and as best I could I wrote down the scene from memory. Following this should come Queen Elizabeth, bemoaning the untimely fate of her husband. No Queen! Expected one, but she couldn't come, etc., and from the front row came again the awful fiat: "Cut her out!" Managerially spoken, his word was law, and was acted upon. At the opening of the next scene the same miserable state of affairs — no Duke of York. But a happy thought seemed to strike the proprietor, who rushed out, brought in a young and jauntily attired bar-maid from his public, with an unmistakable air of "cheek" about her, who, without the slightest hesitation, agreed to play the Duke, saying: "Give us the part; I'll do it." So again I had to write it out. Rehearsal proceeded. I was gradually becoming bewildered at the number of times one of the company appeared. No matter which character was called, the same man seemed to answer. When the fourth act commenced there seemed to be no way to me out of the hole into which vaulting ambition had thrust me. The Tower scene—no Queen. What *was* to be done? My manager was not in the least disconcerted; he once more sent forth the maddening words: "Cut it out!" I remonstrated. I could not see how it was to be done. His reply was ready. It was as follows: "After Mr. Buckingham has finished cursing you, and gone off, you return and meet Ratcliffe, who tells you the whole blooming navy is on the seas." At this stage I had become so utterly indifferent as to what was done or said, that I agreed that his was an excellent idea. And so on until the termination of the rehearsal.

But if the rehearsal was bad, the performance was worse. The two extra actors had got into the wrong train, and did not arrive until the middle of the second act. Lady Anne "had not had time to study her part," and repeated her lines word for word after me. The bar-maid sent word that she was too busy drawing ale to try acting. (Just then I envied her.) So the low comedian spoke the lines of the Duke of York. In the fourth act Catesby had so lost his head with the cutting and slashing perpetrated that when the cue came for "My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken," what was my amazement to hear the lines thundered as if from heaven, but see no Catesby. He had been in his dressing-room, endeavoring to think what came next, and hearing the cue, with no time to get on the stage, had roared the word from the flies. However, the play and my troubles were nearing an end, and I felt the worst was over. But no! The god of misfortune still pursued me. Richmond, in the fight, amazed me by hurriedly making his exit, leaving me in undisputed possession of Bosworth Field, uninjured and unslain. I gasped, I choked, eventually fell, and died, with closed eyes, mentally ejaculating, "My mishaps are over, thank Heaven!" But no! for a fearful roar startled me, and the curtain not falling, and a general scurrying in the wings impelled me to open one eye, to see standing within a yard or so of me, a huge bear which had been used in a previous play, "The Bear Hunters of the Alps," and which, thanks to the worrying and teasing of my business agent, had broken its chains, and was calmly surveying the fallen tyrant.

Ambition, fatigue, chagrin, all gave way to horror, and leaping to my feet, abandoning sword and crown, I can, I think, safely say, no Richard ever made so hasty or so ignominious an exit.

Osmond Tearle

Kitty Cheatham.

ONE ACTOR'S RAINY DAY.

A SHARP, hot flash of lightning, a crack of thunder like the breaking of a glass tower, and a deluge of rain as from a burst cloud. Scurrying feet, a crop of umbrellas like black mushrooms, pair after pair of dainty, twinkling hose getting their first peep at the outer world; delivery wagons, like leaping elephants broken loose from their keepers; the dripping eaves, with fine glistening needles unearthing the secrets of the pavement cracks, and the solid doors of aristocratic trade studios slamming to in defense, look back to the heavens a reply. I sat inside the window of one of the palace groceries, that assert their triumph of stomach over style, on one of the most valuable corners along the line of swell dwelling-houses of Fifth Avenue. All around me pile, bundle and load, the dainty necessities and luxuries of the table, going forth in one continuous procession on their journeys to the already overloaded stomachs of the poor human swill-barrels which are literally dropping apart from the tri-daily battle with modern-day viands. Luxuries of unreadable names and nameless tendencies piled the counters. Delicacies, compounded for the sole purpose of keeping the poor, sated appetite out of its coffin, lay in tempting array in their cases, flasks and baskets, and the coffers of the good man were loaded down like the stomachs of his after-dinner customers. Meanwhile a cold blast had sprung up outside, for the side-wings of the pleasant summer stage were open, and Autumn, with flapping garments, was bearing down upon us with Rehan-like strides. In the midst of the pelting rain and wind, which molded her stooping form into her sodden black garments, step by step around the corner of the pine building came an old, old lady; her face like a nut-cracker's, nose and chin so close together; a face the color of the wall by which she crept. She carried a gray basket of matches on her arm, and did not seem to realize that her wares must by this time be thoroughly soaked with water and entirely worthless. She mumbled to herself as she slowly moved around the corner past the huge plate windows and the solid door, absolutely unconscious of the storm and her pitiable condition. Something in the carriage of the basket on her arm fascinated me. It somehow recalled the days of the old Delsarte training-room and the excited tones of the poor bewildered "Pro-fes-sair: " "Ze Mademoiselle *must not* her arm like pump-handle hang; ze curve of ze elbow *must* out with effect go—*zo*!" The old lady's basket hung with a Delsartean air. She did not even glance at the windows or seem to feel that shelter was so near by. Indeed, she seemed totally unconscious of the storm, till a sudden gust of wind and plunge of water drove her unconsciously inside the big, wide-open door near by which—strange freak of fate!—led up-stairs to a suite of one of the most charming and luxurious theatrical parlors in the city. Of fate I say, for the poor old lady with the curving form and dripping black garments was a once beautiful and famous actress. The curved back was once straight as an arrow, the poor feeble limbs lithe and supple as a deer's. The nose and chin did not look as they do now, and the words she so pitifully mumbled once had storms of applause for encore instead of the pattering rain. She made her first hit in a piece representing the very life she now leads, and as the "Little Match-Seller" marched straight into the hearts of the people, the press, and the lovers who formed the background of her charmed existence. Like a rocket she rose in the profession, till from the giddy height she was able to look around on the sunny lands through which she had passed. But Marie was a luxurious liver, and played recklessly with Fortune as with Fame and — hearts. Money streamed in, and through, and *out*, of her dainty coffers like rifts of sunlight through dust-rays, and no star of the day made so many souls happy by the click of her pocket-book clasp as did the gay Marie. Why she never married was a conundrum none could solve. It was whispered that some hopeless love-affair first drove her upon the stage, and that the wild recklessness of her life was a tribute to the memory of the past which no excitement of the present, no fear of the future, could quench. She never saved a cent or laid by one penny of her immense and continuous income. "Sufficient unto the day," and "Let the future take care of itself," were her mottoes—a creed not rudely disturbed by those too willing to live on her lavish bounty. So she reigned empress of the salon, queen of the stage, and mother of all young and sorrowing hearts, till the fatal years set their seal upon her wonderful powers. Through no fault of any, but misfortune of hers, the brilliant career gradually dulled, the plot thickened behind the scenes, the body so many would have so willingly cared for gradually withdrew from the footlights of life, and began to fathom the desolate chills of the green-room poverty, with the "gay company all gone." Through what stages of suffering she passed before she adopted the rôle of real "match-seller," the streets for her stage, and the surging throngs for her audience, none ever will know, as to-day "a sudden gust of wind and plunge of water drove her unconsciously inside the wide-open door leading up to one of the most charming and luxurious theatrical parlors in the city." How readily she would have received aid and been made comfortable and care-free the remaining few days of her earthly "engagement" had she but mounted the stairs whose bottom step received the drops from her old wet shawl, we all well know; but there is a desolation which neither Homes nor Charities nor Funds can reach—a desolation born of talent and pride, and the curse of disbelief in a "rainy day."

When the actor is young and strong and talented, carrying about on two feet a standing bank account to be drawn "on sight" (of a full house), with friends in the world thick as heads on a first-night, and life's walls tinted with the electric fires of youth and beauty and passion, then is it an absolute impossibility to conceive the dark plot of life's "rainy day!" "How is your own bank account, Folly, my dear fellow, as you lay down this little sketch of one actor's rainy day?"

Jamie Edgar Thomas.

MACREADY related of George Frederick Cooke that on one occasion when a young English officer in the stage-box made himself conspicuous in interrupting the play, Cooke went close up to him and in a low but distinct tone said to him: "You are an ensign? Sir, the king (God bless him) can make any fool an officer, but it is only the great God Almighty that can make an actor!"

REMINISCENCE AND REFLECTION.

BY JOSEPH HOWARD, JR.

HE was a queer fellow.

When I began to work, in 1860, he was city editor of the New York *Tribune*, at a time when to be city editor meant a man so trusted by his employer that he held in his hand not only responsibility but power. City editors in those days were expected to cover not only New York City, but a hundred miles around. I was introduced to Ottarson by Theodore Tilton, and the first question he put to me was: "What'll you take?" I replied, "Whisky;" and from that hour we were warm friends, serving together on the *Times*, *Tribune*, and New York *Star*. Frank had but one failing. He insisted upon it that he was stronger than John Barleycorn, and I must confess that for many years he proved himself the better wrestler of the two. It was generally thought that Ottarson was about seventy-five years old. The fact is he was sixty-eight and for years was a prematurely broken-down, dispirited, disappointed, sad, and bitter old man. In the early days of my professional life here, there was a crowd of exceptionally bright and clever young men, most of whom long since crossed the silver stream—very few of whom remain. Ottarson was not a young man when I first met him; in fact, he was then at the zenith of his reputation and usefulness. He did but little writing as city editor, but was indefatigability personified—industrious, earnest, conscientious, and innocent of suspicion of disloyalty. He was so much a *Tribune* man that, when he left the employ of that paper, it seemed to us all like profanation. Greeley was very fond of him, or as much so as a man with his cat-like nature could be fond of anybody, and trusted him as fully as it was possible for him to trust any man. Ottarson was rough and rude in exterior, but his heart was big, and his nature as gentle as that of a good woman.

He was not a particularly bright man, and his acquaintance was limited to local celebrities, high and low; but he knew the city from Harlem Lane to Battery Point, and many of the *Tribune's* most humane efforts were born in his busy brain and suggested by his benevolent heart. He was one of the most caustic dramatic critics I ever met. Nowadays, you know, we have no critics; we have reporters only. Men are sent to a theater, not after a play has run a week, when the actors are perfect in their lines and easy in their parts, and when the stage setting and mounting and mechanism are absolutely perfect, but the first night, when everybody is nervous, and the performance is sure to be worse than its rehearsal. The curtain falls at 11 or 11.30 or 12 o'clock, and the "critic" rushes to the nearest desk, or perhaps downtown to his office, and there indites—under the pressure of late hours, irascible night editors, and domineering managing editors—what he is pleased to call a criticism, but which is in reality, ninety-nine times in a hundred, simply a series of assertions concerning the play, the people, and the costumes. Occasionally a second article is printed about a new play, when some degree of thought directs the pen; but it is very rare, and nothing is more certain than that people, as a rule, are not influenced by criticisms, unless it be that the actors who are criticised have come to a conclusion that there is no such thing as intelligence or equity in a newspaper office. Ottarson's dramatic criticisms were printed in *Wilkes's Spirit of the Times*, under the signature of "Bayard." He was not a very good flatterer. It was hard work for him to praise. He was fond of assault and battery. He infinitely preferred to dip his pen in gall, and scarify the bad, rather than put his brush in honey and plaster the good. His theory was that the good would stand and gain in the end, but that the bad could not be too suddenly pushed from its pedestal into merited obscurity. Ottarson, like many of the more intelligent of his craft, although intensely loyal, to use a much-abused term of twenty years ago, had rare intuitions, which enabled him to detect the absurdities, the mistakes, and the weaknesses of the men in power from 1860 to 1865. Having spent some little time in the field as correspondent of the New York *Times*, and considerable in Washington in the same service, I became very familiar with everybody in authority, to call upon whom was part of my duty; and, later on, when, in a critical mood, I penned a burlesque which involved not only myself but others who were entirely innocent of all participation in the transaction, in what seemed to be a very serious trouble, and was certainly a very pronounced embarrassment, one of my chief friends and consolers was Frank Ottarson, who not only gave me comfort and material aid in private, but went to the front in public, and showed to the powers that were the absurdity, inconsistency, and tyranny of their conduct. In the dingy undertaker's room, where brief funeral services were held, were a number of notable men, some known to the general public and all to a special public.

There has never been a more helpful, a more considerate writer to that class of men and things than Ottarson. I have seen chief magistrates, judges, sheriffs, aldermen, Congressmen, and candidates by the score, waiting their turn to speak to the city editor. In the days of his power he could build up with some degree of ease, and he could pull down with marvelous rapidity, aspirants for popular favor. He was better known twenty-five years ago to members of the theatrical profession than any man on the New York press. The elder Wallack was his friend, and Burton he knew intimately. Brougham and Barney Williams and Wheatley were his boon companions. Ada Clary, Mary Taylor, Ada Clifton, Mrs. Gilbert, all the Mestayer family and the Christy boys, with Dave Reed, Backus, Billy Birch and Eugene, felt themselves honored in his acquaintance. He did more to aid Matilda Heron than any other man. He was a great admirer of her—so great, in fact, that George Wilkes, fearing that the *Spirit* would be too much at the service of the erratic Camille, selected me, then a beardless stripling, to write a series of articles upon her performances in Niblo's Garden in place of his regular critic. Ottarson introduced me to Matilda, and I confess her exterior was not at all in harmony with the brilliancy of her mind, the goodness of her heart, or the force of her character. She was anything but tidy in her appearance, and her fondness for a pipe and a bottle made her a not particularly agreeable companion. Ottarson, however, admired her genius, which was undeniable, and, in spite of all hostile criticism, as she bounded into fame and popularity, he never wearied in sounding her praise, or waving her flag of victory. Now here lay the dead body of a man, who, when in place and power, exerted his influence to help politicians and actors, but with the exception of Tom Acton, the former were conspicuous by their absence, and probably no one present gave a thought to the stage or any of its people. I had occasion some years ago to see very much of Ottarson, when he was night editor of the New York *Star*. He had considerable domestic trouble, which bore heavily upon his rounded shoulders, and pressed the iron of disappointment into his generous heart. At times he was so disheartened that nothing could bring him to a realization of his duty even, and then he sought relief from rebuke in whisky. That destroyed his appetite, and unnerved him so that he could eat nothing; and by twelve o'clock at night, tired Nature demanding refreshment, sought consolation in sleep. Night after night I have gone into the office fresh from a theater, or a caucus, and found him with his feet on the desk, his head hanging back over the chair, sound asleep, while piles of copy remained unedited upon his desk. It was no time for humanizing influences. The unvarying course was to follow out the habit of his life, and to go with him to French's, on the opposite corner. There, taking a glass, he would fill it to the brim with whisky, and, turning his back while he drank it, after swallowing every drop, he would give a shudder and a shake and say, "Ugh! how I hate the nasty stuff." But, for all that, in the next two hours he would do the work of three first-class men. Although he had a constitution of iron and nerves of steel, his stomach was built on the ordinary pattern, and naturally rebelled at his treatment. So after a while he faded out of responsible duty, and became what is known as a space writer. From that hour the poor fellow lost his grip, and, in this busy world of ours, particularly in this most busy and hardest worked profession, men have little time to grasp each other by the hand and give a helpful pull from a lower to a higher plane; and, even had Frank's friends been more helpful than they were, it is extremely doubtful if the depression of his mind could ever have been overcome. He seemed to me in the last years of his life a broken-hearted, disappointed, sad old man, and yet he wasn't so very old. It seems to me that Ottarson's decline, his lonely death in a hospital, and his humble burial from an undertaker's shop, teach a story to all men who live by the exercise of mental faculties alone. Of all professions, that of a writer most compels men to rely upon themselves. No rich father can make a man a successful writer; no circle of influential friends can impart to a man a suggestive brain, felicitous phrase, or a facile hand. Those things are born, not bought. Little by little, as writers develop into success, each one finds his individuality stronger. No rivalry can affect him. The brilliancy of no other man can interfere with his reliability. His descriptive faculty, his word-painting, his dash and zeal and fervor and enterprise, are his own. They are the tools with which he alone can work. No other man can come into his shop, because his shop is his own head. No other man can utilize his tools, because his tools are his brains and his fingers. With him opportunity comes every day. It isn't the letter, the article, the story, the poem written last week, for which the journal or magazine cares. It is always "what have you for us to-day?" It isn't the dinner you enjoyed a week ago that you care for now. Being hungry, you want something spread upon the table at once. This opportunity is at the hand, the beck, the call of every man strong in himself, bright, quick, competent to deal with affairs as they are panoramaed before him. Ottarson was such a man. He had a great big shop, well furnished. No man understood the use of tools better than he, and work was before him every day, plenty of it, with which he might have reaped golden harvests of cash, and that compensation known in olden times as fame. As Dr. Chapin used to say, "Some people call this fame, but I call it fifty dollars and my expenses." For forty years Frank Ottarson was an accepted leader, and if he had saved up $1,000 a year, instead of being buried by charity, he would have left enough for his relatives to fight over, and have had the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that a few, at least, of his friends attended his funeral service.

Joseph Howard Jr

SOME CHRISTMAS CUSTOMS.

THERE is no festivity which appeals to so wide a range of human sympathies, or is blended so inseparably with our social life, as the season of Christmas. Year by year its kindly greetings are renewed. Our homes are decorated, and the Christmas Trees for the little ones occupy no little place in our measures for their happiness.

Some writers maintain that the idea of Christmas is as old as the era of paradise, when the announcement was made that the reign of evil should cease; that the knowledge of it continued unimpaired to the time of Babel, and afterward remained in its integrity with the chosen people. But among the scattered nations it lingered as a tradition, and in the course of time became confounded with wrong notions of religion and connected with the fancied achievements of the false gods of heathenism. Contrary to this opinion, still cherished by the Scandinavian and Teutonic races, there has been no evidence brought forward, either from the Trojan or Hellenic Ilium, or from any historical cylinder of the Babylonian era, to sustain the tradition. We will not discuss further the customs and practices subsequent to the Nativity, but those arising directly out of the celebration of Christmas, or Christmas Day. One of the earliest, perhaps, of these festivals, was the singing of a hymn by Prudentius. This hymn is descriptive of the birth of Christ, and says that the cry of the Holy Child imparted to the earth a verdant spring; at its sound a revivified globe cast off its ancient slough, the land was covered with a thick crop of flowers, and the dry sands of the desert became redolent with frankincense. With the birth of the Sacred Child the hard stones were softened, and honey flowed from the rocks. The tradition as to the ox and the ass being in the stable on the birth of our Lord, and recognizing him, is well known, and there is another to the effect that these animals not only recognized their divine master, but worshiped him. From this tradition arose the present practice in Sweden of placing clean straw in the stables and houses on Christmas Eve. This straw is preserved, and is regarded as a wonderful cure for sick animals, and after a time it is scattered over the fields with the conviction that it will produce an abundant harvest. The notion that to leave oats in the open air on Christmas night to become moistened by the dew imparted to it a sanitary power most effective in cattle diseases, was prevalent in Germany for many years, and may still be practiced there. Another practice was to carry a bundle of hay round a church three times on Christmas night, for the purpose of being enabled thereby to fatten cattle with a smaller quantity of food. The burning of the yule-fire was an immemorial practice among the Scandinavian, Teutonic and Celtic races, and when they discarded paganism and embraced Christianity, they perpetuated the practice. In some parts of France the people sprinkled the yule-log with salt and water, and immediately before being placed upon the fire, wine was poured upon it as a kind of consecration. In Yorkshire the yule-log is placed upon the fire in the early part of the evening, and the ceremony of lighting it with a charred fragment saved from the previous log of the year before, is quite imposing. It is the belief that this proceeding will save the house from fire during that year. In all parts of Germany, some years ago, it was the custom to begin at twelve o'clock to "rock the cradle" for an hour from the tower of the principal church. In the cradle, surrounded by lights, was a doll child, and about this gathered the choir, who sang "Gloria in Excelsis," the cradle being swayed to and fro in keeping with the music. The Christmas Tree originated in Germany, and has sprung into such amazing favor that it is now used to delight the children of all Christian countries. Herr Cassell, the German writer, claimed that the Christmas Tree is emblematic of the German nature, and the planting of the tree before the door corresponds to the English custom of decorating mansions and churches with evergreens. Moreover, the Christmas Tree symbolizes at one and the same time the tree in Paradise that bore the forbidden fruit and the Tree of Life. In North Germany, a personage on Christmas night is arrayed in buskins, a white robe, a mask and a flax wig. His duty is to visit all families to distribute presents to the good children, and his arrival is anxiously awaited by both parents and children; and at this time there are really no bad children, as they have all been on their good behavior for weeks. The period when the mistletoe came to be used in England among the decorations at Christmas-time, is not clearly settled. A writer in 1656 says of it: "The mistletoe is carried many miles, to set up in houses about Christmas-time, when it is adorned with a white glistening berry." The Commonwealth under the Roundheads endeavored to abolish the festivities of Christmas, and no church was permitted to open on that day. The Puritans regarded the observance of this day as a superstition, and Cromwell's Parliament met in December, 1656, to devise means to prevent the observance of Christmas Day, and partly succeeded. The Restoration, however, swept away every vestige of the Puritanical laws, and Christmas returned to be heralded with greater respect than ever. The most pleasing observance of Christmas is the ringing of the church bells at night. What a grand and sublime story is that which they announce! And with what a weird sweetness their joyous peals ring out upon the still midnight! Dull and dead indeed must be the heart whose pulses do not become quickened, and that feels no stirring in unison with the mystic time, as the triumphant carillons fill the air on Christmas night!

Scott Marble.

AN ANCIENT BILL.

THE following is a *fac-simile* of a play-bill that is just one hundred years old. It is from the collection of Mr. James H. Brown of Malden, Mass.:

At the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden,
This preſent FRIDAY, December 21, 1787.
Will be preſented a COMEDY called

All in the Wrong.

Sir John Reſtleſs by Mr. RYDER,
Mr. Blandford by Mr. FEARON,
Sir William Belmont by Mr. THOMPSON,
Young Belmont by Mr. DAVIES,
Robert by Mr. CUBITT,
Bruſh by Mr. WEWITZER,
And Beverly by Mr. LEWIS,
Lady Reſtleſs by Mrs. MATTOCKS,
Clariſſa by Mrs. MORTON,
Marmalet by Miſs STUART,
Tippet, Mrs. PLATT, Tattle, Mrs. DAVENETT.
And Belinda by Mrs. ABINGTON.

To which will be added (not Acted this Seaſon) the COMIC OPERA of

ROSINA.

Belville by Mr. JOHNSTONE,
Captain Belville by Mr. BROWN,
Ruſtic by Mr. DAVIES,
Iriſh Haymaker by Mr. ROCK,
And William by Mrs. KENNEDY,
Phœbe by Mrs. MARTYR
Dorcas by Mrs. PITT,
And Roſina by Mrs. BILLINGTON.

To-morrow (not acted this Seaſon) the Comic Opera of The DUENNA.
Ferdinand by Mr. BOWDEN,
Being his FIRST Appearance in THAT Character,
Clara by Mrs. BILLINGTON.
With (22d Time) the Comedy of The MIDNIGHT HOUR.
Being the LAST NIGHT of Performing till the Holidays.

"GEORGE."

GEORGE was a dog. There is nothing particularly new or startling in the mere statement, but there are dogs and dogs, and George belonged to the latter class. George was not particularly distinguished from other dogs in point of physical beauty. Candor compels the admission that in the matter of personal appearance George was plebeian. In point of fact George was what would be vulgarly called a "yaller dog." George's great specialty was mind, and it was in this particular that he rose superior to other dogs of my acquaintance. George was one of my "palmy day" companions. I have many remembrances, pleasant and otherwise, of my "palmy day" experiences, but none more vivid or interesting as a retrospect than my too brief acquaintance with George. We met each other in Denver, in 1869. On the corner where the famous Tabor block now challenges the wonder and admiration of the tourist, stood an old two-story frame hotel, known as the Boardwell House. On the corner directly north, where another structure rears its seven granite stories, there was a sand-hill, and on the top of that sand-hill was a long, low frame structure known as the Denver Theatre. A merry band of players was holding forth at the Denver Theatre, and such leisure as study and rehearsals left us was devoted to foot-racing, quoit-pitching, riding the festive bronchos, or luxuriating on the benches in front of the old Boardwell, swapping lies. It was while developing my imagination in the latter occupation that my acquaintance with the hero of this true tale began. The chance acquaintance, which afterward ripened into intimacy, began entirely *sans ceremonie*. It was this way: I was on the outer edge of the board sidewalk, propped back against a tree-box, telling Jimmie Martin and George Waldron of my early St. Joe and Omaha triumphs, when I was interrupted by a fearful "yelp," and simultaneously a mangy, colorless cur dropped into my lap. My seat was directly opposite the open door of the bar-room. The dog, driven desperate by the cravings of the inner dog, had sneaked into the bar-room to snatch a piece of cracker from the floor, when the eagle eye and number nine boot of the bar-keeper fell upon him, with the result above described. My chair careened gracefully, depositing me in the gutter, from which vantage-ground I could see and hear my canine surprise party flying up the road on three legs. A half hour later I was going through a "carpenter scene" with the low comedian, when the familiar "yelp" again greeted me. I rose instinctively, to see my mangy friend flying for his life from a big overgrown cur dog. The race ended by my hero taking shelter under the wooden steps of the theatre, where his pursuer could not follow him. The following day, at about the same hour, the familiar signal of distress again rent the air, this time accompanied by the rattling of an oyster can attached to the end of the dog opposite to the yelp. Again the theatre steps afforded an asylum of ref uge. By this time I had become interested in this dog. I coaxed him from under the steps, divided him from the can, took him into the theatre, and for the first time had a good look at him. That dog was a study. Could his pedigree have been traced, I have no doubt it would have revealed the mingled bloods of the entire canine family. His legs were short and his body was long. His head was abnormally large, and his body was thin. About the head and face he had the shaggy yellow hair of a terrier. One ear had evidently been chewed off, and the other stood erect or lopped over, as moved by the mood of the wearer. One eye was white and the other pink. He was a type of the homeless, unfed cur. Every element of dogly pride, courage, or resentment had been kicked or starved out of him. I deposited him in my dressing-room, and that night I gave him a royal feed. He was beyond comparison the ugliest dog I ever saw; but as he devoured his food, with his white eye furtively watching for the expected kick, he won me with his unique hideousness. I resolved then and there to adopt him—to link, as it were, our destinies.

> I loved him for the wrongs he had endured,
> And he loved me for the food I had procured.

I first set about trying to learn his name. I saluted him by every name known to dogology, but none seemed to produce the desired caudal oscillation. So I christened him "George," principally, I think, because he was particularly obnoxious to George Waldron. Of course I knew that George was different from other dogs' names; but, then, George was different himself. George soon became as well known on the street as the other members of the company, and the hand that affixed the fragrant oyster can, or playfully hurled the idle brick, was stretched forth to gently stroke the erstwhile vagrant cur. George's development was rapid. He soon knew each member of the company, and declined to be patronized by anybody else. In one thing George at first caused me a pang. When I looked at his long, lank body and his big head, I anticipated the pleasure I should experience in seeing him expand under the influence of kind words and cold victuals. I knew that eating couldn't make his head any bigger, and I fondly hoped that it might so develop the body as to more nearly preserve the unities. But the more he ate the more he didn't seem to expand. This worried me. I feared that long fasting and much kicking had permanently disarranged his digestive organs. One day I took him to a barber who was well up in dogs, and asked him why George didn't get fat. The barber looked at him thoughtfully for a few minutes, and then said he guessed George was the other kind of a dog. Of course this hadn't occurred to me, as George was my first dog. About this time George's mind began to give those evidences of development which gave him his subsequent fame. With his mental expansion came also a wonderful moral courage. He knew the oyster-can boy instinctively, and on two or three occasions made his presence unpleasantly felt. The boys recognized the change in their relative conditions, and sought to conciliate him; but while George was progressive in most things, in the matter of forgetting oyster cans he was a Bourbon, and so the small boy collectively gave him a wide berth. And so with the big cur dog, who had made life a burden. The manner in which George would sit in the door of the hotel and glare defiantly at his old and powerful enemies was wonderful. By the end of the first week he would venture unattended to the outer edge of the sidewalk, and bark fiercely at his former tormentors. In two weeks he would recklessly dash to the middle of the street with revenge in his voice and blood in his eye whenever he saw a big dog passing. Should the dog incidentally turn to see what it was, the short space of time in which George would cover the ground between the middle of the street and the bar-room door was simply incredible. About this time occurred an incident that for a time threatened to destroy George's usefulness by making him ridiculous. Jimmie Griffiths, Ned Shapter and Jim Martin one afternoon coaxed George into the theatre and sheared him after the manner of the circus lion, excepting that they left the long hair only on his head and face and the tip of his tail. They then proceeded to fresco him. They painted his whiskers an ultramarine blue, his shaggy eyebrows received a coat of emerald green, his solitary ear a covering of lampblack, the tip of his tail was a flaming red, his protruding ribs were brought out like bas-reliefs with lines of chrome yellow. His feet and legs had the colors of the rainbow, and a line of dark brown the length of his backbone completed a make-up that gave him the appearance of a skeleton decked for the Jubilee. I had been out for an airing on my favorite broncho, and on my return to the hotel this apparition confronted me. I shall not attempt to describe my feelings. Even now, with nearly two decades of years intervening, I feel my utter inability to treat the subject dispassionately. There are emotions in the lives of dogs and men for the adequate expression of which the compilers of our language have made no suitable provision, and so I will pass in silence the brief interval immediately following this meeting. I am sure that my indignation was no greater than George's mortification. There was certainly an absence of the customary spontaneity in his greeting. True, his close-shaven tail, with its flaming tip, wagged a welcome, but it was not the free, joyous wag of yesterday. I fancied also that he ate three or four pounds less than usual for supper that evening. Still this may have been an illusion on my part, as three or four pounds one way or the other would scarcely have been noticeable in George's ordinary meal. It was, of course, impossible for me to learn for some days who perpetrated the outrage. No one knew anything about it. George soon became reconciled to his changed appearance, and in the increased popular favor which the incident secured to him, I buried my resentment. But George was rudely shorn of those elements of dignity which he had been so rapidly acquiring. He had suddenly become a comedian, and had only to show his painted mug to "set the table in a roar."

Notable incidents in George's career now followed in rapid succession. We produced "Under the Gaslight," and on the opening night George was in the dressing-room sweetly dreaming on my dress-coat. The pier scene was on, and in the character of Trafford I made the desperate plunge from the pier into the Denver version of the East River to rescue the heroine. Some one—I could never learn who—had rudely wakened George and brought him upstairs just in time to see me make the leap. With a howl of recognition George flew out on to the pier, paused just long enough for the audience to get a good look at him, and plunged in after me. As I raised the heroine from the angry waves, and supported myself against Snorkey's boat, I could see George's blue whiskers and pink eyes climbing over the top of a set water. Of course there was an encore, during which George succeeded in levelling the two rows of set waters, exposing the running gear of the profile boat, and finally joining me on the old mattress which constituted the turbulent waters of the East River. It is needless to add that George's début created a sensation. The audience regarded it as a part of the play, and when on the following night he failed to make his appearance, there went up a protest so vigorous that Jack Langrishe gained my reluctant consent to an announcement of George's positive appearance each night the piece was played. As George's physical eccentricities and facial make-up were not particularly suited to the heroic rescue business, we put a yellow cap and red flannel jacket on him and sent him on in the police-court scene as the Italian organ-grinder's monkey. That week we received full salaries. While George never personally protested, I have always believed that he felt hurt at being taken out of heroics and put into low comedy. True, certain natural and artificial conditions over which he had no control may have made him look the latter character best, but he had a mind superior to monkey business. George had now arrived at that stage of development when he would fearlessly make a bluff at the biggest dog in town. But with that rare forethought characteristic of himself, he bluffed only at such times as members of the company were at hand to cover his retreat. This trait in George's character I greatly admired. In common with other of his prominent traits, it afforded me an insight into the far-seeing wisdom of Pythagoras. George soon reached the transformation period of his eventful career. In spite of my watchfulness he would appear almost daily in a new set of colors, or, rather, in a new distribution of the old ones. One day it would be red whiskers, blue ribs and a green tail; the next, green whiskers, red eyebrows and a blue tail. One morning at rehearsal he walked on to the stage entirely washed of his gaudy colors. At last, I thought, they are going to give him a rest; to allow one appearance in natural tints. Vain delusion! As George was making a dignified exit I heard a roar of laughter, and looking carefully for the cause, I discovered that the gay tints had been removed in order to bring out in bolder relief an artistic bit of partial gilding.

With the warm April days there came a change in George's habits. He would frequently absent himself from the dressing-room during the evening—an unusual proceeding. During the last act he would crawl or sneak into the room, looking up sheepishly at me through his shaggy green eyebrows, and half crawl and half slide like a guilty thing into his corner. By a reflection from the mirror I could see that he was stealthily watching me, but when I turned suddenly, his eyes would be closed in profound slumber. One night I called Jimmie Griffith in to watch the pantomime. He carefully observed the proceeding, and explained with a laugh that George had evidently got a sweetheart. From this time on there was an absence of that entire cordiality in our relations that had formerly prevailed. We remained on speaking terms, to be sure, but I could see that, on his part at least, there was a divided affection. These strained relations continued for a week. The time was at hand when we were to take the coach for a ride over the Rockies to Central City. I had intended taking George with me. I had fondly hoped that a change of air and scene would recall him to some sense of his duty to society; but the siren's spell had bound him. On that last day of April we mounted the old Concord, bright and early. I looked vainly for my protégé, upon whom I had lavished so much, but the base ingrate did not even come to whine a parting or bark a God-speed, and so we parted. And as I rode sadly out the old Golden road, that bright April morning, I doubt not that selfish voluptuary, true to the Pythagorean instinct, was snugly couched in pleasure's lap.

Milton Nobles.

SIBYL JOHNSTONE.

NATHAN HALE.

Was there ever man that lived, man that died,
With such courage in his heart, and such pride
In his great and noble soul?
And the centuries may roll,
Until Time's death-knell will toll,
Ere the world shall hear a tale,
With wide-parted lips and pale,
Like the story and the glory of the life and death of Hale!

Just a youth, not twenty-one, when that gun
Was heard in Concord town and Lexington;
After which, came rushing down,
Madly down, from Boston town,
With a warm, wet face and brown,
A wild rider, in the night,
Who yelled, with main and might,
That the hoary and the gory King of England wanted fight!

"Fight he'll get! and lots of it!" shouted all
That could crowd into New London's public hall.
"Leave your plowshares in the field!
Shoulder flintlocks! Sabers wield!
Let us march, and never yield!
We'll make George the Fat turn tail
Like a maddened, harpooned whale!"
Those the stinging and the ringing sentiments of Nathan Hale.

He practiced what he preached: that very night,
Kissed his sweetheart, Alice Adams, by the light
Of the lovely April moon;
Said he'd come back to her soon;
Hummed a country dancing tune
(Just to drive away the frown
In her troubled eyes of brown),
And went swinging—ay! and singing—up the dale, to win renown!

Chest deep and broad; his inches seventy-two—
Such a merry devil in his eyes of blue!
Oh! and all the girls were glad
Just to dance with him; and mad
With gray grief when he was sad.
And the day he said good-by
Not a maiden's eye was dry—
And sweet Alice sorrow's chalice said she'd drain if he should die.

Ever anxious to help people in distress;
All the men loved Nathan Hale, and no less
Did the dumb in field and street—
Did the poor dog at his feet.
His warm nature was so sweet,
And his humor was so quaint!
And his laugh would make a saint
Like Saint Peter smile much sweeter when the kept-out made complaint.

Fifteen moons had waxed and waned since Nat Hale
Left his Alice, weak and weeping, in the dale.
Through those months Hale fought and bled:
And one night his rowboat sped,
While the stars watched overhead—
Sped across Long Island Sound.
When the British camp he found,
By the holy stars! he slowly went upon his dauntless round!

With the Britons' plans within his army boots,
He was captured by the British raw recruits.
Then he knew he had to die.
There was murder in each eye,
As they shouted: "Kill the spy!"
He was tried, found guilty—shot?
Then and there, upon the spot?
No: his jury, filled with fury, swore they'd hang him up to rot!

And they led him out beneath an apple-tree.
They bound his hands—feet; roped his neck; and he
(Though Cunningham raved and swore,
Jeered, insulted him—and *more!*)
Was as dauntless as before!
"Come," they yelled, "confess, you spy!
Ere you to the devil fly!"
Then: "I merely wish, sincerely, I had many lives to die."

Such the man, and such his death. Is he dead?
I'll leave that to your heart, and soul, and head.
Other men have died since then;
Other men will live, too, when
We are nothing, once again.
That is all. I've had my say.
I will—you will—die some day—
What's it matter if men chatter when the soul has gone away?

John Ernest McCann.

A VERITABLE SANTA CLAUS.

TOMMY, aged nine, was one of those compactly built, healthy boys, with an egg-shaped cranium and a thick neck, who want to know the why and the wherefore of everything, and who are incredulous about everything that they cannot understand or ascertain by demonstration or destruction; while his sister Minnie, aged seven, was a sweet-tempered, angelic little slip of a girl, of a tender and confiding disposition, who implicitly believed all the fairy stories they read together, and was especially impressed with the truth of the history of Santa Claus, who in one night could travel over all the world in his sled, drawn by four reindeers, and leave something in the pendent stockings of all good little children. The story of Santa Claus early inspired doubts in the unimaginative and materialistic mind of Tommy, who the year before this veracious narrative had ascertained by persistent and round-about inquiry (carefully concealing his object with the skill of a diplomat that is often early developed in some children) that the feat of making a tour of the globe over-night was physically impossible. He had, however, no idea who Santa Claus really was, or where he came from; and if he could have reconciled the inconsistencies of the history, as completely and satisfactorily as he had done the mechanism of his jumping-jack by destruction and investigation, he would have accepted the facts with the zeal of a convert. The replies were always evasive when he sought information by direct and pertinent inquiry from his parents and other grown-ups, and the conclusion that he arrived at from his ingenious and round-about study of the subject was that there was something of a humbug about Santa Claus, but still a mystery.

Sweet little Minnie, whose blonde hair fell in a golden sheaf all about her shoulders, and with her pale, delicate features and pure blue eyes rendered her really angelic in appearance as she was in disposition, was much worried by her brother's incredulity, and often expostulated with him in vain. She loved her brother dearly, and, with the solicitude and tender interest of the sex, sought to win him over to the right way of thinking and believing, which she doubted not her own to be, often granting so much for the sake of argument that when she had finished she was almost convinced by his doubts of anything that could not be demonstrated. Tommy's mind was utterly incapable of accepting anything on faith or belief; he demanded a demonstration, and consequently always broke up all his toys to ascertain their mechanism. The nursery legend of Santa Claus accorded with Minnie's poetic temperament, and she accepted it without a doubt. The Christmas previous to this narrative she had agreed with him to lie awake and watch for Santa Claus, even at the risk of incurring his displeasure; but they had both fallen asleep unawares, and when they awoke betimes in the morning, Santa Claus had come and gone, much to her delight and his chagrin. Christmas was again approaching, and once more Tommy, whose iconoclastic propensities increased with his years, began to express his doubts and a determination to investigate the mystery for himself. One day he behaved very badly, and his mother expressed the opinion that Santa Claus would not bring him anything, as he did not like bad boys. "Well, I don't care!" defiantly exclaimed Tommy, who was at play with Minnie; but a moment afterward he proposed an agreement with her that he would stop digging up the rose-bushes in the garden to see if there were any babies underneath them (a legend she implicitly trusted), if she would divide her presents with him in event he should not receive any. I need not state that the sweet child readily accepted the proposition, as she was ever willing to make any sacrifice for her burly brunette brother, who she expected would be a great soldier some day. As Tommy evinced some disposition toward repentance, Minnie rushed to her mother and implored her to send a postal-card to Santa Claus, telling him not to forget to leave some presents for her brother, as he would be good, very good, in the future.

"Why, my dear, I do not know where Santa Claus is now," replied the mother, amused at the child's conceit.

"Can't you get his address?" inquired Minnie, anxiously.

"I am afraid not."

"Ask God in a prayer. He knows all things, and can tell," responded Minnie.

"Well, I will think about it," replied the mother, adding: "But Santa Claus is very good and kind, and I do not think he will remember that Tommy has been bad, if he will promise to be good now."

This satisfied Minnie, who ran to Tommy and assured him that their mother would intercede with Santa Claus, who, she confidently expressed the belief, resided in heaven with God.

"Where does he get his toys?" stoically inquired Tommy.

"Oh, when he comes to the earth the night before Christmas," replied Minnie.

Tommy was by no means satisfied, but did not express his doubts. He had grown since last Christmas, in age and stature as well as worldly experience, and he resolved that the coming Christmas should not pass without his discovering the secret of Santa Claus, and if he discovered him to be a verity, why, the acquaintance might lead to an invitation to visit his workshop, which would just suit him. I should state the incident narrated had the desired effect of making Tommy a much better boy to all outward seeming, but he secretly cherished his determination to this time see Santa Claus, even at the risk of incurring his displeasure. Tommy had seen portraits of Santa Claus in the picture-books, and no doubt had ever risen in his mind of his identity. He was therefore prepared not to be alarmed by the strange appearance he should present in his suit of white fur, white beard, white hair, big boots, with his bag of toys swung over his shoulder. Though he thought he kept his plans secret, the workings of his mind were divined by his observant parents, who, having formed a little plan for his edification, smilingly noted his movements without comment. Still, he managed to outwit them in one move at least. He had observed that his father often declined to take black coffee after dinner, because he did not want to be kept awake.

"Does black coffee after dinner always keep people awake, papa?" he inquired one evening toward the close of December.

"Yes, my son, and that is the reason I never let you or Minnie have any."

"Ugh, bitter stuff; I wouldn't take any if I could," Tommy replied, complying with Minnie's request to go into the sitting-room and look at the pictures in the Christmas numbers of the illustrated magazines and papers that had just come.

. . . . . .

The evening before Christmas, Tommy's father and mother were too much occupied with their own thoughts, or, to speak more precisely, were too much devoted to maneuvers to prevent Tommy and Minnie from thinking to go into the front parlor, where the closed doors might naturally attract their attention and excite their curiosity; and the servants were also too fully imbued with gleeful anticipations for merrymaking below-stairs to keep any watch on the movements of restless Master Tommy, who, after all had left the table, wandered back into the dining-room and surreptitiously helped himself to a cup of black coffee, which would enable him to keep awake and discover Santa Claus. When their usual retiring time came, Minnie and Tommy responded to their mother's reminder that it was their bed-time, and after kissing papa, cheerfully accompanied their mother to the nursery, where they occupied adjoining beds. Each, with the mother's assistance, hung their biggest stocking (after vigorously stretching the same to its utmost tension) on a chair beside the fireplace. They were quickly abed, after saying their prayers on bended knees, Minnie with the determination to go right to sleep; Tommy secretly gloating over his prospects of being able to remain awake until Santa Claus should arrive. After kissing them, their mother lowered the gas to dimness, and left with the injunction that each should go to sleep immediately, and come to her bedside and awaken her as soon as they found their presents from Santa Claus in the morning. Minnie, weary with the excitement of the day, was soon sweetly asleep and dreaming of dolls, dolls' dresses and a doll house, and no end of candies; while Tommy, with eyes wide open, remained as quiet as the traditional mouse—an ordeal that, after the first few minutes, was very trying to one of his active temperament. Tommy amused himself by thinking about the presents he should receive, and of the triumph over the other boys he should have in being able to tell them about seeing Santa Claus; then his sight became rather confused, though he was conscious he was not asleep, and in his determination to keep awake, he turned and turned again, until at length he felt so queer, so weary, that he was not certain whether he was awake or not, and really did not care.

As usual, before retiring herself, his mother opened the door leading into her own apartment to take a reassuring glance that they were sleeping comfortably, and he was inclined to call out to her and tell her that he had taken the coffee and felt very funny; but his resolve controlled him, and he made believe he was sleeping so successfully that his mother thought he was. By-and-by he thought he saw the door connecting with the chamber of his parents open, and there, sure enough, appeared Santa Claus, in a suit of white, shaggy fur, with a high-pointed cap to match, and a long-flowing, snowy beard, and a lot of toys and things in his hands. Tommy admitted to himself that he was badly frightened, and momentarily closed his eyes, in order that Santa Claus, who was now a verity, might not discover his treachery. After he had passed by his bed he opened his eyes wide enough to see Santa Claus cross the room and go to the stockings and put the things he carried in them. Then Tommy thinks he went up the chimney—he is not certain, though—for sleep came upon him so suddenly that he could not have moved or risen to look at the presents to save his life.

In the morning, sure enough, there were all the presents in the stockings—the discovery was made by Minnie, who was the first to wake, and who, to her great surprise, had to shake Tommy in order to awaken him. Together they went into the adjoining chamber and awakened their father and mother (as usual, by kissing them), and showed them their presents in great glee.

"I saw Santa Claus when he came through that door," said Tommy, sitting on the edge of the bed by the side of his mother, with a gravity that at once attracted the attention of all, but especially of Minnie. He gravely proceeded to tell how he had stolen the coffee in order to keep awake.

"Oh, you bad, horrid boy!" exclaimed Minnie. "If Santa Claus had known it, he would not have left you anything!"

Tommy described Santa Claus, somewhat vaguely, it must be confessed, but both his father and mother admitted that he had probably seen him, and congratulated him on escaping his ire in consequence of the trick he had practiced.

"And you really believe in Santa Claus, now that you have seen him?" exclaimed Minnie, much delighted by the knowledge.

"Yes," assented Tommy, "but I thought he would come down the chimney, but he came from this room."

"But didn't he go up the chimney?" inquired Minnie.

"Yes—he went up the chimney," responded Tommy, trying to remember if he clearly saw him go up the chimney.

"Well, you see, he came down the chimney in this room to see pa and ma first; then came into our room, and went up the chimney there," said Minnie.

"I guess that was the way; I saw him come through the door," responded Tommy, feeling sleepy and tired, and going back to bed to get a little more sleep before breakfast.

Tommy regaled all his playmates with his marvelous story, which, coming from him, was accepted implicitly by them, especially the younger ones; and Minnie, having her own sweet faith verified by his testimony, was supremely happy. It is true that after a while Tommy regretted that he had not got up and caught Santa Claus, or at least have talked to him; but his faith was still unshaken, even when, later in the season, there was a mask ball given by his parents, and his father appeared as Santa Claus. He merely said:

"That is how Santa Claus looked."

Chandos Fulton

SALTATORIAL FRESHNESS.

(*Luisa and Teresa, of the opera ballet, are getting into a quarrel over their respective ages.*)

LUISA.—What nonsense to talk so, when you don't even know who your mother was!

TERESA.—True enough, I haven't the least idea. Forgive me for what I said, dear; perhaps it's you!

A RETROSPECTIVE NIGHTMARE.

READER, has there not been some incident connected with your past which cannot be conjured back without a cold spasm of unpleasant memory and an inward "Thank God it's over"? No? Then you are a conspicuous exception to the rest of struggling humanity. Probably you have never struggled much, in which case the following narrative cannot find a responsive tinge of sympathy within your breast. Yes? Then let us metaphorically clasp each other's hands, vow eternal fellowship, and proceed. Such an incident occurs to me now, and with it comes both the spasm and the pious invocation. It was not a murder, nor a burglary, nor a "plucking" at college, nor a rescue from drowning, nor even an attack of delirium tremens. It was something which, by comparison, would cause any one of the above-mentioned horrors to appear like a calm, restful, soothing summer reverie. I was once manager of one of my own plays. Many others have been managers of my plays, but if any of them ever suffered as I did then, there is a bond of sympathy between us that many, many weeks of unpaid royalty could not unrivet or sever. A Canadian manager of reputed good standing, and said to possess at least a reasonable amount of sound judgment and common-sense, made me an important business proposition. It seemed to promise fame, fortune and excitement for a period of four weeks, which might possibly be extended to as many more. This was the substance of the contract:

"The party of the first part agrees, within the space of two weeks from the signing of this document, to write, compose, cast and produce a dramatic composition founded upon the life and death of Louis Riel, late leader in the Northwest Rebellion; and the party of the second part agrees to become responsible for all reasonable expenses arising out of said venture," and so on, specifying the duties and responsibilities of each party to the agreement, as well as his share of the profits—losses not being at all considered. When I affixed my signature to the instrument there came a sense of serene security in the thought that I was actually signing a receipt for a stupendous fortune. My long struggle for a position in the dramatic world was to end at last, and with a light heart, a hasty luncheon, and two Canadian cocktails, I sat down to my work. Never in all my life had I been so interested; never so supremely confident. My thoughts came faster than my pen could fashion them into words, and the words seemed more gracefully grouped, more intense, and more dramatic than any I had yet evolved from my more or less fertile and always ambitious brain. Excepting a few brief intervals—during which I congratulated myself upon my growing greatness, drank cold black coffee, and read aloud to myself the finished pages of the majestic composition so rapidly assuming form on the table before me—I wrote during the whole night, and at 7.30 A. M. had completed two acts of "Louis Riel." These were read to the backer of the enterprise and two or three critical friends, who listened with enthralled attention until I had finished.

"Simply immense!" "Every speech is an epic poem!" "The comedy is delicious!" "It will be the Passion Play of the French Canadian!" "Those battle-scenes will split them up the back!" "No living author could have done that amount of work in those seventeen hours!"

Up to this time I had always been rather modest when discussing the merits of my own work; I was so no longer, for, as I inwardly acquiesced in all of the congratulatory encomiums of my listeners, I no longer doubted that I had reached the topmost round on the ladder of dramatic literary fame. It was suggested that the redoubtable Gabriel Dumont be selected to enact himself in the drama, but as a price had been set upon his head by the Dominion Government, and, moreover, as I had written that rôle with the express intention of playing it myself, further discussion of that subject was dismissed. Orders were left in Toronto for costumes and scenery. I hastened to New York; resigned my position in the company of which I was a member; finished the remaining acts of the play, and entered upon the work of engaging actors for its *thirteen* characters. In this I had some difficulty, for a feeling had become prevalent among the disengaged Thespians of Union Square that the Canadian public would surely mob the proposed company, on the opening night, before the close of the first act. Necessity, however, is often a strong incentive to bravery, and the required number of people were secured.

. . . . . .

On December 31, 1885, the train bearing our company drew up at the railway station in London, On ario. The neighboring dead-walls and fences were elaborately plastered with glaring streamers in red and blue, which silently and eloquently set forth as follows:

THE ONLY FORREST.
Supported by a Majestic Galaxy of
NEW YORK ARTISTS,
will appear for Two Nights and One Matinée,
in the Idyllic and Poetic Historical Play,
LOUIS RIEL;
OR,
THE NORTHWEST REBELLION.
The greatest play of the century!
The strongest company of two centuries!

As I gazed upon this sightly triumph of the typographer's art, my creative bosom swelled with more pride than it had hitherto known; for had it not been demonstrated in letters of fire and blue that my genius as a dramatic author had only been equaled by my prodigious talent as a poster-writer? As we alighted from the train, we were received, not by a deputation of citizens, as my swelled imagination had led me to expect, but by the commanding and solitary figure of our advance agent, who from out of the comfortable depths of his ulster shouted: "Boys, we've got 'em sure! Every mouth is full of 'Louis Riel,' and while the excitement may result in an awful and bloody riot, the house will be packed to the doors!" This was encouragement sublime, and, with an effusiveness of spirit that was peculiarly my own, I embraced my star. We were all willing to face an exasperated audience, armed with opera-chairs, potatoes, onions, and forgotten eggs, so long as the box-office returned golden results. Arrived at the hotel, we discovered that the over-enthusiastic advance agent had grossly exaggerated the state of affairs. The dapper menial upon whom devolved the duty of assigning guests to rooms received us with: "Oh, you're the Louis Riel gang, are you?" This gross dereliction of duty on the part of a Canadian hotel clerk almost precipitated an open war between Canada and the United States, represented by that worthy and our star, and it was only suppressed by a diplomatic effort on the part of Mr. Washington, who at that time was U. S. Consular Agent at that point. Within twenty minutes of our arrival we had received welcomes from representatives of the Canadian public, which, briefly, may be summed up in the following sentences:

"You're a nice crowd, ain't you?" "How dare you come into this country with a play that makes a martyr of Louis Riel?" "They ought to set fire to the theater!" "Yes, and I'm just the man to do it!" "Take the next train for New York!" "Where did you scare up this gang, anyhow?"

Now, these exhibitions of Canadian hospitality were both inelegant and ungrammatical, but they were convincing, and the more profusely they came, the more certain we felt of financial success. This certainly was slightly relaxed, however, when we were waited upon by the manager of the theater, who conveyed the appalling intelligence that only two reserved seats had been sold for the opening performance on New Year's Day.

"But," said he, "if the play is good, we shall fill the house at the second performance."

. . . . . .

New Year's Day dawned, bright, crisp, and cold, and with breathless anxiety we awaited the opening hour. It was observed, however, with no small degree of apprehension, by the more thoughtful of the party, that the militia had not been called out; that no extra police precautions had been taken; that the prospects of an open and bloody riot were gradually lessening. But to me this seemed only the oppressive calm that always precedes a storm, and I prepared myself for the violent inevitable. Two o'clock came, and the curtain was about to rise. All were nervous almost to the hysterical point. Who is not, with death staring him in the face? The curtain rose, and the leading heavy woman spoke the opening speech, which to my mind was a splendid effort of rhetorical skill and dramatic intensity, but, for some unaccountable reason, the audience failed to agree with me. Then came my entrance, and as I had written my part for myself, I had called into play all the dramatic ingenuity at my command to secure an entrance that would insure a round of applause, but——

The author of the play himself strode upon the stage, and not a hand welcomed him!

The Only Forrest, as Louis Riel, entered, and he, too, was received in silence. The magnificent outbursts of this gallant martyr of the Northwest, in his attempt to rescue his suffering people from the hands of their oppressors, were swallowed with exasperating scorn, and the grand exhibition of heroic passion at the end of the first act was denied the simple encouragement of one round of applause. The heavy villain, however, who was one of the most double-dyed type; who sold his friend Riel to his enemies; who brutally maltreated defenseless women, and mercilessly shot brave men in the back; who was, in fact, intended by the author to represent the most depraved and contemptible type of humanity—was taken by the audience into its heart of hearts and made the hero of the play. When Riel won, he was hissed; when defeated, the audience applauded; when arrested, it cheered; and when the executioner led him to his death, we were greeted with demoniac howls of delight. Let me not attempt to chronicle any more of the awful events of that cruelly depressing first performance. I have already said enough to convince the already suspicious reader that the heroic efforts of the author had—well, at least, miscarried. Let us not say failed. Not one opera-chair had been wrenched from its fastenings; as far as known, no warlike Kanuck had filled his pockets with potatoes, and no egg of any nature whatever had put in an appearance. To add to our discomfiture, the gross receipts of the performance, and that at a New Year's matinee, were $42.25! The manager, however, assured us that we had made a hit, and promised a full house for the evening. Some idea of the "fullness" of the second performance may be gleaned from my authoritative statement that the box-office returns indicated a total of $81.75!

The press comments of the following day were altogether discouraging. While some of them acknowledged that the play was not entirely without merit, all combined in a torrent of abuse of every one connected with the enterprise, on the ground that we had merely brought the piece into Canada at the instance of the leaders of the Riel party, or with the manifest intention of making money by drawing crowds to the theaters, in the hope that the resulting riots might prejudice the gullible part of the public against the Dominion authorities. As far as the acting of the company was concerned, every one received a kindly word, with the single exception of myself. I do not wish to print that notice in full, for the substance of it may be understood when I say that I was advised, at its close, to "go and break rocks." The gross receipts of the third performance in London were $56! I will not burden the reader with succinct statements of each night's performance in other towns, for they would only be repetitions of the London experiences, except that the receipts grew smaller and smaller as our tribulations piled one upon another with a rapidity and persistence that was simply appalling. The newspapers warned law-abiding citizens against encouraging "this crowd of wandering mountebanks, whose purpose it was to engender sympathy for a traitor." Some of them advised the authorities to refuse us a license, while others went so far as to actually advise the burning of the theaters where we had been announced to appear. At Woodstock, Canada, we played to $20.50, and the local manager refused to pay us our share of even that beggarly amount. This was adding insult to injury, and I openly expressed my intention of "taking it out of the manager's hide." That worthy immediately sent word that he was willing to submit to the operation, and I approached him with danger in my eye and murder in my soul. He was six feet two inches in height; weight, 220 pounds! I am five feet seven; weight, 150 pounds. It required no experienced judge of athletic sports to foretell the result of that fight. But I had gone too far to recede now, and so decided to "take my medicine like a little man." I approached this gaunt and stalwart Canadian, and accosted him:

"Are you going to pay me my share of the receipts?"

"No, I ain't. I can't pay the expenses of my house with no five dollars and a half!"

"I cannot pay mine with fifteen dollars and a quarter."

"I don't care a fig for your expenses."

"You are a swindler!"

He made no answer. He was afraid of me.

"Did you hear what I said? You are a swindler!"

Still no response. I grew braver.

"If it were not for your crowd, I'd break your jaw!"

This time he did reply, but the nature of that reply froze the blood in my veins. I began to think of home and friends, and trembled at the thought of being consigned to an unknown grave in that purgatory of creation, the Dominion of Canada.

"My crowd won't bother you, and here's a policeman to see fair play."

I shall never forget that policeman, for there is not the slightest doubt in my mind that to him am I indebted for the privilege of inditing this history.

"Hold on, gentlemen! I am not here to see fair play in a fight, but to preserve the peace, and I'm going to do it."

If some members of the company who had assembled to witness my assassination had not dragged me into the street, I should have embraced that policeman, and wept tears of gratitude upon his greasy and weather-worn ulster. Upon arriving at my desolate and uninviting room in the hotel, the awful and deplorable situation of myself and the company of heroes for whose comfort and transportation I was responsible, became apparent. To use an inelegant though expressive phrase of dramatic managerial parlance, we were "stuck" in Woodstock, Canada! Oh, struggling manager! Oh, strolling player! Oh, brother dramatic carpenter! Have you ever been "stuck" in Woodstock, Canada? If so, come for shelter and commiseration to the warm place in my heart that is waiting for you. If you have not, take the advice of one who knows, and do not place yourself in a position that will render such a horror possible. There was no disguising the fact, for that was our condition, on that stormy night in January, 1886, with the thermometer registering thirty-two degrees below zero; not a penny in the treasury, and an engagement to play in a town on the following night a hundred miles distant. I telegraphed for assistance to our backer in Toronto, and received a paltry twenty-five dollars, which was the largest draft the telegraph office in—my very pen shudders as I write the name—Woodstock, Canada, would agree to pay. I then appealed to the company. Not one member of it possessed a penny, save the leading lady, and she lent me an amount sufficient to secure our escape from—I must write it again—Woodstock, Canada.

Here endeth the first week. The second, while no actual danger to our lives or limbs was threatened, was no better in a financial way, save when our plucky backer joined the company to pay salaries, and told us to have patience until we could reach Montreal, among the French, where we should retrieve our losses, and create the grandest dramatic furore the Dominion had ever known. We braved the contumely, the degradation, the poverty of the second week, sustained by the hope of reaching Montreal, and we did. Were we any the happier? Ah, no! Here, too, not only trouble, but humiliation, awaited us. Reputable managers refused to receive us in their theaters, lest in the resulting riots that seemed certain between the Protestants and Catholics, their theaters should be razed to the ground. The only remaining temple of the drama where an abiding-place could be found for poor "Louis Riel" was a most disreputable rattle-trap of a place which had been playing the cheapest class of combinations, at ten, twenty and thirty cents for seats! Imagine the Only Forrest, my greatest play, and my galaxy of metropolitan artists playing for ten, twenty and thirty cents! But it was inevitable, and like the heroes we had become, we submitted with touching fortitude, and opened. The house was crammed, from floor to ceiling, with a noisy mass of Canadian humanity; and when Canadian humanity becomes noisy, it can give a seemingly impossible handicap to any other humanity in existence, and beat it by a length. Our business manager came to me on the stage before the rise of the curtain, and told me that twenty policemen had been called and placed in the rear of the house to quell the riot that would occur if anything detrimental to the cause of the French population should be said during the action of the play. The curtain rose, and not a sound came from that mass of people until I spoke the following words:

"No hope for us? Look about you. As far as the eye can reach are stretched the cottages of our people. Not one of them but is filled with brave men who will follow Louis Riel to death, or the salvation of our own downtrodden race!"

In all my experience I never heard such a round of applause, and it continued until I was forced to lift my hand and enjoin silence. Had I made a success as an actor at last?

The entrance of Louis Riel was the signal for the most noisy and pronounced burst of enthusiasm it has ever been my lot to witness. Cheer after cheer, shout after shout, yell after yell greeted the Only Forrest, and my own success dwindled into an insignificance that was disappointing, distressing and discouraging to my artistic soul; but the play was making a hit. Every speech of the hero was rewarded with cheers; hisses greeted the villain in every scene, and when he was finally slain, in a thrilling bowie-knife fight, the audience went wild with delight.

The French press of the next morning went into ecstasies of critical delight over performance, play and company, and the star and author were lionized by the French people. But not one single line from an English paper, except in the case of a sheet published in opposition to the Government. So adverse was the feeling of the English press that they—*mirabile dictu!*—refused to accept our advertisements! But what cared we for English opposition? As Americans we had always been subjected to English opposition, and now, for the first time, we actually gloried in it. We had made a success, and there was no disputing it.

Despite the gush of the French press, despite the acclaims of the French people, despite the evidence of success that seemed beyond cavil on the opening night, by Wednesday the receipts dwindled down to almost nothing, and at the end of the week we were in much the same condition as had been the case on that awful night in——Woodstock, Canada. Our backer paid the salaries of the company, furnished us with tickets to New York, and returned to Toronto. He had neglected, however, to pay the bill for supernumeraries, and as we were leaving the theater we were faced by thirty evil-eyed and desperate French Canadians, who declared that unless they received their money they would hang us out of the flies. At this point the prodigious respect I had formed for this class oozed out at every pore. They persisted in their demands, increased the terrors of their threats, and I was forced to pawn the manuscript of "the greatest play of the century" to save my life, and the lives of my company. Thus disappeared the only means I had of raising money to pay my bill and that of my star at the hotel—and—horrible reality!—*we were actually "stuck" in Montreal!* Be it remembered that the company had received their salaries in full; but the Only Forrest and myself were to be paid out of the profits, and the extent of these has been already set forth in melancholy terms. "Stuck in Montreal!" It was not as depressing as the experience in Woodstock, but it was enough to dampen the ardor or check the ambition of the greatest actor or the most thrilling author in Christendom. "Stuck" in Montreal! To the credit of the company, who had steadfastly stood by us during the trials of the past three weeks, be it said, that one and all of them refused to leave the city until we could find some method of accompanying them. This exhibition of good-fellowship I shall never forget. Whenever I can control a dramatic engagement, the members of this little band of heroes shall be first remembered, for every one of them was either a good fellow or a true woman, and these are rarities nowadays. By a judicious system of dispatches sent to various quarters of the United States—Canadian liberality was never dreamed of—I succeeded in securing sufficient funds to release us from our unfortunate and humiliating position, and, provided with every comfort of travel, we took the train for New York. As we left the station, an urchin—a Canadian urchin—with that spirit of hospitality and good-feeling which our experience in that country—which is neither monarchy nor republic, nor a happy medium between the two—had led us to expect, made use of an expression. It was not a polite expression, nor a kind expression, nor even original to the country, for, like everything good in Canada, it was borrowed from the United States. Still it was expressive, and there rankled within my breast a conviction that it reflected the sentiment of Canada in regard to "the greatest play."

That expression was—"Rats!"

Clay M. Greene

BEING SO VERY WILLFUL.

"IS this the stage entrance?"

The door-keeper looked up frowningly, and growled an assent. His companions, a group of scene-shifters, were speaking in a hoarse whisper. Upon hearing this question the conversation halted, and they gazed curiously at the intruder, for such they judged her to be from the ignorance her words implied. She spoke with a slight Irish accent. She wore a white apron; from under her simple black hat, the brim of which came as far down over her face as custom would allow, protruded the edge of a white muslin cap.

"Who might you wish to see, miss?" asked the door-keeper, as he noted these details, considering that possibly she was a new maid to one of the actresses.

The girl changed color, and answered, in a tremulous yet resolute tone, "Mr. Caldicott."

"Mr. Caldicott's on now, but he'll be through in a minute. Just take a seat, miss." He pushed a rough stool toward her, which she thanked him for but did not sit upon. The men stared in stupid surprise as she named the leading man, proceeding, with sundry winks and broad grins, to indicate to one another the large parcel she held in her hand, and from which a spicy fragrance came. The language of the eye not being sufficiently expressive to convey their accumulating fancies, that of the tongue was again resorted to, and so merry did they become, that nothing but a wholesome fear of the stage-manager kept them from laughing aloud. This worthy disciplinarian drew near, and spying the girl, repeated the door-keeper's question, couched, however, in more choice English. Receiving the same answer, he assured her that Mr. Caldicott would soon be at her disposal, and, pushing the stool a little nearer, passed on to await developments. The stranger had stood, until now, apparently oblivious of the merriment at her feet, but either something in the manager's glance disquieted her, or she was tired, for she moved quickly to the door and murmured, "I won't wait."

"Here he is, miss," said one of the scene-shifters, as a shriek rang out on the air. She paused and saw the hero emerging from the wings. But the applause was prolonged, and, shrugging his shoulders, Caldicott assumed the countenance of solemn indifference seemingly required of actors as a contrast to the gushing delight displayed by actresses, and stepped again in view of the audience. The girl's face, as she listened to the noisy demonstration, became radiant. For a moment she appeared to forget her embarrassment, and a smile of happy triumph parted her lips. As Caldicott came by on his way to his dressing-room the door-keeper accosted him. He turned at once toward the girl, and said: "You wish to speak with me?"

She had already torn away the paper that protected the sweet mass of roses, and now, with a trembling hand, held them out to him. Their reception was not reassuring. Not only did he not take them, but his expression was one of thorough disgust. The crimson beauties evoked a most unattractive vision. The stage-manager, who was framing a little speech with which he was to present a testimonial to the manager at midnight, had still an eye to his surroundings, and as he watched this other presentation he chuckled. He wished he could ring the curtain down ten minutes earlier, that the whole company might be there to see. Forgetting the address, he listened, hoping to gather fresh fuel for a joke which had of late been shelved as a "chestnut." A large, handsome woman, old enough, in all probability, to have been Caldicott's mother, had taken pleasure in sending him quantities of this same flower, always appearing, on the night of one of these offerings, in a proscenium box, bedecked with a corsage bouquet of the same, in addition to her numerous jewels. He had paid attention neither to her glances nor to her notes, and now jumped to the conclusion that his admirer had selected this mode of securing some definite expression from him.

"She shall have it too, by Jove!" he said to himself, with savage resolve.

Reports of the adulation he received from women were largely exaggerated, but it came in sufficient quantity to warrant his assuming a bored look when the subject was broached, and his custom of sending the flowers to the actresses' dressing-rooms, while offering the notes as cigar-lighters in his own apartment, gained him the reputation of the very King of Mashers. The sentimental nonsense did not displease him, however. He was really much flattered by its tenor; but he lacked the romantic temperament which might have made the communications individually interesting. Perhaps, too, the disappointment he found in the first and only rendezvous of the kind he had kept, colored his views, and induced him to picture each fair writer as a panic-stricken school-girl, in whom the presence of her idol so froze the fountain of speech as to oblige him to make conversation. His brain, unused as it was to violent exertion, revolted at the suggestion of a second similar experience.

"You won't take them?" There was so much pathos in the tone that Caldicott felt his vexation lessening. Before he realized it, he held the flowers in his hand.

"Good-by," she said, and turned to go. Spite of the semi-darkness, Caldicott could make out that the messenger was young.

"See here!" he exclaimed, "I haven't told you what to say to your mistress."

"I can't stay here another minute," she answered, in a low, breathless voice; "I must go. It is so different from what I thought—from what my mistress thought, I mean. It is so dark, and no green-room, and these horrid men!—they frighten me so. Good-by, I must get home." He followed her into the street. She did not see him until they had gone several yards; then, glancing up, an exclamation came forth. He stifled it.

"My dear child, you did not think I was going to let you fly off by yourself at this time of night! What shall I put you in? Shall we go down to the cab-stand, or will you take the stage? We'd better get on a side street as soon as we can. I believe the people are looking at my white tie."

A few passers-by glanced curiously at the oddly-assorted pair, but the greater number, absorbed in belated Christmas shopping, paid them scant attention, and, once off Broadway, the swell and the maid-servant walked on free from observation.

"You have no overcoat—it is so cold," she murmured, pleadingly.

"Oh, that's all right. Lucky crush-hats are in fashion—I might have been obliged to come bareheaded. Now I think of it what should I have done a month ago? Picture me on Broadway in pink knee-breeches and a green coat, not to mention my sword and wig."

"You need not have come," said the girl, smiling.

"No, I need not, but I should have done it just the same. Don't laugh. Eh, what did you say your name was?"

"I—I didn't say," she replied, stealing a sly look at her companion. Growing bolder, the occasional glances resolved themselves into a prolonged stare. Caldicott was oblivious of this. His natural good-humor, combined with his love of novelty, induced him to treat this affair as a capital joke, while his self-love was flattered by the protection he afforded the little maid. It was not often that sacrifice took so amusing a shape.

"So you thought there would be a green-room as big and as fine as Madame Jacqueminot's parlor, and that you'd have a quiet little *tête-à-tête* with me while the rest of them were on the stage. That's the way your mistress planned, wasn't it, my dear?"

"Oh, won't you be late?" said the "dear," nervously.

"No; I'm all right. I don't go on till the next act, you know. Do you know, though? Have you seen the play?" The girl hesitated, and finally answered in the affirmative.

"Oh, well, you'll remember I do not go on again until I throw myself at Oriana's feet. But here we are at the corner. There goes a down stage. You go up, I suppose. There will be one along in a moment. Just tell your mistress that, of course, these little attentions on her part are very flattering, but I don't think she would be so liberal if she knew the real state of the case. I'm married, you see. It's not generally known—the manager prefers it shouldn't be—but I am. I'm a married man, and while my wife enjoys the flowers and gets no end of fun out of the notes, she draws the line at personal interviews. Consequently all this leads to nothing but the madding misery of deferred hope." As Caldicott wound up this mendacious impromptu with a quotation from his lines, the stage rattled noisily along. It halted at his signal, and the young girl hurriedly stepped from the curb.

"Merry Christmas!" he said. Wondering at her utter silence, he remembered the glimpse he had had by the Broadway lamps of her pretty mouth, and as there happened to be no passengers in the vehicle, just as he was helping her in, he kissed her. A half-stifled sob broke from her, and she cried, "How could you!"

As he hastened back to the theatre he pondered over the mystery of her tears and the sudden change in her last words, which were said without a trace of the brogue. He pulled his blonde mustache and raised his blue eyes with that serio-comic look of despair that on the stage made his every girl-auditor exclaim, "Isn't he too sweet!" In vain! The only definite conclusion he could arrive at was a regret that instead of one he had not taken a dozen kisses.

The Christmas holidays were once more at hand. The incident described had faded from Ferris Caldicott's mind, save at certain times when the fragrance of Jacqueminots recalled it to memory. Once, indeed, at a benefit performance, a young tenor revived the old ballad,

"My love is like a red, red rose,"

and all the while he sang Caldicott's thoughts were of the pretty, tearful face he had seen by the dim light of a Fifth Avenue stage. Looking up impatient with himself, he met the eyes of her of whom he had been thinking. He leaned forward, almost forgetting his surroundings, but the vision had disappeared. The box where his fancy had placed her was filled with elegantly-attired women. He had not been troubled by the attentions nor even the presence of his stout bejeweled admirer since Christmas Eve. He ascribed this to the message he had given the bearer of the roses, and it was with a slight feeling of alarm that he raised his opera-glass to the box in question. A light broke upon him, and he concluded that the little maid whom he felt positive was lurking behind the curtains had changed her place. "No wonder, too!" he reflected; "a creature capable of sending the poor child on such idiotic errands." He was sufficiently curious to stand outside with a group of friends and watch the crowd emerging from the theatre. Four women got into a carriage and were driven rapidly toward Fifth Avenue. Although he had not been near enough to see their faces, he recognized them as the occupants of the box which had interested him, and there was no maid with them. "Boys," he said, suddenly, as he started in the company of two young actors for a stroll on the Rialto, "did you ever think you saw a thing, and then find out that you were mistaken — that there was nothing——"

"In it? When you talk of optical delusions, commend me to salaries."

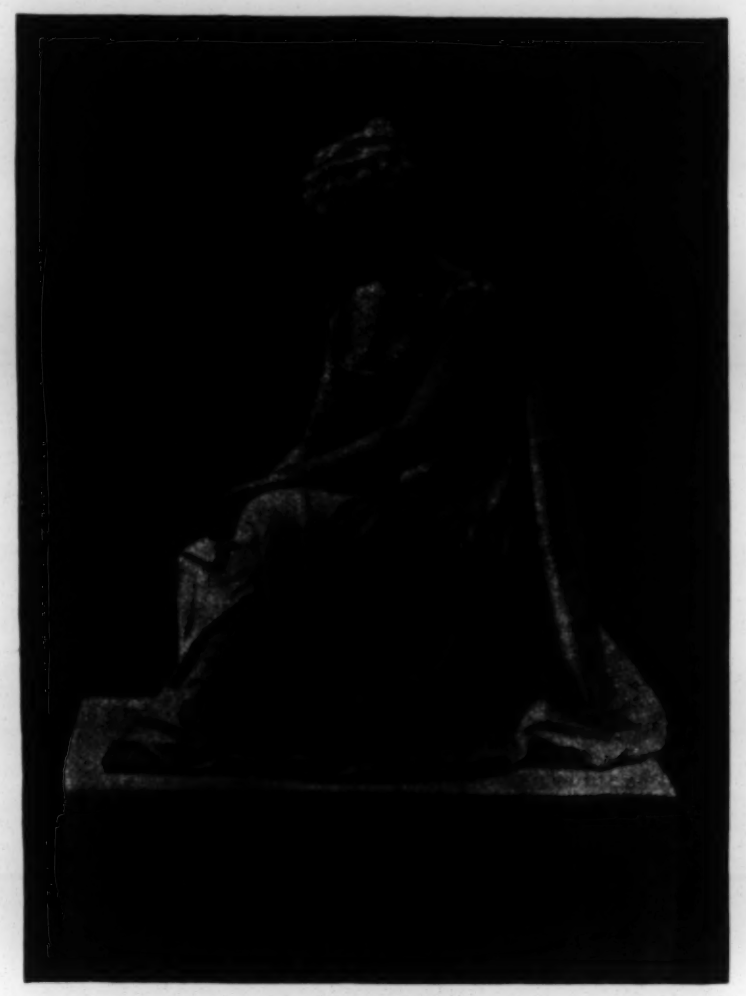
Caldicott, shrugging his shoulders, dismissed the subject and composed himself to listen to a doleful account of salary-day in the Mardi Maigre Company, whose members were arriving in town, to use a stage direction, severally.

Two weeks later he received a letter from a prominent lawyer asking him to call the following Sunday evening, when he would learn something to his advantage. Entirely unable to form a conjecture as to what he should hear, he kept the appointment. He was shown into the library, where he found Mr. Keefe sipping a glass of sherry before a roaring fire. Having greeted the young man, he began to speak, his voice showing signs of hesitation the while he seemed anxious to have the matter over as soon as possible.

"It is not my custom to transact business on the Sabbath, but in consideration that you are engaged on other evenings, and that during the day I am obliged to be at my office, and—a—this communication being of such a private nature—I preferred discussing it here, where I should have no interruption."

Here he paused to poke the fire, which betrayed no need of it, while Caldicott gazed at the flames and said nothing, his mind being void of any emotion save astonishment.

"Miss Fenton—" here Mr. Keefe paused and glanced sharply at his companion, upon whom the name made no visible impression. "Miss Fenton was a very dear friend of my daughter's. They were inseparable at school and since, so that I grew to look upon her almost as one of my own children, and she, I believe—she was an orphan—trusted me as she might a father." Mr. Keefe's voice became husky and broke. As soon as he had regained control he continued, hurriedly: "She had always been fond of the theatre, and was, with my daughter, constantly getting up private theatricals. Two weeks ago, coming from the opera-house to her carriage, she would wear no wrap. All this year she had been willful, imprudent to an unusual degree. It was a bitter night. She said she wanted to feel the contrast to the hot air of the theatre. In a few days she had—left us."



Kittie Rhoades

Caldicott still remained silent, and rather weary of the strain of wonder as he asked himself his possible relation to this narrative. "I have explained my relations to Miss Fenton that you might have perfect trust in me, and feel that anything you might say would be received as a sacred confidence." He waited, but seeing that Caldicott was not prepared to speak, he continued: "Would you mind telling me how you came to know Miss Fenton?" Here at last was a tangible opportunity for breaking his long silence: "I never knew the lady." The old lawyer's eyes wore the look which rarely failed in its desired effect when brought to bear upon a reluctant witness. Caldicott's composure remained undisturbed. "And yet the lady has willed you a hundred thousand dollars!" said Mr. Keefe, slowly, accenting every word. He smiled to see his listener start.

"You—this is not—a joke, I presume," said Caldicott, trying to laugh, but catching his breath instead. He walked to the mantel-shelf to hide his nervousness, and began to play with some of the bric-à-brac.

"Well, no," the lawyer was beginning with ironical inflection, when the young man recoiled from a photograph which stood, richly framed, before him, and said, "Who is that?"

"That is Miss Fenton."

Caldicott stared at the youthful face, biting his lips the while, as if with nervous dread. "You say she acted in private theatricals. Did she ever take an Irish part?"

"Yes, once only, that I remember. Last Christmas week she played the rôle of an Irish waiting-maid. Christmas Eve there was a dress-rehearsal here at my house, and she left us, wearing her costume. I wondered why she had not come in her own carriage, but that night, for some reason, she preferred a cab, and would not allow any one to accompany her home."

In the pause that followed, Mr. Keefe evidently realized the situation, and proceeded to close up the business. "She placed the will in my hands several months ago. In it she leaves you her entire property, which was her share of her grandfather's estate. Had she lived a few months longer she would have been of age and have come into her father's fortune, which I hold in trust. As it is, this will go to her aunt, the next of kin. Although the relations were, I need scarcely say, astounded on learning the contents of the will, they do not intend to contest it; in fact, they have left the affair wholly to me. You are a gentleman, Mr. Caldicott, and, as such, will appreciate the sentiment which prompts this proposition. The family wish to avoid any public comments—and—if you will simply accept the legacy as coming from—— Your parentage is English, I believe?"

Caldicott assented: "I understand perfectly, I think, sir."

They shook hands cordially.

Before leaving, the young man stepped to the mantel-shelf. "You won't give me this, I suppose," he said, bending over Miss Fenton's picture.

"No! Leave her with those who cared for her," exclaimed Keefe, harshly. He seemed jealous of the past between Caldicott and the dead girl, and in some divining spirit felt words of reproach rising to his lips.

The following day Caldicott appeared with a mourning-band on his hat. Only his intimate friends received an explanation of the same, and this but vague. An aunt in Dorsetshire had left her dutiful nephew her entire estate, value yet undecided.

"Seems to me Dick Swiveller had the same kind of an aunt in Dorsetshire," remarked a hearer, dissatisfied in that he was not obtaining more particulars for an article on "Our Thespian Crœsuses." Caldicott, who had unconsciously quoted Swiveller's words, looked at his critic through half-shut eyes. "Ah, really, *two* aunts in Dorsetshire? Had no idea Dorsetshire was such a growing place. Come in, boys; we'll set up the 'rosy' all around, and drink the old lady's health—memory, I should say." The proposition was received with joy, and, for the time, the skeptical author was appeased.

But even rosy wine could not entirely restore the admiration with which Ferris Caldicott had hitherto looked upon his career. His serenity was destined to be eternally ruffled by the question which his imagination answered in a thousand ways—

"If I had not told her that lie!"

Collins Stinehart

DICK HARDEN'S ROMANCE.

HOW time flies, to be sure! It seems but a very little while ago, and yet it is twenty years since the events occurred that I am about to relate. It was my second season on the stage, and I occupied the exalted position of first utility man at the Theatre Royal, Sunderland, a small seaport town in the north of England. Richard, or, as he was more frequently called, Dick Harden, was our heavy man, and in spite of the difference of our positions—a matter of considerably more importance then than now—a friendship sprang up between us. Dick was not to all appearances "a man to be beloved"—a large, broad-shouldered fellow, pitted by the small-pox, with dark, curling hair, slightly streaked with gray, always disarranged; a thick, dark mustache, and coarse and heavy features; his clothes never seemed to fit him, and however new and good they might be, they always looked poor and shabby on Dick. Then his feet! Well, the size of Dick's feet was a standing joke with all the company. His manner, except in the theatre, I am forced to admit, was coarse and vulgar, and at times even brutal; but he was, without being a great actor, attentive to his business, invariably perfect in his lines, and conscientious to a degree in the performance of his duties—qualities that won the respect of his associates and the approval of his manager. In the theatre he was most precise in his observance of the rules of professional courtesy, and any dereliction by any one would bring down a scathing, reproof from Dick, that seldom failed to have its effect. His chief annoyance was "the youngsters"—in other words, the beginners, and we had several in the company. They were a constant source of irritation to him. Dressing all in one large room, Dick's patience, which was never very remarkable, was frequently very sorely tried by the liberties and familiarities which "the scrubs," as we were called, unconsciously took, and his remonstrances on such occasions were more forcible than elegant, and invariably to the point; so that when Dick asked me one morning, as we were separating after rehearsal, to join him in a walk down to the beach, the unexpected compliment was as great a surprise to the company as to myself, and the spectacle of Dick and I trudging off together was the subject of comment and conjecture on all sides.

Our walk that day was but the prelude to many others, and I gradually grew to know Dick Harden better. Naturally reserved, the slightest approach to curiosity or inquisitiveness would have silenced Dick in a moment; but quiet attention drew from him many particulars of his early life that enlisted my sympathy and won my regard. The son of a country tradesman, he had become enamored of an actress in a company of strolling players that visited the small town in which he lived; had left his home to follow the object of his devotion; joined the company in which she played, and finally married the lady of his love.

A brief period of happiness followed, but being stricken down by the small-pox, he was deserted by the company, and his wife, and left among strangers to die of the horrible scourge of which he was a victim. But to the credit of humanity, be it said, some good Samaritans took pity on the poor, deserted actor, and nursed him back to health and strength. But alas! how changed! A few months ago a youth full of ambition, love and hope; now a man seared by suffering, embittered by wrong, and his faith in truth and virtue gone forever. Such was the man I met, and though years had passed since the time of his suffering, the wounds had never healed, for the sense of wrong was as fresh in his heart as though it had been but a day before. Why he should have chosen me as a companion and confidant I never could altogether determine; but I think he saw in me a counterpart of the youth that he himself had been in days gone by, and our friendship increased until I moved into the house in which he lived, and occupied an adjoining room to his. Such was the condition of affairs between Dick and me when the season had considerably advanced, and we were preparing to produce the Christmas pantomime, "a gorgeous spectacle that was to exceed in magnificence anything of its kind that had ever been produced in Sunderland." So said the bills.

Dick was cast for the Demon King, a sort of ubiquitous gentleman, in the conventional costume of the stage demon, who came up star traps, and through vampires, at frequent intervals, to embarrass the hero, or seize upon the heroine, and was always defeated by the opportune appearance of the Fairy Queen with the Magic Wand, whose imperious orders to disappear he immediately proceeded to obey. At this time the company had been considerably augmented by the engagement of several persons from London to take part in the production, and among them a young lady to play the Fairy Queen. She was a tall, handsome girl, with refined and regular features, luxuriant hair of a golden brownish tint, and large deep violet eyes, fringed with long lashes, that looked at you with a frank, honest gaze that won your respect, and revealed a world of feeling in their depths. Mary Munroe had been reared with delicacy and refinement, had the advantage of a perfect education, and possessed more than the average accomplishments of a young lady in polite society. I learned afterward that her parents had been in good circumstances, but were overtaken by reverses, and died, leaving Mary an orphan, penniless and alone. Despising the genteel drudgery of the life of a governess, she shocked her former friends by adopting the stage, and at the time I met her she had so well succeeded as to gain a fair position, a good salary, and the honor and respect that a blameless life and earnest, conscientious endeavor never fails to obtain.

It is almost unnecessary to say that Mary had many admirers, both on and off the stage, whose compliments and attentions she received with a grave and simple courtesy that forbade any approach to familiarity, so that before the pantomime had been run for many weeks, she had established herself as a favorite with the audience, and had won the esteem and regard of the entire company. Even Dick Harden treated her with a gentleness that was entirely foreign to his usual manner, and seemed to be softened by her presence. I observed, too, that when Mary and he met, she would gaze at him with a look of profound pity, as if she intuitively read the memory of some bitter wrong and deep suffering in Dick's rugged face; but he was apparently unconscious of it, and went on the even tenor of his way.

About this time the whole country was shocked by the news of a terrible railroad accident on the South Coast line. An excursion train was wrecked in a tunnel, and before an alarm or signal could be given, another train, from an opposite direction, crashed into the wreck of the first, and the devastation and loss of life were enormous. Far as we were from the scene of the disaster, we felt its horror, and it was a universal subject of conversation among us for many days. The pantomime season was now drawing to a close, and we were busy rehearsing a new play that was to take its place. Dick was, as usual, cast for the villain. One morning during rehearsal the manager came upon the stage with a number of letters for the company that had arrived by a delayed mail, and distributed them to the various persons to whom they were addressed. Dick received a large official-looking package, and in an interval of waiting went to the back of the stage to read his letter. Knowing that he had little or no interest out of the narrow world in which we moved, I watched him with some curiosity, and as he read his face turned deathly pale, and but for an effort he would have fallen. I hastened to him, inquiring what was the matter, but he waved me aside, crumpled the letter in his hand, and said nothing. I was at that moment called for a scene, and had no opportunity to question him further. Dick excused himself from further rehearsal, pleading illness, and as I found, on returning to our lodgings, his door locked, and orders given to the landlady that he was not to be disturbed by any one, I saw no more of him that day. However, he came to the theatre that evening, played his part as usual, and waited for me to walk home with him. We had proceeded some distance without uttering a word, when Dick abruptly broke the silence by saying to me:

"My faithless wife is dead!"

"Dead!" I replied in astonishment.

"Yes," he replied; "she was killed in the railroad accident that occurred last week on the Brighton line. She has led a checkered career since she left me. She has darkened my life, but God forgive her, as I do, and may she rest in peace."

Such were Dick Harden's words, and I never heard him refer to his dead wife again. Thereafter Dick resumed his regular course of life, and only a close observer could have noticed a trifle more gravity in his manner and an expression of sadness in his eyes. The run of the pantomime came to an end at last, much to Dick's satisfaction, for the part of the Demon King was anything but congenial to him. However, it had been most satisfactory from a managerial point of view, and the company were to be entertained at supper on the conclusion of the last performance, to celebrate its success. The performance was in progress; the house was crowded, and everything was working smoothly, when, just as the great waterfall and ballet scene was about to be disclosed, a terrific explosion took place; the boards of the stage were blown into the air, in a cloud of dust and smoke, and every light in the theatre extinguished. For a moment all was confusion and alarm, but cool heads came quickly to the rescue; the cause of the trouble was explained, the curtain lowered, and the audience quietly dismissed, with little more than a momentary fright. It appeared on investigation that the gas used for the calcium lights was contained in two large india-rubber bags placed under the stage, and the necessary pressure produced by heavy counterweights being placed upon them, a carpenter, in passing, not recognizing what they were, in the dim light, stepped on one of the bags, and the additional weight caused the explosion Dick was standing on his trap immediately beside the gas-bags, waiting for his cue to be shot into the regions above, and received the full force of the explosion. The men holding down the trap, alarmed by the report, let go their hold, and the poor fellow was hurled through the floor with terrific force, and fell, blinded and bleeding, among the débris on the floor above. For a moment we stood petrified with horror, not one of us daring to approach him, when the lithe, graceful figure of Mary Munroe sped past us, and with a cry of pain and pity, the girl bent over the prostrate man and gently raised his head upon her lap, tenderly wiping the blood from his poor lacerated face, and bathing his wounded brow in a shower of tears that fell from her beautiful eyes.

From that moment all Dick's gruffness and ill-humor was forgotten, and our hearts went forth in love and sympathy to the poor lifeless form, stricken down in its health and strength, and hovering on the brink of the great hereafter. Gently and tenderly we carried him to his lonely room, and anxiously waited for the verdict of the doctors, whose grave faces gave us but little hope. Their examination disclosed the fact that both of Dick's legs were broken, that he was severely bruised about the body, and his eyesight, if not entirely destroyed, at least materially injured; but time alone would determine whether he could survive. When science and skill had accomplished all that it could to relieve his sufferings the doctors left him, and I remained to watch him through the night and minister to his wants. Scarcely had their footsteps died away, when I was startled by a gentle knock upon the door, and on opening it was met by the pale, tear-stained face of Mary Munroe.

"Miss Munroe!" I exclaimed, "this is no place for you. Go home and try and get some rest, after the excitement of the night. I will take care of him till the doctors return in the morning."

"No," she replied; "let me watch with you; it is a woman's province to attend the sick."

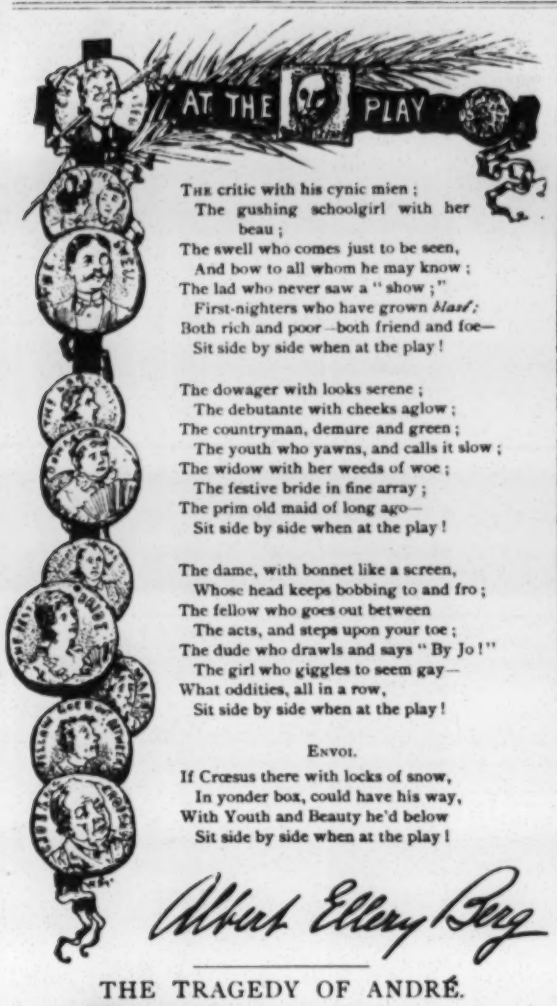
She was so earnest and piteous in her appeal, that I could not resist her; so Mary Munroe was installed as nurse in Dick's sick-room, and her engagement at the theatre having ceased with the run of the pantomime, she never left his side until he was out of danger, except to take a few hours' necessary rest in the adjoining room, which I gave up to her. What an admirable nurse she was! How silently she moved, like a ray of softened sunlight, in the gloom of the sick-chamber! How tenderly she bathed the poor fevered brow, moistened the thin parched lips, or smoothed the bandage over the sightless eyes! Her very presence seemed to ease the sufferer's pain and soothe the heated fancies of his brain. Dick's salary had not been large, and he had saved but little; but as soon as the accident was known, contributions from every side flowed in; for whatever jealousies or enmities may be aroused by prosperity and success, in misfortune they are forgotten, and no class or body are more generous to their suffering comrades than the dramatic profession. Almost every theatre in the country sent its donation to the aid of poor Dick, and a very handsome sum was thereby realized and placed to his credit in one of the local banks; so that, helpless as he was, he lacked for nothing. For many weeks poor old Dick lay hovering between life and death, but careful nursing and the vigor of his constitution stood him in good stead, and one bright day in Spring our hearts were made glad by the announcement that Dick was out of danger. But his eyesight was gone forever, and he would be a cripple for life. Then followed the time of returning strength, and Dick has frequently told me it was the happiest he had ever known. He would lie in his bed in those early summer days, the sun shining on the closed lids of his darkened eyes, his broken limbs encased in plaster-of-paris, with a smile of sweet content playing around his pale thin lips, and Mary sitting by his side, reading in a low, gentle voice, or softly singing some homely ballad to lull him to sleep. Thus the days crept on.

We were sitting in Dick's room in the twilight of an evening late in June, when Mary spoke. I was holding one of Dick's hands. It was too dark to see either of their faces, but there was a noticeable tremor in her voice in spite of an effort to be calm, and Dick's hand trembled as it lay in mine. We were all of us silent for the next few minutes, till Dick, in a low voice, asked her when she proposed to leave us. Some slight discussion on the question followed, and it was decided that Mary should go a week from that day. We separated shortly, and I think with heavier hearts than we had known for a long, long time. The next few days were sad and gloomy to us all. Dick's future was a problem yet unsolved, for, though the contributions for his benefit had been liberal, the expenses of his illness had been great, and his helpless condition necessitated some provision. I could see, too, that the parting from his faithful nurse would be a severe trial to him, for during the past few months she had become almost a part of his life, and, though he struggled to affect indifference, I knew how deeply he felt. Mary, too, was silent and thoughtful, though she strove bravely to be cheerful. The day of parting came at last. Mary's trunks were packed, and she was to leave by the evening train. I had been feeling gloomy and depressed over Mary's departure, and had taken an Englishman's usual remedy, a stiff spin over the cliffs, and returned to Dick's lodging in time for us to take tea together before she left. Invigorated by my walk, I ran up the stairs, and gently knocked at Dick's door. Receiving no response, I walked in—and what a tableau met my gaze! There was Dick sitting by Mary's side, his head upon her shoulder, and her luxuriant hair falling like a halo round his pale, thin face, no longer pained and suffering, but radiant with happiness. And as for Mary, I don't think I ever saw anything so beautiful as her face, in all the glory of pure and noble womanhood, as she sat with her arm encircling Dick's neck, her eyes glowing with love and tenderness, and a smile of pride and joy illuminating her handsome features. Instinctively I stepped back, but was stopped by Dick's voice.

"Come in, old boy, and share my happiness. Mary isn't going away to-night. She is mine, and will never leave me again!"

What a joyous evening we spent! Dick's troubles were ended. The misplaced love for an unworthy woman that wrecked his early life was buried in the past, and he had found his peace in the sweet content of a pure and holy love, ennobled by sacrifice and sanctified by suffering. Mary and Dick were married. I was their best man. Mary returned to her profession, and succeeded beyond her most sanguine hopes; for no more honored name than hers graces the scroll of dramatic fame. Thousands in both hemispheres have paid tribute to her beauty and genius, but few know that the great actress they applaud is the proud and happy wife of a quiet, elderly gentleman, who cannot see the beauty they admire, but who worships, with a devotion approaching idolatry, the Fairy Queen that married the Demon King.

Hedrick Wande



The critic with his cynic mien;
The gushing schoolgirl with her beau;
The swell who comes just to be seen,
And bow to all whom he may know;
The lad who never saw a "show;"
First-nighters who have grown *blasé;*
Both rich and poor—both friend and foe—
Sit side by side when at the play!

The dowager with looks serene;
The debutante with cheeks aglow;
The countryman, demure and green;
The youth who yawns, and calls it slow;
The widow with her weeds of woe;
The festive bride in fine array;
The prim old maid of long ago—
Sit side by side when at the play!

The dame, with bonnet like a screen,
Whose head keeps bobbing to and fro;
The fellow who goes out between
The acts, and steps upon your toe;
The dude who drawls and says "By Jo!"
The girl who giggles to seem gay—
What oddities, all in a row,
Sit side by side when at the play!

ENVOI.

If Crœsus there with locks of snow,
In yonder box, could have his way,
With Youth and Beauty he'd below
Sit side by side when at the play!

Albert Ellery Berg

THE TRAGEDY OF ANDRÉ.

THE episode of the Revolutionary War most often chosen for dramatic treatment has been the treason of Benedict Arnold, with the consequent capture and execution of Major André. At first glance this subject may seem most attractive to a dramatist, who will congratulate himself that he has discovered the historical groundwork for a powerful poetic play. It is true that there are here many of the needed elements of the great historical drama. The picturesque evolution of the rapid action, the contrasted characters of the two chief personages, the light-hearted levity of André and the wounded pride of Arnold; the solemn figure of Washington presented in the background; the young mother, almost a bride, whose fate is inextricably linked with the traitor; the awful consequences involved in the success of the scheme of treachery; the sentimental interest which yet lingers about the handsome young Englishman—all these are present; and, as Fielding asks, so may the intending author, "What, then, remains to complete the tragedy but a murder or two and a few moral sentences?"

These are but a few of the phases of the fact which fit it for fiction, and they are apparent to all. But behind all these there is a fatal defect, inherent and ineradicable, which—so it seems to me—will forever prevent the writing of a satisfactory drama on this subject. This defect is that the story has two heroes, and that one of these heroes is a traitor and the other a spy. The mainspring of the plot is ignoble; it is the vulgar treachery of a spendthrift selling his country for money to pay his debts. Arnold was a man of small motives, chief among which were envy and petty pique; he was a coward who fled when his plot was discovered, leaving his accomplice in the lurch and descending to the incredible meanness of surrendering to the British the men who rowed the boat in which he escaped. Arnold died in peace, and André was hanged as a spy in his stead—a vicarious sacrifice which has small chance of acceptance either in the quiet of the scholar's study or before the throng of the popular theatre.

In spite of this fatal defect, the story of Arnold and André has been most attractive to American authors. It has been attempted half a score times, and the attempt has never been wholly satisfactory. The first of these is the André of William Dunlap, who was the most prolific and the most important of early American dramatists, and who as a boy in New York had seen the private theatricals of the British officers in which André took part. André had been hanged October 2, 1780, and Dunlap's "André" was produced March 30, 1798—not twenty years after. Arnold was alive when Dunlap's drama was acted. He died June 14, 1801. Washington, whom Dunlap calls only The General, survived until December 14, 1799, more than a year after the production of the play at the New Park Theatre. It is to be noted that Dunlap's is the only piece acted in the United States during Washington's life in which he was made to appear on the stage of a theatre.

"André" was acted just two months after the New Park Theatre in New York had opened its doors to the public for the first time. The author was one of the two managers of the theatre, and the actor who performed the part of André was the other.

In his "History of the American Theatre," which is also, in fact, a diary of his career as a dramatist, Dunlap sets down the record of his trials, but although he does not boast, we can see also that he kept a brave heart and bore up against a sea of troubles. His tribulations did not end even when "André" was actually acted. Here is his own account of the production of the play ("History," ii. 20–22):

> The tragedy of "André" was performed for the first time on the 30th of March, 1798. The receipts were $817—a temporary relief. The play was received with warm applause, until Mr. Cooper in the character of a young American officer, who had been treated as a brother by André when a prisoner with the British, in his zeal and gratitude, having pleaded for the life of the spy in vain, tears the American cockade from his casque and throws it from him. This was not, perhaps could not be, understood by a mixed assembly; they thought the country and its defenders insulted, and a hiss ensued—it was soon quieted, and the play ended with applause. But the feeling excited by the incident was propagated out-of-doors. Cooper's friends wished the play withdrawn on his account, fearing for his popularity. However, the author made an alteration in the incident, and subsequently all went well to the end with applause—the applause of a theatre! The play was printed, and is forgotten. A portion of it was incorporated with a holiday drama, which the author afterward put together, and called "The Glory of Columbia—Her Yeomanry," which was likewise published, and is occasionally murdered for the amusement of holiday fools. The tragedy of "André" was thus cast: The General, Mr. Hallam; André, Hodgkinson; Bland, Cooper; McDonald, Tyler; Melville, Williamson; Seward, Martin; British Officer, Hogg; American Officer, Miller; Mrs. Bland, Mrs. Melmoth; Honora, Mrs. Johnson; Children, Miss Hogg and Master Stockwell.
>
> Our friend Cooper was at this time rather in the habit of neglecting such *parts* as were not *first*, or exactly to his mind. Young Bland was not the hero of the piece, and very little of the author's blank verse came *unamended* from the mouth of the tragedian. In what was intended as the most pathetic scene of the play, between Cooper and Hodgkinson, the first, as Bland, after repeating, "Oh, André—Oh, André," as often as Jemmy Thompson wrote "Oh, Sophonisba," approached the unfortunate André, who in vain waited for *his* cue, and, falling in a burst of sorrow on his neck, cried, loud enough to be heard at the side-scene, "Oh, André—damn the prompter!—Oh, André! What's next, Hodgkinson?" and sunk in unutterable sorrow on the breast of his overwhelmed friend, upon whose more practiced stage cleverness he relied for support in the trying scene—*trying* to the author as well as actor and audience.

A few years after "André" was first acted, Dunlap brought out "The Glory of Columbia—Her Yeomanry," performed for the first time at the Park Theatre in New York, on July 4, 1803. Arnold appears in "The Glory of Columbia," and Paulding, Van Wert and Williams become chief characters. The André episodes are confined to the third and fourth acts.

In 1852, there was published "Essays: and a Drama in Five Acts," by E. G. Holland, author of "Essays and Reviews." The drama in five acts was "The Highland Treason." The chief characters were Benedict Arnold, John André, and Orlana, wife to General Arnold. It is rather a chronicle history of Arnold's career than a play with Arnold as the protagonist. In his prefatory remarks, the author took quite needless pains to make it "distinctly understood that the following drama, in the form I have given it, is not at all designed for the stage, but solely for perusal." In other words, "The Highland Treason" belongs in the class of "dramas for the closet."

The chief originality of Mr. Holland's drama is the introduction of a Sorceress, who appears at the critical moment of Arnold's career, and sums up the situation in high-strung verse. But this is altogether surpassed in another play, published two years later, in a volume called "Arnold, and other Poems," by J. R. Orton. Mr. Orton's drama is written in verse, possibly not quite as blank as Mr. Holland's; its construction is perhaps simpler, and its psychology is certainly not weaker or more confused. But its chief claim for remembrance is, that the author very properly arranges the intervention of the ghost of Arnold's father.

Two years later, there appeared yet another play on the same subject—"André," a tragedy in five acts, by W. W. Lord (New York: Charles Scribner, 1856). This was also in blank verse; but Mr. Lord's blank verse was, although prosaic enough, far more scholarly than the blank verse of Mr. Hubbell, Mr. Holland, or Mr. Orton. And Mr. Lord, having attempted less, was able to accomplish more. His play is not a chronicle in dialogue of all the salient deeds of Arnold's life; it is a dramatic setting of the treason itself and of its fatal consequences. It has André as its chief figure, rather than Arnold. It begins with a scene at West Point, and it ends with a scene in New York, in which the news of André's death is brought to Arnold. Mr. Lord's drama cannot be said to be successful, but it is at least an honorable failure.

In 1840, Mr. George H. Calvert had sketched out a scene, in which Sir Henry Clinton and André prepare to avail themselves of Arnold's treachery. This scene was utilized in the first act of a play published during the dark days of the Rebellion, and republished when the joyful centenary of the Revolution was about to be celebrated. Mr. Calvert confessed the limitations of the historical dramatist, and declared that he had bound himself strictly by the facts of the story, which he did not desire to transform, but to elevate, "by injecting it with poetic rays, to make it throw out from itself a light whereby its features shall be more clearly visible."

In "Washington," a heroic drama of the Revolution in five acts, by Ingersoll Lockwood, written in alternating prose and verse, Arnold and Mrs. Arnold play important parts, but André does not appear in person. There is a suggestion of the Tower of Babel about this piece; there is negro dialect, apparently imitated from the latter-day negro minstrels, and Yankee dialect strangely like that of the "Yankee girls" of the stage; while Baron Steuben speaks broad, broken English, caught from some comic "Dutchman" of a variety show.

In the centennial year of the independence of these United States, Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper secure in the consolations of a philosophy which is proverbial, put forth "Washington," a drama in five acts. The benevolent British author of this very blank-verse play gratuitously gives Arnold a sister Mary, betrothed to André and formerly beloved by Washington. Mr. Tupper is quite unaware that his "Washington" classes itself instantly among the unactable dramas of which modern poets are most prolific.

Even worse than Mr. Tupper's unnecessary play is "Major John André," a historical drama in five acts, by P. Leo Haid, O. S. B., Director of the Senior Dramatic Association of St. Vincent's College, Westmoreland, Pa. That this turgid trash should ever have been acted, even by amateurs, is almost incomprehensible to any one unacquainted with the patient long-suffering of the American playgoer.

In his "Dramatic Authors of America" (published in 1845), Mr. James Rees mentions a "Capture of Major André," which was performed in Baltimore early in the century, and which seems never to have been printed. Also unprinted is another play on the same subject, which was acted in Canada between 1870 and 1880. In addition to these two acted and unpublished plays, we have record of another play published and not acted. It turns on the Arnold and André episode; and it was written some ten years or more before it was published, with the expectation that it would be acted in this country during Rachel's visit to the United States.

Of all the plays on the subject of Arnold's treason and André's sad fate, the "André" of William Dunlap is easily the best, both as literature and as a successful acting drama.

Brander Matthews

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT BURGLARS.

DEAR MR. EDITOR:

You want me to right about those very wicked persons they call burglars I now what the sun and world say about them I heard my Nurse read to mary the Cook of the wicked things they do in burgling and killing people I think that is awful don't you? now you want to now what I think of them well I will tell you if they wer nice burglars like robinhood my sister read me all about him he never used to burgle the poor but always gave them money to by bread but he did burgle the rich. now my burglar Mr Southern if thay wer all as kind to little girls thay meat and rap them up in a nice fur rug to keep them warm when they have a coald and burgle as quitly as he did and not hurt any one then leve you a nife and fork when you ask him I don't think thay are so bad but then Mr Southern was only playing burglar if he had been a reel burglar insted of rapping me up in a fur rug I think he wold have choked me like the burglar did to the little girl in Mr Nights play that I saw the other day but do you no some times when my burglar looks so savage and ruff I forget he is Mr Southern and think he is a reel burglar then I get afraid for it seems reel he looks so ferce at me it makes me kind of shiver but when the curtan goes down and Mr Archer that is my papa in the play and Mr Southern kisses me I now he is not a reel burglar but is Mr Southern for true.

From your little fiend,

Elsie Leslie

EDWIN BOOTH'S FIRST APPEARANCE.

WHENEVER America's greatest tragedian recalls the beginning of the career that has been rich in triumphs, his habitual gravity must momentarily depart. As in the case of many famous actors, it was accident rather than design that first launched Edwin Booth upon the stage. He was a youth, not yet seventeen. Companionship with his fitful but illustrious father, and contact with the inner life of the theatre, early stirred into action the histrionism that was his by blood, by inclination, and temperament.

Junius Brutus Booth played an engagement in Boston during the month of September, 1849. "Richard III." was the bill on the evening of Monday, the 10th. An actor assigned to the small part of Tressel, wishing to be relieved of it, induced young Edwin to embrace the opportunity afforded by his defection to make a coveted public appearance. The latter was delighted, but Booth the elder, who did not know of the arrangement until shortly before the curtain rose on the performance, forcibly expressed his thorough disapproval of the whole proceeding. Nor was the result of the experiment such as to warrant a change of temper on the parent's part. Edwin went on and got through without breaking down—that was all. Booth *père*, who was opposed to the idea of his son adopting the profession, then and there predicted that he would never make an actor. The latter persevered, however, and soon overcame the parental opposition by his meritorious work as Wilford in "The Iron Chest," and Titus in Payne's tragedy of "Brutus."

About a year after the Boston incident, Junius Brutus Booth was fulfilling an engagement at the National Theatre in this city. He shammed illness on his benefit night, and called upon Edwin to take his place as Richard at short notice. The stripling surprised his associates, including John R. Scott who was the Richmond, and earned the hearty applause of the large and critical audience in attendance. From then to now Edwin Booth's career is familiar history.

The following is a *fac-simile* of the play-bill, reduced about one-half in size, used at the Boston Museum on the memorable occasion of the tragedian's first appearance:

SEVENTH SEASON **BOSTON MUSEUM** No. 29.

Tremont St., between Court & School Sts.

Museum open from 9 A. M. to 10 P. M. Exhibition Room open at 6 1-2 o'clk. Performance commencing at 7 1-2 o'clock. Admission to Museum and Entertainment, 25 Cents; Children under 12 years of age, 12 1-2 cents. A limited number of seats may be secured during the day, at 50 cents each.

Stage Manager.....W. H. Smith | Musical Director.....T. Comer

FANCY GLASS WORKING,

by Professor CARLING, who may be seen at all hours during the day and evening manufacturing Birds, Animals, Ships, etc., of variegated Glass. The specimens for sale.

LAST NIGHT BUT THREE OF

MR. BOOTH'S

ENGAGEMENT.

Shakspere's Tragedy,

RICHARD THIRD

Duke of Gloster (POSITIVELY LAST TIME THIS SEASON.) **Mr. BOOTH**

TRESSEL, (his first appearance on any stage,)... **EDWIN T. BOOTH**

The Popular Farce,

SLASHER AND CRASHER.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

A limited number of Family Slip Seats may be taken previous to the opening of the Exhibition Room, which will be retained one hour after the commencement of the Performances, at Fifty cents each seat. The Slips not so taken will remain in common with the rest of the seats.

Monday Evening, Sept. 10, 1849.

The performance will commence with the Overture, *ZAIRA*, arranged by T. Comer.

After, which will be acted (positively last time this season) the Tragedy,

RICHARD III

Or, The Battle of Bosworth Field.

(BY WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.)

DUKE OF GLOSTER, afterwards King	Mr BOOTH
Tressel, (his first appearance on any stage)	Edwin T. Booth
King Henry 6th	Mr Whitman
Duke of Buckingham	J. A. Smith
Duke of Norfolk	Dassett
Prince of Wales	Miss A. Phillips
Duke of York	Miss Arvila
Earl of Richmond	Mr W. H. Smith
Lord Stanley	Curtis
Earl of Oxford	Toohey
Sir William Catesby	Maxy
Sir Richard Ratcliffe	Alkan
Lieutenant of Tower	Williams
Lord Mayor	Warren
Sir Walter Blunt	Howe
Tyrrell	Deering
Lords, Officers, Soldiers, &c., by Auxiliaries.	
Queen Elizabeth	Miss L. Gann
Lady Anne	Mrs Thomas
Duchess of York	Mrs Judah
Ladies...	Miss Rees, Mrs H. Mestayer, Misses Simpson, Thompson, Vincent, Mason, Whiting, Christie, etc., etc.

Hiberian Pas de Deux.....Miss Arvila and Master Adrian

To conclude with [1st time this season] the excellent Farce,

Slasher and Crasher

Mr Sampson Slasher - -	Mr Warren
Mr Christopher Crasher - -	Thomas
Mr Benjamin Blowhard - -	Curtis
Lieut. Brown - - - -	J. A. Smith
John - - - - - - - -	Howe
Miss Dinah Blowhard - -	Mrs Judah
Rose - - - - - -	Miss Phillips

☞TUESDAY—Shakspere's Tragedy,

OTHELLO

IAGO, (for that night only).....Mr BOOTH

☞Wednesday Afternoon—THREE POPULAR PIECES.

Omnibuses, Hobbs & Prescott's Washington street line of Omnibuses leave the Museum every evening at the close of the performances. Fare 12 1-2 cents. Also Coaches for Hackney.

Hooker's Press, Hacklin' Building, corner Tremont and Howard Streets.

DORA DEXTER'S DÉBUT.

TWO o'clock is just striking in the gilded tower of a costly little clock on Mrs. Dexter's bedroom mantel. The room has every fashionable adjunct that comfort or luxury can suggest. Pale-blue plush and delicate white lace, ebony and gold, combine to render it a charming spot to contemplate. So thinks its present occupant, a tall, dark girl, with wonderful eyes and the figure of a Bougereau nymph. The clock has roused her from a dream beside the glowing grate. She springs from out the depth of an easy-chair, and, throwing her arms above her graceful head, looks long and earnestly about the apartment.

"I wonder if possession would beget indifference in me," she mused. "I wonder, if all this luxury was mine, I'd be away from it at two in the morning among a party of queer people playing at acting. I think not; but then, Eliza, we don't know what we would do till the occasion presents."

And Eliza Carter, Mrs. Dexter's maid, paused before an immense cheval glass in a corner and smiled at her own bright face as she addressed it. How long she might have surveyed her undeniable beauty it is impossible to say, but the plush portière swung back and a gentleman entered.

"Mrs. Dexter not back?"

"No, sir; this was a dress rehearsal, and the last one before the public performance. I suppose it has been tiresomely late," explained the girl.

The husband sneered: "So there is to be a public performance?"

"For the Unsectarian Infant Asylum, sir."

"She has an unsectarian infant at home. Where is that poor baby?"

"In the nursery. I carried her upstairs about ten o'clock. There—there's the carriage now."

"You need not say I was here; I do not care to meet Mrs. Dexter to-night," said the husband. As the lady entered the front door, Eliza heard her master's tread overhead.

"This won't last long," was her comment on the situation, as she went forward and held the curtain aside for the admittance of an elegant woman, who began hurriedly to disrobe. Mrs. Dexter was a showy blonde, whose beauty consisted of delicate features, a high-bred air, a crown of soft-curling golden hair, and a very fetching way with her. The aids of dress, the charm of shining jewels, the effects of constant care about her toilet and person, made Mrs. Dexter a conspicuously handsome woman. But the intelligence that lighted Eliza Carter's face was absent in her mistress's, and all the rich dress and flashing gems could not confer the dash and style that dwelt with the maid who wore a blue cotton gown and a linen collar.

"Oh, Eliza," said Mrs. Dexter, as the girl began putting away and hanging up and folding down the various articles of splendid evening dress that the lady took off, "this has been a night of triumph for me. Mr. Paxton, editor of *The Bladder*, came with the distinguished critic, Mr. Peeler, to see the rehearsal. You should have heard them speak of my performance. Every one declares it is the greatest shame on earth that I should not be an actress—that, possessing the talent I have, it is willful wrong to bury it in private life."

Now, Eliza knew that more than two-thirds of the gush that reached Mrs. Dexter's ears was due to her exalted position as a society pet; that, as the wife of a well-known citizen and the head of a splendid house, it was easy enough to cry bravo! at her dramatic efforts, and compare her to Bernhardt or Geistinger as she essayed tragedy or comedy. It wouldn't do to say so, however, and the girl made no answer. Mrs. Dexter reviewed the evening, and told of the tremendous success she had made in a recitation at her friend's drawing-room before the rehearsal. "Ah!" sighed the lady; "it is sad to have such gifts, joined with artistic longings and a position in the world that does not admit of their cultivation. I should have been an actress, Eliza, and even now I am dwelling night and day upon the possibility."

"Good heavens!" cried Eliza, aghast, "you never contemplate going on the stage for any object other than charity, and in the company of other amateurs like yourself, do you?"

Mrs. Dexter sank her voice to a whisper as she answered: "Eliza, I will tell you a secret. Do you remember the gentleman who called last Friday and heard me recite?"

"Certainly."

"That was Mr. Edison, manager of the Linoleum Theater. He has made me an offer to play thirty-five nights in his theater for five thousand dollars. It's a great deal of money."

"And he would make it in one week. But after the thirty-five nights, madam; then what would you do? And Mr. Dexter—he would never let you," said Eliza.

"My girl, he will have to put up with it. Talent will not be trammeled by the feathers that belong to the every-day woman. I will make you my confidante, Eliza. I shall want you always with me—more in my new career than my present life. I am going upon the stage. Once launched by Mr. Edison, I shall have no difficulty in getting on; my acting will place me beside the foremost women of the stage. If I can move people to tears in a drawing-room recitation—if I can create the sensation I do in society—what will I not be able to do before the footlights?"

"Oh, it is all so different, my dear lady; it always seems to me that a drawing-room full of society people will applaud the most ridiculous things—that is, you know, they make a terrible fuss and say things are lovely that on the stage would be laughed at. For heaven's sake, don't do so rash an act as leave a fond husband and your splendid position for the struggles and disappointments of the stage—and think of Alice!"

"I can provide for her like a little princess," said Mrs. Dexter, loftily.

"I know so much about theatrical life," persisted Eliza. "You know I traveled three seasons with Madame Regnault."

"It was that that recommended you to me; for even when you came to me, Eliza, I had half determined to become an actress."

"I tell you, madam, it is altogether another thing to recite to society friends and play in amateur theatricals, and undertake to please the public."

Mrs. Dexter smiled a superior sort of smile. "Eliza, my mind is made up; in fact, it has been for some time. I am going to sign with Mr. Edison for the New York appearance on the first of December next, and make my first appearance in January in my new career. The opinions of my friends, the wishes of my family, the authority of Mr. Dexter, must all give way before the fiat of destiny. I was born to be an actress. The divine gift of an artist's nature has been given to me. I will resist it no longer. To-morrow I shall have an interview with my husband, and tell him all. If he will approve and offer no objection, I shall be very glad; but, with or without his consent, I shall become an actress."

Next morning Mrs. Dexter slept late, and when she sent for a cup of chocolate she found that Eliza had been out some time, attending to some details for her mistress's costumes for the approaching benefit of the Unsectarian Infants. At all events, that was the story brought by the waiter; but the truth was that Eliza sat in Mr. Dexter's office holding a long and confidential talk with the would-be actress's husband. She had gone over the plans of her mistress to the troubled listener, and was summing up the situation.

"These fools of fashion have brought it all about. They have wrought on her vanity; they have puffed her up with a false estimation of her ability. Believe me, Mr. Dexter, I have been long enough with professional people to be sure that the lady can never be a success. If only you can compass a public hearing, unaccompanied by a knowledge of her identity, she will be cured." Thus advised the astute Eliza. "Should the much-talked-of Mrs. Dexter make ever so feeble an effort, society will be certain to rally round its own. The masses will fear to express an honest opinion. The critics of the press, who would carve her as an unknown nobody, will let her down easy, being Mrs. Dora Dexter. She will flounder along and be ruined before she wakes up to the truth. Give your sanction to the whole affair; opposition is the very breath of life to a wrong determination. Only put out a few thousand dollars to accomplish her *début*, as a stranger, and not as Mrs. Dexter. You will preserve your home, and save a lovely but misdirected woman a lifetime of sorrow."

"You are a great girl, Eliza," said the gentleman. "If any outlay can compass the end you indicate, I will gladly make it. Show me how this is to be done."

"I will," said Eliza; and she did.

* * * * * * *

A good deal of enthusiasm was taken out of Mrs. Dexter's sails when her husband said: "I entirely disapprove of this course, my dear; but if your nature demands it, if it must be, I yield, and hope from my heart that you are not misled, and that the world will indorse the favor shown you by your set."

There was no contract made with Mr. Edison; as, great as the terms seemed to be, the issue might prove the sharp manager had the best of her. Far better to show the whole brotherhood her vast ability, and let them bid for her. Every theatrical speculator should be brought to hear her. Perhaps $5,000 for five weeks would be a mere bagatelle to some offer she would receive for an entire season. Therefore, bound by no contract, but just undertaking to appear on the night of such a date, Mrs. Dexter went heart and soul into rehearsals. They were dreadful rehearsals, too. They began at eleven, and they never left off till four and five.

"To keep your company up to their best, Mrs. Dexter," said Manager Edison, at whose theater, the Linoleum, the lady was to début, "we will rehearse at the Symposium, and I will introduce you to your supporting cast as Miss Elise Cartier, of Boston. That's the French for Eliza Carter. I think you will get better work out of them, and they will stand less on ceremony than if they are hampered by any false feeling for the much-lauded society queen, Mrs. Dora Dexter. Of course, it will come out at last, but for the first week let them remain in ignorance of their star's real name. As your appearance will not be advertised till the last moment, this can be done."

So Mrs. Dexter put in a fine week of it. The professional people procured for the production were disengaged actors loafing about the Square, who had knocked around the country with illicit Jim the Penman companies or legitimate bands of barn-stormers. The name of Dexter would have conveyed little to them had they heard it, and for a Boston amateur who essayed without experience to star they had a supreme contempt, which they showed in a thousand ways.

"Now, then, Miss Jay, jump in; it's your chance to cackle," was the pleasant style the call-boy had with her.

"Catch onto her Jiblets. She takes a tumble to herself now," said the prompter as the cue came for Mrs. Dexter to faint in her leading man's arms.

"It's a Jumbo of a dummy we stack up against this time," said the old man personating her father.

"If the ducats materialize it's all I ask," moaned her first old woman. "I've been caught on two snaps this season, and I'm shy."

"It's ability against stamps all through the profession just now," said the female support. "Here I have been on the road for ten years, and never a New York chance, till now I am let boost a blooming guy, that don't know the wings from the flies, into a star part."

Mrs. Dexter had a horrible week. She felt they were all making fun of her; but she gloried in thinking how they would be squelched when they confronted her first-night house of howling swells, and knew they had the honor of playing with that famous woman, Dora Dexter.

"Is there much interest taken in my début?" she asked of Mr. Edison.

"Tremendous! The house will be the biggest on record," said he. "But, my dear lady, centre all thoughts on your part. It is a new play, with a new star; let nothing distract you. Every available critic and manager will be present. Concentrate all your faculties, and put forth all your ability, on your new and strange position."

During all this time Eliza Carter shone conspicuous. She went through the part every night with her mistress. She coached her in a back-fall, and the strong death-bed business of Madame Regnault as she remembered it. Mrs. Dexter's conception of a demise by poison was not clearly defined. Before she had the cork out of her phial fairly, she began her spasms, and when she undertook to rehearse the last act with her company, they broke her up with suppressed titters and awful suggestions as to what she should do next. Some way the time wore on, and Mrs. Dexter was fairly worn out when the eventful night arrived. She went to the theater early, and was carefully dressed by the untiring Eliza. She looked charming when she faced an immense audience that filled the place completely; for at that first appearance, and because she was a lady and a stranger, she received a splendid reception, and then she felt the party sink back into unbiased expectation. All the weak little society points she had been used to making fell flat. As the part grew up in strength Mrs. Dexter fell off, and when at the end of the act some force and fire was required of her, she was so self-conscious and inadequate that a smile, in many places audible, ran over the house. Her manager and her husband met her as she came off, and bolstered her flagging spirits, but it was no use; she was being calmly judged by an audience that had little patience with pretentious inability. Mrs. Dexter never knew how she got through the next acts; but when, amid a coldness that was frightful, and some genuine tokens of disapprobation, the curtain fell on the third, she had her most emotional and trying scene—her death scene—before her. She went to pieces, and in her dressing-room had hysterics. Neither Edison, Dexter, nor Carter, the conspirators, had any expectation of such a catastrophe; but the lady's assurance and confidence, unaided by salvos of fictitious approval, gave way, and in her husband's arms she cried and begged to be taken home, away from those dreadful footlights that seared her very brain.

"But," urged the manager, "you must finish the play—you have yet to die."

"I should die in earnest; I will never face an audience again. I am done with the stage forever."

"But what's to be done?" cried Edison.

"I will die for her," exclaimed Eliza. "In the disguise of the last act, with my hair powdered to indicate the lapse of time, no one will be the wiser." And just as Eliza Carter crawled upon the stage to expiate a career of gilded impropriety, Mrs. Dexter was helped into her carriage and driven into private life for all time.

Not so the clever Eliza. There they sat, Coward and Risk, and Splinter and Peeler, and all the rest of the ink-slinging boys, because they knew the finale was going to be funny, and they wouldn't miss being in at the death. The best situations in the play clustered in the last act, and Eliza, feeling she was unknown as other than the heroine of the earlier scenes, "let out" all the Regnault business; all she knew of tragic acting, and a deal she had never dreamed of before, rushed upon her, and she went in like a whirlwind. Before she had finished her first speech, the boys discovered it was new material. She anathematized the villain, and she lifted their hair. She upbraided her false female friend, and the audience rejoiced. She bewailed the lost love of her life, and they melted. She thrilled them with her despair, and she curdled them with her death throes. As she fell stark and ghastly, with an improvement on the awful back-fall of Regnault, they rose and tumultuously acknowleged they were in the presence of genius. Five managers offered her engagements before she reached her dressing-room, and she went home under contract for three years to Edison.

Next day Mrs. Dexter was able to sit up for a while and read the criticisms of the dailies. They one and all told how an aspiring amateur from Boston had undertaken to play the night before, under the name of Mlle. Elise Cartier. They described her weakness, her utter lack of personal magnetism; they dwelt on the strange infatuation for the stage of young women unfitted in every way for it. They told how, finding herself overweighted and incapable of sustaining the effort further, she had been taken ill, and the part finished by a subordinate member of the company, who had revealed phenomenal talent, and made an instant and tremendous success. "The name of this new emotional actress, destined to adorn the highest line on the scroll of fame, was Eliza Carter." And Eliza is on the road with a spectacular melodramatic combustible company, doing a splendid season, and verifying Mr. Dexter's verdict that she was "a great girl." Mrs. Dexter thinks that if her dear friends had been present, and the public had known they were listening to the great society favorite, the great drawing-room recitationist, Dora Dexter, instead of an unknown woman, things would have gone better. But she acknowledges she is unfitted for the arduous duties of the profession. Little Alice has a baby brother. Her husband is a much happier man, for Dora Dexter has done forever with theatrical débuts.

Mary N Fiske

UNANSWERED.

She let it fall—the cup
That had been given,
With all its wealth of wine,
Into her careless hand;
And I—I picked it up,
Its gold all riven,
And called the few drops mine
That had escaped the sand.

Yet falls to me the shame.
The right she did not prize
I may not dare to hold
In my meek hands on high,
Unscorched by that ill fame
By which the world is told
She is his wife—his "mistress" I.

God help me! Who shall say
Which is the stained?
Hers was the right
And mine the thirst.
That which she flung away
My touch profaned.
I wonder, in God's sight,
Which of us twain is curst?

E. O. Sheridan

AT THE HOTEL.

MANAGER.—Well, what's the trouble now?

LEADING LADY.—Doesn't my contract distinctly specify that I shall have the choice of accommodations on the road?

MANAGER.—Certainly, but——

LEADING LADY.—The wash-bowl in the soubrette's room is decorated. Mine isn't. I give two weeks' notice!

"AS IN A MIRROR."

WELCOME the CHRISTMAS MIRROR,
Replete with gems of art!
I always greet your coming,
You've a warm place in my heart.

The "Usher's" news dramatic
Comes to the front each week,
And on topics most important
He's always sure to speak.

There's "Nym Crinkle's Feuilleton,"
Severe but just reviews,
Bubbling with sparkling brilliancy,
While giving us the news.

Then comes our own dear "Gusher,"
That gay and giddy thing!
She's as charming and as sprightly
As a bird upon the wing.

Her articles are humorous
And full of good, sound sense;
She calls things by their proper names,
But does not give offense.

Fair "Frou-Frou" from her "Corner"
Is heard from now and then;
She tells us all the gossip
And wields a ready pen.

"Gawain" from "Merrie England,"
"Strapontin" from "Belle France,"
Send us their foreign budgets
Our interests to advance.

While all the rural districts,
And cities out of town,
Send in their contributions,
Which are truly jotted down.

* * * * * * *

Yes, welcome be THE MIRROR!
Our ever-faithful friend;
We hope to read its pages
Till life itself shall end.

Sydney Armstrong

PRESENTIMENT.

DATE—March 15, 1870. Place—the smoking compartment of a London and Southwestern express, leaving Waterloo station for Plymouth. Occasion—my first journey into the southwest of England on commercial business.

I was only just in time; there was only one other occupant of the compartment, and his face was hidden behind the *Daily Telegraph*. We had fairly started, when my fellow-traveler, dropping his paper, exclaimed, "Hullo, Doady!" "Doady" was my nickname at school, and my fellow-traveler was an old school-fellow. I felt as though my spirits were lifted halfway out of a slough of depression when I looked into his bright, cheery, matter-of-fact face. I gave some kind of an expression to my feeling of joy at seeing him, but not as much as I felt. I was somehow half ashamed of the sudden relief it was to have found a companion. Traveling was comparatively a novelty to me, and I was always delighted when business took me from home from time to time. I had tried to get out of this trip. I had no reasons, and so didn't succeed. Going to the station I tried to loiter so as to miss that train, and it was only by an effort, when I saw the carriage-door opened for me by the guard with a gruff "Jump in," that I restrained myself from turning on my heel and going out of the station.

"Going all the way, Tom?" I asked.

"All the way," was his reply. "And you?"

"All the way," I said.

We lighted our pipes, spread our traveling rugs over our knees, and settled down for our long journey.

"Ever seen Plymouth before, Doady?"

"No, Tom, and wish I wasn't going to see it now."

"Why?" he inquired, with an anxious look.

"I don't know, I'm sure, Tom," I said, with as cheerful a smile as I could manufacture for his relief. "I feel so deucedly blue, and I have hated the very name of Plymouth ever since the guv'nor settled for me to come down to look after some contracts there."

"Nonsense, Doady! it's your liver out of order. Here, take a dose of Mountain Dew. I always find it an infallible antidote for blues or torpid liver. Put yourself in my charge when we get there. I know a snug little commercial inn; I know where the landlady keeps her special bottle. I know a cozy little theatre we can visit when we've had a cozy cup of tea, and if that don't cure you, you'd better go to bed and sleep, or you'll never be fit for business to-morrow."

For a few hours his merry chatter made me forget my depression, but it came again twofold. I wished I was alone; his fun irritated me; his arguments I could not bear. My thoughts would not concentrate; they were enmeshed in an elastic film struggling to become free, but being hurled back, dazed and weary, upon themselves. There was something I did not know—something I wanted to think about, but couldn't find it; a voice calling me, but I couldn't hear it. There was action for me, but I couldn't move. I reproached myself for not doing that which I couldn't find to do. Tom gave me up as a hopeless case and went to sleep with his pipe in his mouth. Not much of interest occurred during the rest of the journey.

Arriving at the White Hart Inn, we soon were seated before a welcome meal in the "commercial room." Tom was disappointed at my lack of enthusiasm over the creature comforts provided by our buxom hostess, but I couldn't help it; it all seemed alike to me. I drew aside the short red curtains that covered the lower half of the lattice window, and looked through the old-fashioned small green panes. Heavy clouds were coming up from the southwest, forming themselves into weird and fantastic shapes. The wind was rising, and I could hear the rolling of the distant surf and now and then a peal of thunder. Some power indefinable drew all my thoughts out toward the restless ocean, and I couldn't eat or rest easily away from that window. Tom made arrangements for us to occupy a double-bedded chamber, which, being directly over our little dining-room, would have overlooked the Channel but for a little rising ground in front and a few small dwellings to the left. We had quite a long walk to the theatre, which Tom was bent on visiting, and I made another effort to throw off the strange feeling that something would soon happen. The dread of the next hour was not lessened by the peace of the last, which had been so dreaded before it came. The play was "Ingomar"—that I have since learned from a programme I carried away. I couldn't listen or look for many seconds at a time, but left my seat repeatedly to pace the pavement in front of the little theatre, waiting for the final curtain to fall, and Tom to come home with me. We had a wet journey back, for it rained in torrents. Badly-lighted streets made the darkness more gloomy. As soon as I entered the room, I went to the window and found that the outside shutters had been closed and barred. This irritated me, and it was with an effort I resisted the temptation to smash the glass. I felt that everything was conspiring to thwart me in some great act, but I didn't know what that act should be. I sat at the table, at which an inviting supper was laid, but couldn't eat. The wind down the chimney and against the shutters seemed to tell me that I must neither eat nor drink, as there was work to do. I paced the room, trying my companion's patience to the utmost, and at last, putting on my rubber coat and leggings, I signified my intention of going out.

So out I went, over the rising ground opposite the inn. Every step I took brought the sound of the dashing waves nearer. I was walking toward the Hoe, maybe crossing the very ground whereon was played the famous game of bowls, when the Spanish fleet came in sight. All this passed through my brain, and I wondered if I was being led that way to discover another Armada. I stopped suddenly, conscious that I was on the edge of the bluff without being able to see my danger, and stood fascinated by the moaning of the wind and the impenetrable darkness. At one moment the sea sounded as if it was washing within a few inches of my feet, and the next sounded hundreds of feet below. Every thought, as I stood there, was a vision, and every vision a disappointment. I returned to the inn. Tom was asleep. I went to bed, but sleep would not come to me. The storm called me until it seemed to exhaust itself in its effort to make me understand, and ended in a groan of despair. I tossed about uneasily, almost unconscious of my surroundings. My spirit-thoughts were racing in every direction from whence the storm seemed wailing its weird summons. My senses gathered again, and I was sitting upright in bed, gazing out into the gray daybreak—the earth hushed and still, looking like a giant in its shroud, the stormy death-rattle of the night having passed away and left its victim peace at last. I rose mechanically, and dressed myself

without knowing why. All my restlessness had gone. I felt calm, but sad. I went out of the house, over the rising ground, back to the very spot I had visited during the tempest of a few hours before. Not a breath of air, and an oily swell on the water had taken the place of the crested waves. The sea seemed, in the stillness, to regret that after such a fight it could not die like less mighty lives. I was standing on a little bluff about thirty feet above the water, and the tide was high. I have a horror of dangerous places, and did not at first approach near enough to see the beach below; but the same power that drew me to the spot the night before, and again at daybreak, led me to the very brink of the little cliff. My nerves dead within me, and all my other senses dead within me, bade me look down, and without looking a foot to the right or left, my eyes rested instantly upon the dead body of a beautiful girl, whose golden hair was being lifted by each incoming wave, and tangled with the weeds and pebbles on the beach.

The spell was broken; my limbs, that had been numbed and powerless, now became supple. My will was my own again. I had found my freedom from the fetters of a presentiment. Here was relief; here was the work I had to do. But I had come too late.

* * * * * * * *

It was proved at the inquest that the girl had committed suicide about the same hour in which I stood upon the bluff in the blackness of the night.

Nelson Wheatcroft

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

(*Revised Edition.*)

IN the reign of good King Arthur (and perhaps I may be allowed a moment's pause, in parenthesis, to wonder at the monopoly good K. A. appears to have enjoyed in this class of history; he seems to have established a ring of nursery romance that nothing could shake or break) there lived a grandmother—the chronicles of the period say *a* grandmother, seeming thereby to imply that she was the only one. She was, at all events, the only one with whom we have to deal, and we have, therefore, troubled ourselves with no researches as to others. She was a grandmother, being the mother of a son, who was father of a daughter; the latter, not to keep our readers in doubt, being

HER GRANDCHILD.

She (the grandchild) had no name to speak of. It is believed it had been mislaid, or otherwise lost, in an overcrowded street-car. It could never be traced. Her father had been a soldier; he had been discharged *without* a pension and two red coats; they were small and *bigoted*, and could not be converted into frocks, so her mother made them into hoods. She wore them to the day of her death, but not all at once. She had one for every day in the week, and two for Sunday; so they called her

LITTLE RED RIDING-HOOD.

Other historians declare she was what is called red-headed, and, being a child, steeped in an inborn reverence for popular belief. *White* horses *were* extremely scarce. She adopted a headgear that would best conceal her glowing tresses; her now commonly accepted title being an abbreviation of "Little Red-hair Hiding-Hood." She was a wise child; she knew her own father. True, he had a large pimple on his nose, and one leg was shorter than the other. But to our story. Early one daybreak the emerald green of the turnip-tops was being newly tipped with gold by the morning dawning of that, so to say, newly-lackered orb at "whose bright presence

Darkness flies away,"

flies away → flies away → flies away → flies away → etc. ?

Little R. R. H. was crossing the uplands by an uninhabited path, with a basket of butter and new-laid eggs in her hand, when she

Met a Wolf.

But she was not afraid, for she thought it was a dog. He was a cunning wolf, and when he saw her coming, he brushed his whiskers the wrong way, and assumed the mild expression of a Scotch collie.

"Where are you going to, my pretty maid?" said the wolf, in the familiar phraseology of the classic "chestnut" (he had been a performing wolf in Barnum's Great Show, and could speak English with the slightest of foreign accent).

"Guess I'm going to granny's!"

"Mum! Mum!" said the wolf. "What a nice child you are. Where does your granny live?"

"In a cottage near a wood," quoted Little Red Riding-Hood.

"I know it well," said the wolf; "I could nearly play it once upon the fiddle."

When little Red Riding-Hood was out of sight, in the accepted method of such ruffians, the wolf thought aloud: "I will go by a roundabout way, and get to the cottage first, and when she comes I'll eat her." And he continued, with much logical reasoning: "Why didn't I eat her here? I don't know. I was a fool; I shall be sorry for it. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do yesterday."

The wolf, on reaching the cottage, with his customary desire for originality, entered down the chimney, and to the "Oh, lawks a mussy!" of the bedridden grandmother, growled: "Shut up! here's five cents; go out and enjoy yourself." And the old lady, aroused to activity by the sudden influx of wealth, departed to have a good time on the adjoining block. Then the wolf put on granny's nightcap, and got into bed. "When the child knocks," he soliloquized, "I will cry feebly, 'Pull the bobbin and the latch will fly up.'" But the child was not in the habit of knocking, and walked right in. So his

First deep-laid plot was frustrated.

Then the wolf said: "I'm not well, my dearie; come to bed."

"It's a nice time to go to bed," said the clever child, "but I suppose I'll have to humor the old idiot." So she went to bed, but she was, as we've said, a clever child, and she "smelt a wolf." So she said never a word about big eyes, nor big teeth, or any foolery of that kind, and the wolf was mad as a man could be, for he was ready with all his replies. But putting on the sweet, woe-begone expression, so often attributed to the dying duck, she whispered: "Granny, dear, I've got the measles!"

The wolf, who was on the point of gobbling her up, turned deadly pale. "Another moment," he thought, "and I'd have been measled!"

Then he rushed wildly to the cupboard, thinking to find some fluid by which he might disinfect her; but turning, he saw the child playing with a smile, which had stolen over her infant features, and seeing he had been left, he dashed savagely toward the four-poster. But it was too late, for little Red Riding-Hood had taken advantage of his terror to ring the alarm bell, which, by the fortunate blunder of an express-agency carman, had been left at the cottage the previous afternoon. The room was filled with armed men; the wicked wolf was a prisoner. Said the wise little R. R. H.: "Procrastination is its own reward! Had you eaten me when meetin' me, you'd not have come to this!" And cutting off his tail with the carving-knife, she held the severed finale aloft, exclaiming, with childlike impressiveness; "Behold the end of crime!"

Harry Paulton

THE PREACHER'S KISS

"GREET all the brethren with a kiss,"
Said Paul; but what in his time suited
Would never do at all in this,
Because the kisser might be booted.

Kissing of men is in eclipse;
Has gone entirely out of fashion;
So pastors press the sisters' lips.
But not with any sort of passion.

Why should the preacher's kisses lose
The virtue of their application,
Though different subjects he may choose,
On which to try their operation?

When from among the fair alone
He makes his kissable selections,
Let the unkissed first cast a stone;
The kissed should never raise objections.

A pastor's kisses may be vain,
Imprudent even, not immoral;
Then why should ruby lips complain,
And get the brethren in a quarrel?

Yet must the preacher have a care
About the time, and place, and manner,
And when he greets a sister fair,
Must never use his arms to span her.

'Tis settled that a preacher's kiss
Has in it something pure and holy;
But he must not presume to miss
The ugly sisters and the lowly.

Nitters Willett

HOW OUR FUND WAS STARTED.

THE winter of 1882 was a marked one in the number of cases of poverty-stricken, sick, and destitute members of our profession brought to public attention. In the green-rooms of the metropolitan theatres appeals were made almost nightly for the relief of poor actors, and not a week passed in which the press did not contain an account of somebody connected with the dramatic profession who was sick, or dying, in the greatest need. One case, which was brought to public notice in this way, excited universal sorrow and interest. It was that of a man, an actor of some repute, who, through the stress of the times, had become so poor that he had not money enough to pay his railway fares from the place where his manager had left him stranded to his home in New England, and so undertook to tramp the entire distance on foot. A severe snowstorm overtook him on the way; his strength gave out; he sank down by the roadside to die. Fortunately he was discovered in time for his life to be saved, but his lower limbs were so frozen that they had to be amputated, and the poor actor was thus made a helpless cripple.

A little later in the year another actor, prominent in New York, began importuning the managers and his fellow actors for a benefit to enable him to go to California to spend the summer. This gentleman had always been in the receipt of an excellent salary, and was seldom out of an engagement. There seemed to be no good reason why he should be out of funds, or why his demand for a benefit should be responded to, while so many of the poor and humble of our profession were freezing or starving to death, unnoticed and uncared for by the vast majority of their fellows. A few managers protested against it, and even went so far as to refuse their help. Nevertheless the actor got his benefit, out of which he realized some two thousand dollars, and speedily started for the West.

It was this glaring inconsistency in the methods of our metropolitan actors which proved a most important factor in the establishment of the Fund. The managers began to ask themselves why the actors should be willing to suffer the scandal attendant upon the neglect of their own poor, while they cheerfully—even eagerly—gave their time, services and money to help a good fellow to have a good time. They also asked what justice there was in lavishing upon a single actor, even supposing he was sick and in want, such an enormous sum of money as two thousand dollars while others were begging for bread. It was evident that our charities needed to be properly organized and guided so that exact and even justice could be meted out to all, the actors and managers be spared from too frequent appeals for charity, and the whole profession be saved from the reproach of leaving their own poor to be cared for by strangers.

Some important influences had been already at work in laying the foundation for such an organization. The NEW YORK MIRROR, always on the alert to promote the best interests of the profession, was one of the earliest promoters of the Fund-idea; while, as far back as 1880, Mr. Lawrence Barrett, recognizing the need of such a charity, had suggested in a letter to the *New York Herald* that the money left by Edwin Forrest should be made available for the work of general charity among those whom the great tragedian desired to benefit. As for myself, I had, in 1878, determined to take the initiative by founding a Poor Fund in connection with my own theatre, with the hope that it might lead to a general fund which would embrace in its operations all the city theatres; but, owing to a variety of causes, the scheme had never taken practical shape. We all felt now, however, that the time had come to act, and it was not long before the managers and actors of the metropolis had determined upon a plan of operations, which resulted in the organization of our present Actors' Fund of America. The original "plan," upon which we all agreed, I have still by me, and, on looking it over, I cannot help wishing we had adhered to some of its features. One of these features was that all benefits for the Fund should be given on a certain day—to be known as "Actors' Fund Day." It has always seemed to me that there would have been a beautiful significance in a day set apart by all the members of our profession for the holy work of charity; and especially would it have been significant if, as was suggested, the day selected had been the anniversary of Shakespeare. Another feature which I heartily wish we had retained was the absolute shutting out from our theatres—except in rare instances—of all benefits save those to be given for our own organized charity. Nothing was more certainly agreed upon, by all of us, than this; and yet there have been times during the past three years when personal benefits outnumbered Fund benefits by three to one.

Our first great benefit for the Fund in which all the metropolitan theatres took part was given on the 2d of April, 1882. We had not expected to do more than raise money enough for the current expenses of the year; but it was a day of pleasant surprises. Mr. John Jacob Astor first surprised us by sending in a check for two thousand five hundred dollars, and we were further surprised by the generous-hearted proprietor of the *New York Herald*, Mr. James Gordon Bennett, who, in response to a cablegram from Mr. Wallack and myself, sent us the magnificent sum of ten thousand dollars. Other subscriptions poured in, until, at the close of that memorable day, we found our Fund amounted to more than forty thousand dollars. No such result, so far as my knowledge goes, was ever achieved so quickly and so quietly by any other charity organization in the English-speaking world

Goethe says that "a consciousness that our labor tends in some way to the benefit of others makes the rolling years endurable." I am sure that to all those who on that day contributed toward the foundation of this blessed charity, from the great landed proprietor and the great editor down to the humblest artist, either has come or will come, as a direct result of their generous action, that sweet consciousness of which the Master spoke. And when, to this are added the blessings of the poor beings who, through the years which have passed, have been nourished and saved by our Fund, I am sure they will feel with me that "verily, they have their reward."

Once in every week our venerable Assistant-Secretary brings me, for my official signature and approval, a long list of names. It is a list of the Fund's beneficiaries. Some are in hospitals in New York, some in hospitals at the South or the West, some are being cared for at home, and some have passed beyond all care save that last one which we bestow upon the body after the spirit has departed. I never study these lists, with their many pitiful revelations of shattered lives and blasted hopes, without having my mind revert to two names which, while they never now appear upon any of our lists, are still more prominently associated with the Fund's history than any others—those of the poor actor whose cry of despair awoke us to a sense of our duty, and of the well-to-do actor whose lavishly bestowed benefit was no less potent in showing us the way to lay the foundation of a great and good work.

Sydney Armstrong

A. M. Palmer

ALL NIGHT IN A THEATRE.

THERE are few who think of a theatre as it is seen in the solitude of night. It once happened to me to paint for a whole turn of the dial in a large theatre. The watchman had a sick daughter at home, and I agreed to become custodian for him. All was hushed—no sound of the outside world came through the walls, and the stillness seemed greater by contrast with recent strains of merriment. There is something strange and weird, even to the strongest natures in being isolated from all human beings, and I felt tempted by curiosity to survey my surroundings. Passing from the paint-bridge, I groped my way across the property room until I stumbled over what seemed to be the prostrate body of a man. Startled for a moment, I had sufficient coolness to strike a match, and discovered a dummy, that had done duty for a dead soldier in the play, staring at me with an absurdly human leer, while a hundred pantomime masks, including the devil, a he-goat, a camel, and Bottom's translation, all grinned in derision as the match went out. On I went, feeling my way down a staircase till I reached a tier of boxes.

Hush! What was it that passed me so noiselessly and stealthily in the gloom? Pshaw! my own shadow in the moonlight. It could have been nothing else. I sat down to gaze on a scene which had been left in its place. It represented a wild glen, with dark pines looming up against the sky. As the fitful moonbeams passed at intervals across the stage, it could be seen dimly melting into vast and sumptuous shadows, then to be buried in a pitchy darkness. Could fatigue have steeped my senses in dreams, or was there something passed me in the dark again? I arose and, going around the gallery, my eyes were riveted to a singular spectacle. An enormous moving, shadowy thing seemed to fill the whole theatre. Of protean shape, it moved as I moved, and stopped as I stood still. What could it be? I walked on toward the staircase, still looking at the shadowy mystery. As it traveled over the white coverings of the seats, it was revealed as similar to the giant spectre of the Black Forest. It was my own shadow, apparently some fifty feet in height, thrown by a gleam of light from the paint-bridge coming through some chink. Reflecting how the imagination is strained in solitude, I returned to my business at the paint-frame, when my nerves had a fresh shock by two loud reports and an unearthly shriek. The noise seemed to come from the stage. Tremblingly, I groped again into the theatre. Looking across the gallery, I seemed to see an old negro woman in sitting posture. Making my way quietly round, I again felt, rather than saw, the mysterious something that had passed me so often. I was now braced up for any emergency, and I went on to the old negress. When a few yards from her, I spoke. No answer came, so I approached nearer, when behold! she resolved herself into a piece of dark carpet and a linen seat cover. These had been thrown together in a heap. Arrived at the stage, all was accounted for. A piece of scenery had been slung up by a counterweight. The rope had snapped, the weight had fallen, and the wing had screeched in sliding down its groove.

I had scarcely ceased laughing at the discovery, when, twing-twang-twong! a string of the 'cello gave way, and was the opening note of a chorus lasting till daybreak brought a warmer air. Crick! went the scenery. Crack! went the timbers. Screech! went this, and groan! went the other. I could now account for all the moans and cries and grunts, but not for the pattering of small feet. This mystery was, however, also cleared up on my return to the full light of the paint-bridge. There stood a bright-eyed, ragged little urchin.

"What are you doing here?" I cried.

"Say, now, boss, you won't give me away if I tell you all, will you?"

There was something frank in his looks, and I put him at his ease.

"Well, boss, Charlie—that's the watchman—lets me sleep here nights, and I does chores for Jake, the back door keeper, and the other boys about the theayter. They all helps me to make a little, so that I can pay me sister Mamie. She rooms with some girls that work in some store. I sells papers, too—she's my twin sissy, and isn't old enough to work yet."

"Why do your parents permit this?" I asked.

The little fellow stood for a moment and wiped his eyes with the tail of a coat which had once belonged to one much larger.

"Oh, boss! my father played in things here. He was run over by a car one night. I've heard he was a gentleman once, but was unlucky. My mother tried to get work, but couldn't, and she sold all her pretty things to feed me and Mamie. She did cry when she sold a white silk she called her wedding dress. Then I got a few jobs about here, but mother got thin and thin and sick, and used to cry so when I went out to look for work, and one day I went home and the neighbors said she was dead." Here another wipe with the coat tail. "I'm getting quite a man, though, now, and I'll manage for Mamie. The evenin' papers are daisies for sellin'. But you won't give me away—it 'ud get Charlie into trouble. I was dodgin' out of your way all round the place. What about them noises? Oh, things creak like that every night."

"Do you know, boy, where to get hot coffee this time of night?"

"Betcher bottom dollar!"

"Here; keep the change for Mamie."

As I opened the door for him, Aurora's first rosy ray streamed through the gray dawn, and my night in a theatre was over.

Sydney Chidley

MARRIAGE À LA JONES.

THE many friends of Mr. Judson Jones agreed that the principal defect in his line of conduct was a too-literal interpretation of the scriptural behest, "Love one another." Mr. Judson Jones thought—and confessed as much with delicious candor—that he loved pretty nearly every one of the opposite sex that came within the radius of his acquaintance, always providing that she was tolerably young, fairly good looking and not too frisky. Let it not for an instant be supposed that there was the slightest suspicion of looseness in connection with Mr. Jones. On the contrary, he was exceptionally noted among the rich young bachelors of the town for the unwavering correctness of his habits and the absolute strictness of his moral ideas.

"The whole sex," remarked Mr. Jones, oracularly, as he sipped his coffee-and-cognac after dinner, and sent fragrant wreaths of cigar-smoke circling up daintily toward the ceiling of his club, "the whole sex is charming—yes, charming's the exact, the eminently comprehensive word."

The Professor sitting opposite smiled significantly at old Brown, across the way, who grinned back wickedly under his blue-black mustache. Brown's contemptuous silence invariably nettled Mr. Jones, and assuming a semi-explanatory, semi-bellicose tone he pursued his favorite theme:

"Woman, I say, is the fairest flower in all creation. I respect and admire her at all ages and stages—as a child for what she will be; as a woman for what she is; as a matron for what she has been. The brute man can never aspire to the higher plane on which woman's gentleness, loyalty and devotion place her. You can just bet, Professor, she's an angel. Doesn't she smooth the wrinkles from our brows with her magic, tapering fingers? What music can compare with the sweet tones of her voice? Isn't her frown the night and her smile the sun of existence? I reiterate it, sir, woman is charming. Nay, let me be more explicit—she is a corker."

Old Brown ejaculated "Rot!" and buried himself disgustedly in the *Evening Post*. The Professor, who always found Mr. Jones' rhapsodies amusing, observed:

"If woman is 'a corker,' as you somewhat obscurely put it, why in thunder haven't you shown the courage of your convictions by getting married?"

"That question, my dear Professor," said Mr. Jones, with an air of serene self-satisfaction, "has frequently been asked me. It is easily answered; I was speaking just now of woman in the abstract. That's the way I love her. The concrete woman is lovable, too, but necessarily in a comparatively infinitesimal degree. If it had been my lot to know but one woman, she would unquestionably have embodied in my mind's eye all beauty, grace and amiability. But I have known quite a large number, and each seems just as charming as the others. I conscientiously feel that it would be a rank injustice to voluntarily deprive myself of the pleasure of loving as many as possible. It would be a selfish return to woman for all her estimable qualities to so situate myself that my devotion must be centered on an individual woman. *Ergo*, at thirty-five I find myself a single man. You follow my drift?"

The Professor's sharp gray eyes twinkled beneath their shaggy brows as he replied, "I think I do."

"Sometimes," continued Mr. Jones, re-lighting his cigar with great deliberation, 'sometimes I deeply regret that State and Society have conspired to condemn me to bachelorhood. Perhaps you don't think it, but I assure you that I am naturally inclined to domesticity. Now if a fellow were only permitted to establish a home in New York on the Turkish plan he might be thoroughly happy. Do I shock you, Professor? If I do, we had better stop this conversation right here."

"I don't believe anything could shock me," said the Professor, 'except forked lightning. Besides, I'm too old and too wise to be corrupted by your radical theories. Go on, Jones."

Mr. Jones discreetly lowered his voice, so that old Brown shouldn't overhear, and then he proceeded with considerable enthusiasm.

"Just see how superbly a medium-sized flat-house uptown would be for the purposes of a good-sized harem, with all the modern improvements and conveniences! A man of means, with varied domestic resources, could surround himself with a most satisfactory assortment of loving wives, supplying a separate and distinct hearthstone to each. Suppose that one of the partners of his bosom should be afraid of burglars—as is not infrequently the case—she could be domiciled in the top flat. Those of musical tastes might be settled just below, where they could strum and sing to their hearts' content without the least danger of disturbing the other occupants. Imagine, merely for the sake of illustration, that there were six flats and a corresponding number of wives. Mrs. Jones Number One could have a French *chef*. German cooking would probably please Number Two. Numbers Three, Four, Five and Six might dine in any style—Irish, Spanish, Italian or plain American, according to taste. The diversions possible are well-nigh endless. On Sundays a pleasant social gathering of the whole families would be in order, beginning at the bottom of the house and moving up in weekly rotation. Picture the variety of delightful topics that would engross attention, and the friendly little rivalries the custom would engender. Number One would describe the build of her new bonnet; Number Two would expatiate on the bracelet from Tiffany's that I had sent her on her birthday; Three and Four would compare notes about the servants and the marketing. Just try and think of the amount of love, honor, and obedience corralled under one roof! There we could play progressive euchre, get up impromptu *musicales*, and enjoy spicy little private suppers at Del's—and all in the family. Any evening in the week a complete theatre party could be gotten up right in the house. There would be no objectionable neighbors. If I should by mistake take one too many glasses of wine at the club I should never be haunted by the fear of blundering into the wrong apartment. Professor, I know that the statutes and social prejudice make the project utterly Utopian, but you can anticipate its allurements all the same."

"Then why not become a subject of the Sultan and settle in Constantinople without further delay?" inquired the Professor, mischievously.

"I have considered that," said Mr. Jones, gravely, "but there are a great many objections and difficulties. In the first place, I know nothing much about the female Turk, except that she wears veils and trousers. It's foolish, I suppose, but I have always cherished an ineradicable antipathy to veiled and trousered women. Now it would be different if it were possible to take over my own harem from New York, but that plan offers several serious obstacles, not the least of which is probable opposition to the wholesale exportation on the part of the various interested fathers and mothers. Moreover, the position of Turkey in European politics at the present time is not such as to insure confidence and security to a new-made Turk of American birth. I'm a strict believer in the universal peace doctrine, Professor; there should be no possibility of armed strife in this enlightened era."

"And yet," interposed the Professor, "loving peace, you would, if you could, voluntarily take unto yourself a plurality of better halves!"

"If I could carry out the idea, my dear sir," said Mr. Jones, with some warmth, "my home—or rather, to speak with greater accuracy, my homes—would make an unparalleled showing of domestic sweetness and serenity. You will admit that change is the order of the day, and the law of average must be observed. By a perfectly impartial system of equalization I should be able to meet the requirements of this inexorable law. Don't you know, it is the vague knowledge that change is actually essential to marital felicity that causes so many husbands to periodically absent themselves from their wives? Where monogamy exists, this irritates rather than soothes the feminine temper. The utility of change isn't properly recognized by wives. Dissatisfaction, and I believe sometimes jealousy, results from it. Not having probed the philosophy of the thing, the wife blames the husband for what, did she but realize it, is the safeguard of his and her happiness. A general misunderstanding of this fact and the inefficiency and insufficiency of the one-wife, one-hearth idea, is what brings the divorce court into active competition with the altar. Under my generous dispensation not only would the startling excess of the female population, as denoted by the census, be provided for, but every kindred thing would be readjusted and equalized. The variety of interior decoration possible in six flats, the supply of devotion probable among six simultaneous wives, would be admirable. A man need never seek change of air, and temper elsewhere, when it is all there under his own roof-tree."

"But the mother-in-law question—I should like to hear how you are going to cope with that. One mother-in-law is sometimes more than the average man cares to tackle, I understand."

"From observation among my friends," said Mr. Jones, "I have found that the mother-in-law isn't more than half as black as she's painted. There's Tompkins—you know Tompkins, the chap that married one of the Elander girls? Well, when his little scrape with the Philadelphia widow came out in the papers, his wife's mother stuck to him like a porous-plaster, and brought him through right side up with care. Then there was old Mrs. Fitzgerald, who nursed her son-in-law through the small-pox up in Fifty-seventh Street, and held the whole Board of Health at bay—and Mrs. Jenkins, who turned over her securities to Jimmy Short that time he nearly went broke on A. D. & B. C. No, the mother-in-law of real life is not necessarily what the humorous paragrapher has found it serviceable to make her for his own miserable purposes. When you come to apply my scheme to the mother-in-law business, it's the biggest racket on earth."

The Professor was beginning to get sleepy. His eyes were half-shut, but he muttered "Yes," just to impress Mr. Jones with the idea that he was digesting every word.

"Merely for the sake of illustration," continued Mr. Jones, still enthusiastic over the interminable details of his idea, "we'll say that two of the six figurative Mrs. Joneses are orphans. Well, that leaves four mothers-in-law. Each one could visit her daughter three full months in the year in rotation; or the four could pay the annual visit simultaneously, and have it over with all in a heap. In the former case, even if the whole four should be the proverbial terrors, I'd enjoy immunity in five separate flats; if the latter, there would still remain two adequate avenues of escape. See?"

The Professor gave a suspicious snort, straightened up, and thinking he was expected to say something, remarked: "How about Mrs. Jones' receptions, and other social duties? Wouldn't there be a good deal of confusion?"

"Not at all—not at all. The six, by amicable mutual arrangement, might each set a different day of the week to receive. The husband would then have an unbroken series of 'at homes' in his own household, and he could enter or not at will into the giddy whirl. The society reporters would have a picnic the week round. Another benefit occurs to me: The occupancy of an entire apartment-house by one family would give a needed tone to that species of dwelling, which, if popular, isn't so esteemed just at present as it might be. Result: big boom in flat-house property."

"What would happen in the summer?"

"The underlying principles of the happiness achieved by my proposed plan are simple, yet they meet all requirements. In summer, a Mrs. Jones should be found in all the resorts of fashion, and along every fashionable path of travel. One should 'do' Great Britain, another the Continent. Others could be located at the Branch, Newport, in the Adirondacks, *et cetera*. For myself, in obedience to my theory of change, summer alone in New York."

"Would the supply of wives under such conditions as you propose, be commensurate with the demand?"

"Why not, pray? Lovely and lonely women are already greatly in the majority. A certain proportion of them are fated to live, wither, and die as old maids. If the demand should exceed the native supply, we could import plenty to provide for the deficiency. This country would then be furnishing husbands for the female surplus of the earth!"

"But, my dear Jones," remarked the Professor, making a poor show of concealing an involuntary yawn, "suppose your revised version of polygamy should be adopted here and sanctioned by the law, religion would interpose an insurmountable obstacle."

Mr. Jones smiled a superior smile, told the waiter to bring fresh cigars, and then resumed:

"Professor, in most things you're a sensible, level-headed man, but I can't say that you have grasped this subject in its entirety. Religion has got to keep step with social and scientific progress, and that's its modern tendency. Above all things, it must be consistent. Now, surely, it would be inconsistent for religion to pronounce against a judicious revival of the customs of the wise prophets and patriarchs of the Old Testament, particularly as some of them enjoyed peculiar privileges in forming an intimate personal acquaintance with the Divine wishes and mandates. Dwelling in the fear as well as the confidence of Jehovah, they must have molded their habits of living accordingly. The roll of illustrious and venerated polygamists is impressive and voluminous. It's a long time since I attended Sunday-school, Professor, but I think I'm fairly up in the list. We cannot object to the unlimited uxoriousness of Moses, Abraham, Solomon, David, and the rest, without objecting to those revered men themselves. The New Testament says nothing prohibitory on the subject that I can remember. St. Paul advised people to marry, but he didn't say they must marry a little, or that they mustn't marry a good deal, now, did he?"

"Yes, of course," responded the Professor, sleepily and irrelevantly. Mr. Jones did not notice. He went on:

"With the adoption of a refined system of polygamy, the gulf between labor and capital would be bridged over. A man would be expected to marry as many times as he could afford it, so a very rich man would have to be very much married in order to maintain a social position. The more wives he added on, the more cash would go for bonnets and gowns and the other female necessaries. This would keep him from accumulating vast wealth and put plenty of money into circulation. The tradespeople and laboring classes would profit accordingly, and there would be no more strikes, boycotts, or anarchism. The millionaires would be beloved by the people, and the people by the millionaires. You see I have thought this subject out in pretty nearly every direction. I can go into lots more details if you——"

The Professor's head was pillowed on his arms, and the only reply was a long-drawn-out snore.

"Strange!" murmured Mr. Jones, gently; "there isn't a man in this club, except myself, that takes the slightest interest in the discussion of sociologic matters!"

"Jones," said old Brown, putting down his *Post*, "go to ——Utah!"

Jones did the next best thing. He left the Professor snoring in the *café*, called a hansom, and drove to the Casino, where he spent a joyful evening looking at Mr. Aronson's fairies from his stage-box.

Graham Durfee

AN IDYL.

A breath of balsam,
A bunch of clover,
A murmur of song where the brook fell down;
The birds sailed under,
The clouds sailed over,
And you looked up and I looked down.

A patter of rain,
An echo of thunder,
A butternut stood by the edge of the brook;
The clouds went over,
And we stayed under,
A little bird stopped in the tree to look.

A clasp of fingers,
A little flutter,
A big drop fell on my hand like pain;
You laughed thro' your tears
At the words I would utter,
And laughingly said it was only the rain.

A break of gold
In the vines that clamber,
You said the sweet words that made you mine,
And the sun came out
With a flagon of amber
And drenched the whole world with ambrosial wine.

A. Conkling

WHEN I CARRIED A SPEAR.

MY first practical experience in legitimate drama was acquired with the company of the lamented John McCullough, several seasons ago. I carried a spear, and various other classic implements of war or emblems of citizenship. I do not think I was very successful as a supernumerary. At least I should not judge so from some sketches I made of myself at the time with the assistance of a mirror, and which I preserved as a reminiscence of that interesting period of my professional career. In one of these pen-portraits you will observe that I appear as a valiant soldier; in the other as a very unhappy "Pleb."

L. H. Sothern

A PILGRIMAGE TO STRATFORD.

TO lovers of Shakespeare, Ignatius Donnelly is as much an iconoclast as Ingersoll is to believers in the Bible. More than half the civilized world believe in Shakespeare. He is the religion of millions of people who are swayed by the magnitude of his genius and inspired by the sublimity of his poetry. He is the dazzling sun round which the lesser lights of literature continually revolve—the divinity whose deft yet all-powerful hand plays upon and controls all human passions, transfigures the common elements of life into radiant beauty, and instills into the hearts and minds of men purposes of noblest chivalry while laying bare the intrigues and baseness which so often rule human conduct and blot the fair page of human history. The breath of his genius permeates all modern thought; it is the guiding influence of poets, philosophers, and statesmen, the solace of care-laden humanity, the healing balm for mental wounds, the beacon light by which mariners on life's tempestuous sea can steer into the haven of peace and security and cast anchor on the rock of tolerance, friendship, and love.

But it is not my purpose to enter into a panegyric on that genius which is "not for an age but for all time." The efforts of Mr. Donnelly to disturb our faith in Shakespeare must necessarily prove abortive. No enduring structure can be reared on the fanciful basis of his intricate cipher. He may give evidence of remarkable ingenuity, and tickle the ears of the Baconians with his glittering sophistry, but the rock-rooted faith of humanity in Shakespeare as a man and author of those divine works cannot be shaken. Though dead, Shakespeare is yet a living entity.

It was with sentiments like these I made a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, several years ago. For many seasons I had made a special study of Shakespeare's heroines, analyzing the lights and shades of their characters, and becoming, as it were, a partaker of their hopes and fears, a sharer of their griefs and sorrows, their joys and gladness and true womanliness. I learned to love the glorious master of the human heart—to quiver in unison with his touch on the lyre of emotion, to weep when his divine creations wept, to laugh when their hearts were free and attuned to happy, healthful mirth. Any hint that William Shakespeare was a pretender, the mere vehicle through which the glowing thoughts of another's genius were transmitted to a wondering world, was preposterous to my sympathetic mind. I believed in Shakespeare with heart and soul. I had no patience with his detractors. To doubt him was treason; to deny him, infamy. It seemed as though nothing but a journey to his birth and burial place would make up the full measure of my love and reverence for this great wizard of passion.

One evening in early spring-time I found myself in Stratford with a party of English tourists. My companions were well-bred and cultivated people, and I was amazed at their lack of interest in England's greatest poet and dramatist. This was their first visit to his birthplace, and it was undertaken more to gratify my reverential curiosity than through any innate desire of their own to view the spots associated with Shakespeare's memory. While my emotions were strung to their highest tension when we entered the quaint old town, my companions were calm and complacent, and talked of Shakespeare and his works in cold, commonplace terms that shocked me. During my brief stay in Stratford I learned that the English people, as a rule, while sharing in the universal love and admiration for Shakespeare, were supremely indifferent in regard to the associations of his life. The American, on the other hand, worships everything connected with the name of the immortal bard.

We stopped at the Shakespeare Inn—a tavern which did not exist in Shakespeare's time, but contains several mementos which are pointed out to the guests by the chubby, red-faced, rotund Boniface, who, in his shirt-sleeves and immaculate white apron, looked the typical English landlord.

After supper we started out in the glorious English twilight to visit the place where Shakespeare was born. I shall never forget the feelings with which I first looked upon the quaint cottage with its gabled roof and curious Elizabethan windows with their leaden sills and diminutive panes. This visit had been the dream of my life, and I felt an awe like thrill on its realization, which increased in solemn intensity when we were shown into the low-ceilinged room where the immortal bard was born. It seemed as though we stood on holy ground. We questioned the homely guide—a shriveled old woman who claimed to be a direct descendant of Shakespeare's servants—with bated breath, and she, good soul, dropped her voice to a whisper as she gave a parrot-like description of the contents of the famous room. She had the popular history of Will Shakespeare, as she called him, pat. With a comical accent and a strong but musical dialect, she told of the waywardness of his youth, his sheep-stealing proclivities, his early love making and premature marriage, his marvelous London career and peaceful end in his native town.

So many things reminded us of Anne Hatheway, the bride of Shakespeare's boyhood, that a walk to her cottage was naturally proposed. One of the party suggested that it would add to the poetic sentiment of the occasion if we could traverse the path over which young Shakespeare bounded when rushing from the parental roof to revel in the sweets of love-making. This suggestion was hailed with delight. We discovered that the boy lover did not take the regular, roundabout road to the famous cottage. Our guide took us to the rear of the house, and showed us a narrow, well-trodden path, which she declared was Shakespeare's short cut to the dwelling of his love. We followed this path, thrilled with its hallowed associations, to an old-fashioned country stile, where doubtless the poet had frequently halted to pour into Anne's willing ears the story of youthful passion. A hundred yards beyond the stile the cottage nestled at the foot of a hill. It contains but three rooms, and is kept by two maiden ladies who claim to be of the same family as Shakespeare's wife, and are known as the Mistresses Hatheway. We did not linger at the cottage. The long English twilight was growing to a close, and Stratford church was yet to be visited. As we entered this humble but famous edifice, the shadows were beginning to gather. The place was still as death, and through the stained-glass windows came the last faint streaks which divide the gloaming from the gloom of night. There was barely light enough for us to trace the features of the bust above the grave, and read the threatening admonition to leave the poet's bones at rest. A feeling of holy calm came over me as I stood at the foot of the chancel where the body lies. The spirits of his great creations seemed hovering around that narrow cell grieving for that common lot which levels poet, prince and peasant alike; and yet through the sad strains of this fancied requiem came notes of joyous hope and the solacing thought that but the mortal part of the bard lay moldering at our feet, and that his genius, ever fresh and sparkling, and teeming with generous human instincts and nobility of sentiment, will live forever.

I shall never forget those precious, inspiring moments in the chancel of Stratford church. While standing in that awe-fraught reverie, my love for Shakespeare became stronger, deeper, and holier.

It is sacrilege to me to question his title to the works which have made his name famous in every quarter of the globe. The satanic ingenuity of Donnelly cannot disturb my faith. He may read all manner of riddles in the pages of the folio edition; he may distort and twist the text to fit the tortuous theories of his super-heated brain; he may indite all kinds of high-sounding pamphlets to puzzle the understanding of the groundlings; but in the end he will have scant thanks for his pains. The world will go on believing in Shakespeare, and all mankind will join in the worship of his genius, and glory in the brilliancy of his fame.

Marie Wainwright

Robt Downing

PROGRESS IN LITHOGRAPHY.

PROGRESS in the mechanical arts has perhaps its most striking illustration in the perfection to which lithography—literally, writing on stone—has been carried. Put the crudely colored and carelessly printed caricature of a dozen years ago side by side with such an exquisitely executed piece of work as the reproduction of Percy Moran's water-color sketch in the November *Art Age*, and one can hardly realize that both owe their existence to the same art, and that the difference between them is only one of greater artistic and mechanical skill. Lithography is by no means a new invention, dating, as it does, from the eighteenth century. Its fundamental principle is simply the drawing upon a peculiar kind of porous stone with an unctuous composition. When the writing or drawing has been finished, it is etched with a mixture of nitric acid and gum arabic. The acid eats into the stone, except where it is protected by the greasy ink or chalk. The protected parts retain the natural printing properties of the stone, and when the printer wets the stone, before applying the inking-roller, the water enters only those parts of the stone which have been affected by the acid, while the ink adheres only to those parts, however fine, on which the acid could not operate, owing to the unctuous composition of the ink or chalk with which the writing or drawing has been done, and which, being greasy, rejects the water. The actual printing is done under a heavy pressure, an absorbent paper being used. The stones themselves are of a calcareo-argillaceous formation, the principal quarries being in Bavaria.

When the etching is completed, the printer washes off the drawing, or writing, with turpentine, wets the stone with a sponge, or damping canvas, and then, applying his inking-roller, runs it several times over the stone until the lines appear again. The paper is then laid on the stone, drawn through the press, and the impression effected.

It is in color work, especially *fac-simile* reproductions of water-colors or paintings, that the highest artistic skill is required and the best results attained. In all color work there must be as many distinct stones as there are colors or gradations of colors to be produced. In the very finest work, from fifteen to twenty-five stones, and even more, are required. The artist begins with some fundamental color, generally yellow, and draws directly on the stone with the crayon. The drawing is, of course, nothing more than a bare suggestion of the picture, the tint being delicately and carefully distributed according to the prevailing tone of the design to be reproduced. Then comes the red stone and the other distinguishing colors, and, lastly, the combining and softening tints, varying in number and delicacy with the effect that is intended to be produced. In the printing, the heavier and bolder colors are generally put on first, and the lighter ones afterward.

The process of transferring is a very useful one in lithography, and is employed when it is desired to print a number of cards, labels or other small designs. The design is transferred from the original stone by transfer-paper, prepared on the same principle as the impression-paper used in making manuscript copy on tissue.

Art, as a popular education, has received a tremendous impetus in the development of these lower forms of its expression. The artistic standard in this country is fully fifty per cent. higher than it was twenty, or even ten years ago. Especially is this noticeable in the character of artistic theatrical work. A dozen years ago anything was thought good enough in the way of a bill-board or poster, and it was good enough then to suit the popular eye. To-day everything is different, and managers are beginning to realize it. Improvement in photography has had a great deal to do in bringing about this change, but photography is limited in its range and expression. The development of the artistic souvenir in theatrical programmes has been especially noteworthy of late years, indicating a popular taste in this direction that far-seeing men in the profession are neither slow in recognizing nor in attempting to meet.

Gladys Wallis Upton

A SENTIMENT BY HENRY IRVING.

It is only those whose natures make them incapable of appreciation or condemnation in artistic matters, without being partizans, who, because they admired Edmund Kean, would deny merit to John Kemble.

The world of art, thank Heaven, is wide enough for both, and the hearts of those who truly love art are large enough to cherish the memory of both, as of men who did noble work in the profession which they adorned.

Henry Irving

BLIND CUPID'S CHRISTMAS EVE.

H, what a sweet little boy he was! How pretty his golden ringlets clustered about his marble brow! How rosy and plump his cheeks were! How tender and innocent his lips wreathed in smiles! And his eyes—blue, clear and pure as the fairest skies of summer — were blinded to the precious sunshine of day and the twinkling stars of night. We called him Cupid. Cupid was the light of the ballet-girls' dressing-room, though his eyes never saw the dazzling tinsel and begemmed dresses. Upon a little stool he used to sit with his sweet face flushed with excitement. He could hear the strains of music, he could realize that life and gayety were passing before him, but he could not see the faces red with the warm hue quickened to blushes. He could hear the applause, but he could not see the mass, the sea, the ocean of faces crowding the place from foot-light to dome. How we loved little Cupid! How we used to come and kiss his sweet face! All kisses were alike to our Cupid. He could not see the look of despair which dwelt in many a girl's heart as she came to kiss him for "good luck," and pay homage to our enthroned prince of love and sunshine. The kiss of the pure and despoiled alike was all the same to our Cupid. He would pat our cheeks with his little hands, and sweetly murmur: "Oo is so pitty." That which he could not see, he called pretty. Men grown old in the gloom of darkness cry out in agony against the decree of nature which has placed the seal upon vision; men revile against God and humanity, and say the burden is too heavy to bear—that terrible burden and oppressive, dark, dark mantle of blindness. And here is a little child, but a baby, in the dressing-room of a great theatre, saying: "Oo is so pitty." Philosophy falls from baby lips, and the great lesson of patience and humility drops like a gem of purest ray serene from the rosy lips of our Cupid. To the pure girl who has never watered the flowers of shame with the tears of remorse: "Oo is so pitty!" To the sin-scorched whose heart burns and sears like a coal of fire: "Oo is so pitty!" And the pure felt purer and the sin-laden less sinful as the words fell from the lips of our little blind Cupid.

The leading coryphée of the second row was Cupid's mother; his father was the stage-carpenter. God had blessed their union with a beautiful child,—whose sweet eyes were blinded ere he knew what Nature held in store for his visions. The sun with its golden rays; the roseate west with its flushed pencils of light; the pale-faced moon and the twinkling stars of night; the bowing pines swept by the giant tornadoes; the waving grasses kissed by the summer zephyrs; the rippling brooks, the falling flakes of winter's snows; the sweet face of his mother, and the tender, earnest face of his father—all, all hid behind a veil of darkness his baby eyes vainly tried to penetrate. There was one sweet ray of hope left to bless the parents. A great doctor had said that the child *might* regain his sight as suddenly as he had lost it. "Some time," said he, "the sun will come back again, and your little boy will see once more." But "some time" was a vague something for which the parents prayed; and we all prayed with them—some in our hearts and some with words from our hearts.

It was Christmas Eve, and the house was crowded from foot-light to dome with an anxious sea of faces. How the place glowed with brightness, life and joy! How gay and light the hearts rose as we pranced upon the boards, and danced, and were fairies indeed with gauzy wings and quick feet. And safely ensconced in a gigantic lily in the centre of the stage was our little blind Cupid, ready with his silver bow and arrow for the grand tableau scene. His mother's eyes were wet with tears, for all this gay and beautiful scene was hidden from her pretty boy's eyes. His father stood there at the wing with the wire in his hand, ready to spring the trap that opened the big lily. His face was but a reflection of his wife's—pity for the little boy in the lily who could not see. The music played gayly; the gallery rose up and clapped its hands, and the whole house responded as the red light burst upon the stage. Then the gigantic lily opened and our little Cupid stood there, fairer than any poet e'er dared dream of;—and his big blue eyes were fastened upon his mother's face, and his rosy lips opened and he cried: "Oo is so pitty, *mamma!*"

"*My baby sees!*" cried the mother as she darted from her row and clasped little Cupid in her arms, and there, before the packed house, she rocked her darling upon her breast, and we—well, we broke up all our pretty poses and gathered about her. The father, the only composed one upon the stage, rang down the curtain. And after the stage-manager went before the curtain and told how little Cupid had been blind and was again restored to the sense of sight, the whole house rose up and clapped its hundreds of hands—and it *was* a Christmas Eve never to be forgotten.

H. S. Keller.

TELL ME?

If to-night
I could dream true,
And cross the distance that forbids
And come to you,
The while your folded lids
Shut out the sight—
If I might
Bend low and touch
Each of your sleeping eyes,
Would it, dear, be as much
Of happiness and sweet surprise
To you as me?
If it could be
That you would know
My lips upon your hand and hair,
Touching them so—
Would you, dear, hold me closer there,
Or might I go?

E. V. S.

MISS JOHNSTONE BENNETT.

THE most enjoyable feature of "Monsieur," last summer, at the Madison Square Theatre was the Sally of Miss Johnstone Bennett. This young actress was comparatively unknown to play-goers, but her exceedingly clever creation made a distinct and immediate hit. The part of Sally is a maid-of-all-work of the conventional stage pattern, but Miss Bennett, by sheer originality and skill, brought it into great prominence. There are some few actors who delineate character in the same way that Dickens drew it; this young lady is one of the number. She showed the true artistic spirit as Sally, for she sacrificed the attractions of a pretty and *piquante* face to the demands of making-up. Miss Bennett possesses the rare power of conveying humor intelligibly; she will, we doubt not, achieve still greater distinction in the years to come as a soubrette or comedienne. She is at present a member of Mr. Richard Mansfield's company. Her portrait is printed above.

A MEMORABLE SHAKESPEAREAN FESTIVAL.

AT the present time, when the discussion is ripe as to whether Shakespeare is Shakespeare or somebody else, the description of a birthday festival which occurred over sixty years ago, in honor of the Bard, may not be uninteresting to those still willing to do reverence to his works. For my own part, I am satisfied to believe that Shakespeare is the author of the plays attributed to his genius. True, I have not dipped so deeply into the subject as have others. If it is a delusion and a snare, I am willing to be snared, and prefer not to have my illusion dispelled. A description of a Shakespearean procession is gathered from facts furnished by the writer's father, now in his eighty-fifth year, who is in the health and vigor of a man of fifty. The first jubilee from the time of Garrick took place at Stratford-upon-Avon on the 23d of April, 1826. The first theatre built there was then being constructed. A large number of prominent actors and actresses went from London and other places, principally Northampton, where the entire company under the management of Frank Raymond went to Stratford to join in the procession, costumed in the principal characters of the dead author's plays. They assembled at Guildhall, and proceeded to the house where Shakespeare was born, in front of which a platform had been erected, where an oration was delivered by Mr. R. Bond in the character of Cardinal Wolsey. After this the procession marched through the town to the theatre, and on the temporary stage an address was delivered by Mr. J. Searle, of Covent Garden Theatre, London, and the music of "Macbeth" was sung by many prominent singers, also from London, with full chorus and orchestra. This over, they all walked solemnly to the grave of the revered poet, and thence back to Guildhall, where the entire party were entertained at dinner by the mayor and council of Stratford. The affair of the first day wound up in the town hall, with a grand concert, ending at 10 P. M., though the jubilee lasted throughout the week, with a slight variation of the daily programme. The following characters were represented by the people named herein, and may be remembered by some of the older representatives of the profession of the present day:

MACBETH.

Macbeth	Mr. Ellis	Second Witch	Mr. Hall
Banquo	Mr. Baker	Third Witch	Mr. Boyle
First Witch	Mr. Suter	Lady Macbeth	Mrs. Daniels

HAMLET.

Hamlet	Mr. James Searle	Ghost	Mr. Heslop
First Grave-digger	Mr. H. Lewis	Second Grave-digger	Mr. Smoulton
		Ophelia	Mrs. Raymond

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Shylock	Mr. Waylet	Bassanio	Mr. Raymond
Antonio	Mr. Collier	Portia	Miss Rivers

HENRY EIGHTH.

King Henry	Mr. Gifford	Cardinal Wolsey	Mr. R. Bond
		Queen Katherine	Mrs. Smoulton

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo	Mr. Wm. Rignold	Juliet	Miss Rorke

HENRY FOURTH.

King Henry	Mr. T. Simpson	Falstaff	Mr. B. Johnson
		Mistress Quickly	Mrs. Gaskill

KING JOHN.

King John	Mr. Carles	Hubert	Mr. S. Clifford
Prince Arthur	Mrs. H. Rignold	Constance	Miss Tomlinson

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Petruchio	Mr. Williamson	Grumio	Mr. Gill
		Katherine	Mrs. Bretton

The entire population of Stratford joined in the procession, which was elaborate in every detail. The dresses and properties were historically correct, and were furnished by Mr. Palmer, the then well-known costumer of Bow Street, Covent Garden, London. Fireworks every evening and a general illumination completed the day's doings, which were entered into with a zest and a spirit of enthusiasm which could hardly be attained in these days of unbelief and skepticism. The Guildhall was decorated elaborately. At one end was a full-length portrait of Shakespeare, and at the other a portrait and bust of Garrick. Adjoining the house in which Shakespeare was born, at that time stood the Swan Tavern, much frequented by him, it was said, during his life. An aged woman occupied the Shakespeare house in 1826, and made some money by exhibiting the room in which he was born, and the old arm-chair in which he used to sit. Visitors wrote their names on every wall. Among them were found those of David Garrick, John Philip Kemble, Edmund Kean, Stephen Kemble, Mr. Macready, Charles Kemble, Charles Young, Charles Kean, and Junius Brutus Booth, father of Edwin Booth. The owner of the property, on discovering that the occupant was using it as a means of money-making, notified her to vacate the premises, which she did, but not before having the walls that contained so many valuable autographs whitewashed, completely obliterating all traces of them. This action was doubtless in revenge at being compelled to give up possession of the then famous Shakespeare house. Of all the persons representing characters in the procession of April 23d, 1826, none are supposed to be living except the father of the writer of this article, Mr. Harry Lewis, who marched as the First Grave-Digger in "Hamlet."

Ethel Henderson

"UP THE RIVER"—FOR ONE DAY.

"HAVE you ever been in Sing Sing? No? Well, then, you have missed a great deal," were the words that came from the lips of Mr. Charlie Waite one morning, a few summers ago. He was addressing a party gathered around a table in Morello's.

"What's the matter with going there this morning?" suggested John Mackay.

The result of the little talk was that the entire party, consisting of John Mackay, Blakeley Hall, Ed. Aronson, Charlie Waite, and the writer—boarded a train at the Grand Central, an hour later, to be railroaded up the river. You who have never taken the trip know not what you have missed. There are two ways of going "up the river"—one, the broad and easy way; the other, the way of the primrose path. It is so easy to go by the former, so pleasant by the latter! It is so easy to go wrong! The first and most patronized way is to go at the expense of the State, in the cool of the early morning, before the mid-summer heat becomes oppressive, with several gentlemen to guard and protect you from accidents, such as falling off a platform, or of dropping out of an open window. The other way is to go, as we went, a jolly party, for a day's outing. At one o'clock we started from the Grand Central Depot. The depot was about as far away as General Sheridan was, upon a memorable occasion, when Charlie Waite left his seat, sauntered to the rear platform, and inveigled the brakeman into an animated conversation, with a far-away look in his dreamy eyes:

"By Jove! that's a tough customer we've got to-day."

"Say, w'at's der racket, Gov.? Who's his jags, and how long did he get?"

"Oh, he's the California forger, Dick Grant. Fifteen years."

"Je! that's a corker. Whew! what a stretch!"

"No, my brilliant friend," remarked Charlie, "not a stretch — a rest. And he needs it. He had the bow-wows last night—saw bugs, monkeys, and a blue rat."

Charlie, having planted the seed, wanders back to the party and acquaints it with the plot.

Mackay begins the act by sighing and groaning, picking imaginary insects from the clothing of his friends, and fighting unseen animals in the air, while the brakeman and conductor (the latter taken into the brakeman's confidence) watch proceedings with open mouths. After working this "find" for its full value, as we emerge from one of the darkest of tunnels, John is found choking Hall, whom he holds down in the seat with his knee upon his chest. During the frantic and apparently futile efforts of Mr. Hall's friends to release him, the conductor and brakeman rush valiantly to the rescue. The result is complete discomfiture of the comedian, who complains, like a true star, that his support was not *spirited* enough; whereupon the flask was produced and all, including the brakeman and conductor, smiled.

Cigars are lighted and, as we loll back in our parlor chairs to enjoy the picturesque scenery of the Hudson, we hear the melodious tones of John Mackay's voice, beginning "The Yarn of Nancy Bell."

"All out for Sing Sing!" shouts the conductor, and John is cru-u-s-h-e-d again. Here we secure the services of a Jehu with a rig rivaling in complete demoralization the "One-Hoss Shay" of our chestnutty youth. We agree to pay him "er dollar fer der lot, ter der cooler." Upon arriving at the gates, where all do not abandon hope who enter, we are cordially received by Warden Brush. He graciously places us in charge of the chief keeper, whereupon we begin our tour of inspection. First, we see by the calendar in the warden's office that there are 1552 miserable beings undergoing terms of imprisonment from one year to life. Can the mind of the average free man comprehend the full and awful meaning of a "life sentence"? But a truce to moralizing. We got through an iron gate, "behind the scenes," to the prison proper, which contains 1200 cells 7 x 3 and about 7 feet high, in which the convicts are often "doubled up." Next we go to the prison office, where the new arrivals are placed, arms folded, close to and facing the wall, until the keeper orders them, singly, to face him and answer questions as to age, habits, religious belief, etc. Then to the barber's, where many a curled and petted darling of society has been shorn, alas! of his bewitching moustache and fetching bang. Next, to the bath. How humiliating this indignity must be to a "first-time" convict, if he happens to have enjoyed the comfort and luxuries of a refined atmosphere! A *forced* bath; think of it! Then the stripes—the uniform of his degradation.

The stove-shops, where were seen boys of sixteen working next to men of sixty, all stripped to the waist, baking and lifting red-hot molds, while the sweat (remember, they are animals now) rolls off in great beads. On to the shoe shops, the laundries, and finishing-rooms. The most noticeable thing to attract attention is the perfect silence kept by one and all. Go into any workshop in our city, where twenty-five men are employed, and hear their noise, the merry laughter at some good natured joke, the snarl from some ill-tempered fellow, and then go into a workshop of Sing Sing Prison, where hundreds of men are employed, and the dead silence, of anything human, becomes perfectly appalling, until one says to the keeper: "My God! how do these poor wretches stand their slavery?" To which he probably will laughingly reply: "Why, they *have* to stand it." There lies the secret: "They *have* to." After leaving the laundry and bakery, we stroll along the river front, where we will find, not a stone wall, but simply an iron railing about twelve feet high, with gates wide open, which, by passing through, you could, with eight or ten steps, plunge into—not the beautiful Rhine of America, which flows so peacefully and temptingly by, but into the river Styx. For the moment a poor devil, eager to escape from his living tomb, driven hence by untold misery, seeks this means of escape; he finds at least a dozen rifles pointed at him, and should he persist in his mad resolve, his body is pierced by bullets—their *duty*—and "one more unfortunate" is at rest.

After having spent a couple of hours wandering through the shops and looking upon hundreds of sweet, innocent-looking (and God alone knows how many are really innocent!) boyish faces, hard, villainous, and murderous countenances of the utterly depraved, one feels that one's day of *pleasure* has been a "fraud," and longs once more to see the outside.

Would space and time permit, I could recall to the reader many a character well known in the world of crime, such as Brockway, the forger, ex-Sergeant Crowley, Walter Allen, the one-time man-about-town; Hungry Joe, the man who at one time was after men-about-town, and many others from all the walks and professions of life, except one — the actors'. Out of the fifteen hundred and fifty-two convicts we discovered not one from the glorious profession which is second to none in entertaining and instructing the world. Before leaving the prison, we, rather awkwardly, I am afraid, inquire if we may see the different modes of punishment, to which we receive the candid reply: "Yes—and try them, if you wish. There are only two — the dark cell and the weighing machine." Well we try the dark cell first. Talk about Erebus! why, old "Ere" isn't a copper on it. The complete sense of goneness is startling, and after two minutes we are very glad to get some "light on the subject." Yet men have been known to hold out for thirty-five days and nights before they weakened. Next comes the "weighing machine." This is an apparatus invented by the present chief keeper, and consists of two upright beams, about two feet apart, with a groove cut in the inner side, in which slides up and down, at the convenience of the punisher, a plain oak board — dimensions, two by three feet—in the centre of which is an iron hook. The culprit is handcuffed as tightly as possible, and the middle link of the chain connecting the handcuffs is placed on the hook, and then the weighing begins. The board is pushed up until the convict is lifted from the ground, and by the aid of a large club, which the keeper uses, if necessary, the hands are kept open. All the strain comes upon the wrist, and although the pain is intense, yet no permanent injury can possibly result. The keeper remarked: "I *should* call that the 'doctor,' for it has cured more cases of blindness and rheumatism, by one application, than you could count, and the disease never returns. Men who have been so unruly that nothing could be done with them, after once being 'weighed,' never are complained of again; and no man has ever been found to try it longer than three-quarters of a minute." One of *our* party tried it, and I think in about the thousandth part of a second I was (did I say I? Well, I did) more than satisfied.

This wound up our sight-seeing, and thanking warden and keeper for their hospitality (which, thank Heaven, was not *pressing*), we shook from our feet the dust of Sing Sing Prison.

Robert Hilliard

JEANETTE.

A rock lies in the road,
A rock with mosses green,
Framed in with bowers of wildwood flowers,
The sweetest ever seen.
Far from the city's discontent,
It seems a rustic monument.
And here, when no one else is by,
We often meet, Jeanette and I.

A rock lies in the road—
It is her father's will.
Look, you can see his old roof-tree
Far upward on the hill.
He wishes her to wed, for gold,
His crabbed neighbor, rich and old.
But, ah! He has not won her yet,
Has he, my beautiful Jeanette?

A rock lies in the road—
She sees it from afar.
Oh! sweetheart with the sapphire eyes,
How lovable you are!
The buttercups that gem the field
Before your dainty footsteps yield,
And seem to whisper to the grass
To note your beauty ere you pass.

A rock lies in the road.
Ah, no! it is a throne;
For Love, the monarch of the world,
Has made it all his own.
Here, 'neath the network of the boughs,
Do we repeat our tender vows,
That story of affection true,
So very old, so very new!

A rock lies in the road,
And here shall we be wed,
E'en while the echoing woodland choir
Wakes music overhead.
Fortune, I pray, befriend me still,
And turn her father's rugged will;
For life would be one long regret
Without my beautiful Jeanette!

Edward E. Ridder

SELF-RELIANCE.

NO one ever amounted to anything in any position in life who was not self-reliant. If you intend to depend upon the advice and aid of your friends all your life, it would be well for you to die early, before your friends become too sick and tired of you to even attend your funeral. Self-reliance, hand in hand with integrity and industry, is bound to win in the end. I despise a man who is always deliberating—not whether he is right or wrong, but what Mr. So-and-So will say of his actions. Lay out your road carefully, conscientiously (being careful always not to trespass on your neighbor's ground), and then plod along. Let those who walk in different roads jeer if they will. The man who laughs at one who starts on a road of his own making, wastes just so much valuable time, and by holding your peace and steadily moving on, you will distance him just so far, while he is wasting his time in criticising your movements. Remember the winning horse is seldom the one that starts best. Don't be afraid to originate. An ape can copy, but it takes intellect and study to originate; and if we all keep going on in the same old ruts, we will be little better than puppets that are worked by the master-mind of some of our ancestors, who originated what was suited to their time and age, but which may be totally unfit to suit our demands or conditions. It is best not to waste time listening to "advisers." Advice is cheap, but the man who is most ready to give you advice is seldom successful or prosperous in his own undertakings. Yet it is always wise to hearken to the experiences of others who have traveled over the country in which you lay your road. They can warn you of many a pitfall and slough, and it is a fool who does not respect the experiences of age, or stubbornly shuts his ears when a friend cries "Danger ahead." Follow no man's advice unless it agrees with your own good sense and judgment. Think for yourself—that is why the great Ruler created every being with brains of his own. If you do the best you can, but find after faithful labor, that with all your care and planning, you are on the wrong track, don't be too proud to go back.

Never seek for happiness in throngs and dissipation. Happiness shuns crowds. There is more true pleasure in a ten-minute chat with some congenial friend than in ten hours carousal in a throng of "pleasure-seekers." Keep your eyes about you, and when you see some poor fellow struggling to carry a load beyond his strength, give him a lift if you can; but watch that you yourself do not try to carry more than you are able, else some one may need to come to your aid, and although it is a pleasure to give aid, it is often humiliating to be obliged to receive it. Be respectful to those you have dealings with, but do not cringe to any one, for the mask of hypocrisy falls off at last and the true face is discovered. Avoid double dealing. Be yourself at all times. If you are honest in all things, you will never fear to look your fellow-man in the face, and if you watch the experiences of those about you, you can easily discover that deceit brings swift and sure punishment.

Ollie Akerstrom

JULIA DEAN'S WAGS.

AT Christmas-time it is our privilege to indulge the imagination, and to call up many memories and many thoughts. The figure that just now presents himself is the venerable Samuel Johnson, LL.D., that terrific saint and conversational athlete of the last century. He is rushing forth from the porch of his quaint old house, Bolt Court, London. He bears in his extended hand a formidable horse-pistol, at full cock, and pointing to a fugitive youth in the distance, he calls out at the top of his voice, "Stop thief!" The target at which he aims is a guilty punster who has been making a play upon words, knowing that Dr. Johnson had publicly decreed that any man who would make a pun would pick a pocket. And it was the old lawgiver's ferocious scowl which had hurried the offender into Fleet Street. Surcharged with such indignation over one pun, it occurs to me to ask, What would the Colossus have done with the banditti of hardened punsters who made the residence of the late Julia Dean their headquarters and factory for the issue of their contraband wares? Julia Dean had *so* far advanced from her condition—that of a wild western débutante at the Bowery Theatre—as to be able to have her own elegant residence in Twenty-ninth Street, where her generous and affectionate hospitality harbored the Dean tribe in numbers.

The main social sport was the semi-barbarous and ferocious pursuit of culpable words which admitted of double construction in the shape of conundrums. They were most merciless in their nature, and it seems like rousing the dead from their slumbers and to show them in their fearful habit as they lived. The grossest outrage ever imposed on the company—and they were all theatre-goers when puns were a main part of the staple of small stage jokers—which I was surprised to see them bear with tranquillity and without exhibition of temper. One course of the guilty author was to name the one word which would summarize an excursion, a steamboat, an explosion, in which the principal figure was a scalded Hebrew. This, which is here stated so briefly, in the manipulation of the cunning conundrumite, employed a full half hour in the recital, including a preliminary history of the steamboat, the diagram of the boiler, and sketches of the Twelve Tribes. To come to the point: The infamous answer was, "A Ju-bilee." It is mortifying to have to state that the worse than boodler for Sing Sing who engineered this criminal atrocity was a dramatist.

It is to be hoped that no inference will be drawn to the prejudice of the select company assembled at Miss Dean's that on its hidden meaning being opened to them they all burst into a forty-horse laugh, Julia appearing in the lead and taking the honors of a Maud S. in her most charming equine guffaw.

Cornelius Mathews.

"Bright Blue Eyes" Waltz

Composed by

Rudolph Aronson.

Copyright, 1887, by Rudolph Aronson, N. Y.

THE DANCING-MASTER.

I HAD been dining with some friends, and in the course of the evening the mistress of the house said to me:

"Do you often go to the Opera?"

"Yes, very often."

"And behind the scenes?"

"Yes, behind the scenes."

"Then you might do me a service. There is an excellent man named Morin in the ballet—quite a proper man, it appears. He is dancing-master to the little B's. He gives admirable lessons. I should like to have him for my girls. Will you ask him if he could come twice a week?"

I willingly undertook this delicate mission.

The next day, February 1, 1881, about ten o'clock I arrived at the Opera, and went behind the scenes to look after Morin. They were playing "The Prophet." The third act had just begun On the stage the anabaptists were singing furiously. The axes were lifted over the heads of a heap of wretched prisoners—barons, bishops, monks, and great ladies. In the wings all the ladies of the ballet were waiting, poised on their skates, the moment to slide over the ice. I respectfully asked one of the Westphalians to put me in communication with the person named Morin.

"Morin," she replied; "he is not among the skaters. Look, he is on the stage; that is he playing the bishop: you see that bishop that is being pulled about and hustled. Wait, he will come off in a few seconds."

One of the anabaptists in chief intervened, and declared that those nobles and priests who could pay a ransom ought to be spared. So Morin's life was spared, and I had the honor of being presented to him by the little Westphalian.

He looked altogether venerable with his long gray beard and his fine violet robe embroidered with a large pastoral cross. While he was putting in order his costume, which those fanatical anabaptists had sadly pulled about, I asked him if he would consent to give some lessons to two young girls of the best society.

The pious bishop accepted with enthusiasm. His price was two dollars an hour.

Meanwhile the little skaters had gone on the stage and were sliding about in an extravagant fashion. The wings had suddenly become calm and silent, and so monseigneur and myself fell into a little familiar conversation.

"Yes, sir," said the bishop, "I give dancing lessons; I have some excellent pupils amongst the nobility and amongst the aristocracy of finance. I must not complain—and yet, it must be allowed that formerly things went on better, much better. Dancing is disappearing, sir, disappearing."

"Is it possible?"

"Yes, just as I have the honor of telling you. The women still learn to dance; but the young men, not at all. Baccarat, horse-racing and the minor theatres take up all their time. And the Government is not a little to blame."

"How so?"

"Recently the minister revised the University programmes of study. He made certain things obligatory—modern languages, for instance. I do not blame him; the study of modern languages presents great advantages; but dancing, sir—nothing has been done for dancing; and dancing is what ought to have been made obligatory before everything else. There ought to be a professor of dancing in every school, a training-school for dancing masters, diplomas, competitive examinations. People ought to compose in dancing as they compose in Greek and Latin. Dancing, too, is a language, and a language that every well-educated man ought to know how to speak. Well! do you know how matters stand to-day? Why, in diplomacy posts are given to men who cannot go through the figures of a quadrille, and who are incapable of waltzing for two minutes together. They feel that their education is incomplete. The other day a young man came to see me—a man of great merit, it appears, except as regards dancing. He had just been appointed secretary to an important embassy. And he had never danced in his life—never, sir, never! You can hardly believe it, and yet it is so. The poor fellow did not even know what a quadrille is. And that is the kind of secretaries the Government chooses. Oh! this beard is suffocating me."

"Certainly, certainly!"

He took off his gray beard. He then looked much less venerable. He continued:

"So I said to that young man, 'We will try what can be done; but the task will not be easy.' A man can hardly begin to learn dancing at twenty-eight. However, I took the awkwardness out of him as much as I could. I only had a fortnight to do it in. I begged him to put off his departure—to obtain a delay of three or four months. I might have made something of him then. But he would not stay. He went away without knowing anything. I often think of him. He is going to be our representative in a foreign country; he will represent us very badly; he will not do honor to his country.

"Remark, I pray you, that he may be called upon to figure in some gala quadrille, to dance, for instance, with an archduchess. Well, he will make a pretty mess of it with his archduchess! All this is painful! I am a republican, sir, a republican of long standing; and it is cruel to think that the Republic is represented by diplomatists who don't know the difference between a polka and a waltz. What do people say at the foreign courts? 'Why, what are those savages that France sends us?' There, that is what they say! The members of the diplomatic service were not brilliant under the Empire, oh, no! Those gentlemen put their foot into it often enough—but at any rate, they knew how to dance!"

And my excellent bishop, seeing that I was listening to him with much interest, continued his brilliant improvisation.

"Dancing, sir, is not only a pleasure and an amusement—it is a great social interest. For instance, the question of marriage is closely connected with that of dancing. At present, marriage is not active in France; that is shown by statistics. Well, I am convinced that if marriages are less frequent, it is because dancing is less frequent than it used to be. Consider, first of all, that to know how to dance well, very well, gives an agreeable young man without fortune a real position in society. One of my pupils, sir, recently made an admirable marriage. He was a very ordinary fellow, who had tried everything and succeeded in nothing; but he was a first-class waltzer, and carried off a dowry of two millions simply by the strength of his wrist."

"Two millions!"

"Yes, two millions, and two millions unencumbered; an orphan, neither father nor mother—all that a man could dream. He took hold of that young person—she was very fat—well, she felt herself like a feather in his hands. She thought of nothing but waltzing with him. She was mad about him. He introduced her to new sensations. And what do women desire above everything else? To feel new sensations. Finally she refused marquises, counts, and millionaires. She would not have any one but him. She had him, and he had not a cent, and his name was Durand. Ah! you must not repeat his name; I ought not to have told it to you."

"Do not be alarmed."

"After all, it does not matter if you do repeat it, Durand is such a common name. There is an interest of state in marriages of inclination between a rich girl and a poor man, or a rich man and a poor girl. It makes money move, and prevents it from remaining in the same place; it conduces to the circulation of capital. Well, formerly three-fourths of the marriages of inclination were brought about by dancing. Nowadays the young people have brief interviews in parlors, museums, at the Opera-Comique. They chat; that is all very well, but chatting is not enough. Intelligence is something, but it is not everything. A turn in a waltz furnishes much information that conversation does not give. Nowadays the dressmakers are desperately clever. They efface this, and render prominent that; they straighten stooping figures; they give fullness and rotundity to the lean; they will manufacture hips, shoulders, and everything—you no longer know what to trust. Science has made such progress! The eye may be deceived, but the hand of the practiced dancer never! A waltzer of any tact will know how to arrive at the real truth about things."

"Oh! oh!"

"And yet remain perfectly correct, sir, and perfectly reserved. I myself, for instance—I owe my happiness to waltzing. At that time Madame Morin was not yet Madame Morin. I was fluttering about her, but I hesitated. She appeared to me thin—and I confess candidly that it did not enter into my ideas to marry a thin woman. You know, everybody makes his own little plans. I was hesitating, then, when one night at the wedding of one of my friends—a very capable man, who is now assistant chief in one of the departments at the Ministry of Public Worship—a ball was improvised. I invited for the first waltz the one who was destined to be my companion for life. I at once felt in my hand a delicious waist, one of those waists that are at the same time full and melting, and as I waltzed, I said to myself, transported with joy: 'She is a pseudo-thin woman! a pseudo-thin woman!' I led her back to her place, after the waltz, and immediately went and asked her in marriage of her mother. I was accepted. For the past fourteen years I have been the happiest of men. I should not, perhaps, have made this marriage if I had not known how to waltz. You see, sir, the consequence of waltzing?"

"Perfectly."

"And that is not all, sir. Thanks to dancing, you cannot only form a judgment as to the charms of a woman, the richness of her bust, the suppleness of her figure; you may also, by a turn of waltzing, sharply danced, make a woman pass a little examination in health and constitution. I remember one night, a dozen years ago, at the old opera-house in the Rue Lepeletier, I was in the wings waiting for my cue. Two subscribers were chatting near me. One of the gentlemen was an old pupil of mine. I have had so many pupils! Unintentionally I happened to overhear scraps of the conversation, and these two phrases struck my ear: 'Well, have you made up your mind?' 'Really,' replied my former pupil, 'I find her very agreeable, but they say that her chest is weak.'

"Then, sir, I did a thing that I would not have done on any ordinary occasion. I asked pardon for having overheard the conversation, and said to my pupil: 'I presume you were talking about a marriage. Will you allow me to give you a piece of advice—advice derived from the exercise of my own profession? Is the young person allowed to waltz?' You know, some mothers will not allow their daughters to waltz——"

"Yes, I know."

"My pupil replied: 'Yes, she is allowed to waltz.' 'Well then, sir,' I said to him, 'this is what you must do. I know your worth; you have a good leg, strong shoulders, and a good wind. Make this young person waltz for five minutes without giving her time to say *ouf!* If she says to you 'Enough, sir; enough!' you must reply, vaguely: 'Oh! no, mademoiselle! another turn!' You must seem to be ravished to waltz with her. She will think you have been smitten with a dancing frenzy, as in 'Gizelle.' That will flatter her, even if it chokes her. And after five good minutes at high pressure, stop suddenly, and leaning a little upon a shoulder, in ecstasy — the waltz authorizes those positions—listen to the breathing in her back. If the respiration makes a noise like a pair of bellows, do not marry her; but if you hear nothing, marry her by all means!'"

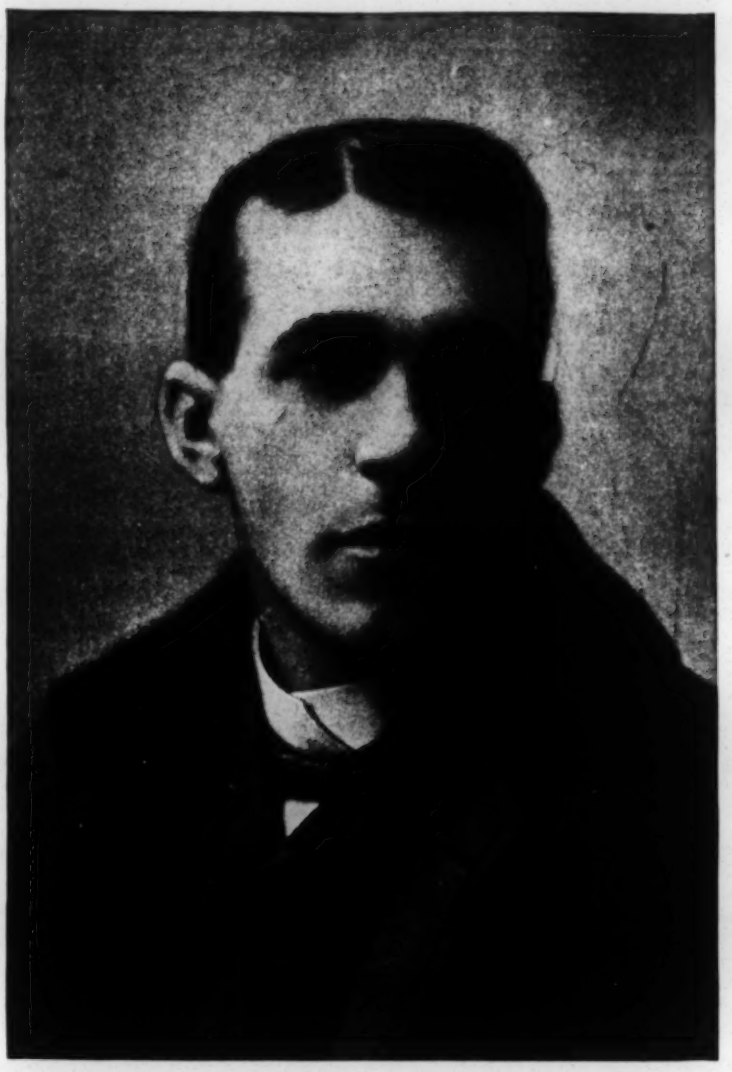
Our interesting conversation had arrived at this point when the ballet ended, and I and my bishop were assailed by a regular whirlwind of skaters; and my little Westphalian, finding me again in the exact spot where she had left me:

"Ah! ah!" she said to me, "do you come to the Opera to confess your sins? Give him absolution, Morin, and give him up to me. Come, let us go into the green-room."

She took my arm and we went off together, while the excellent Morin, with the gravity and dignity of his sacerdotal robes, bore up against the shock of that avalanche of ballet girls.

From the French of Ludovic Halevy, by

Clarence Warn



E. H. VAN VEGHTEN.

THE THEATRICAL CENTRE-BOARD.

MISS C., the leading lady of a prominent stock company, is celebrated among other things for her persistence in taking the centre of the stage at all times and in all conceivable situations. This practice, it is scarcely necessary to say, does not meet with the approval of her associates.

One day at rehearsal the actress was late, and the stage-manager fumed because the piece could not go on without her. The players provided for the emergency by making a chalk-mark exactly in the middle of the boards and acting around that.

One of them amused the company by relating to them a dream he had the other night, in which Miss C. was seen applying for entrance at the gate of heaven.

"Who is it?" asked Peter, jingling his keys.

"Miss C," replied the actress, suavely.

"What do you want?"

"The centre, please!"

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GREETING.

FAITHFUL to its name and character, THE MIRROR at Christmastide admits and reflects the light of a brilliant constellation of contributors. Many of the brightest and skilfullest writers among the votaries of the stage have combined with noted critics, poets, and newspaper writers to fill these pages with cheerful and varied entertainment. There is spread out between the covers of this holiday issue a bounteous feast, "of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy."

Without subjecting ourselves to the charge of vanity, we may be permitted to say that the Christmas Number which THE MIRROR sends forth to its readers in this Year of Grace Eighteen-Hundred-and-Eighty-Seven is fit to be ranked as the most notable of our series, in respect to literary attractiveness, pictorial excellence, and typographical beauty.

The Present is the fruition of the Past, the promise of the Future. As Time rolls his ceaseless course we intend to sustain the record for steady progress.

The fact that the American dramatic profession possesses and generously maintains a journal having the large circulation, influence, and authority enjoyed by THE MIRROR is itself an eloquent tribute to the augmented stability and importance of the Theatre, both artistically and commercially considered. Had any one ventured a quarter of a century ago to predict the advent and success of such an organ, he would undoubtedly have courted ridicule. Born at the dawn of a new and revolutionary theatrical era, and assuming from the first a responsible position in the field, THE MIRROR for a decade has played a leading part in every important movement looking to the improvement and benefit of play and player.

With the steady growth of the drama in the public regard the growth of this paper has kept even pace. The foes of the playhouse diminish with every passing season; the friends multiply proportionately. In every section of the country the latter are immensely in the majority. A single example may be cited in the case of Puritan New England, which has become one of the most profitable theatrical territories in the United States.

As the old dramatist aptly says, plays are "mirrors or glasses which none but deformed faces and fouler consciences fear to look into." Enlightenment's torch sheds its searching rays into every dark recess of the human mind, and banishes the hideous goblins spawned there by bigotry and ignorance.

The year now closing has been marked by signal prosperity in the dramatic world. The worthier forms of the drama have found gratifying encouragement while several incidents of unique character and significance have diversified the new season. The cause of American dramatic authorship has not been permitted to languish; several good plays by native writers are securing native approval and support. The list is small, but it is nevertheless encouraging. Not content with supplying our own stage with excellent material, we have had the audacity to send a number of pieces to London—where there is a play-famine—and, wonder of wonders!—our transatlantic cousins have received them with wholesome gratitude and appreciation, and invited more Yankee invasions of a similar description. The rights of American play-owners are now more secure than they have ever been, owing to the war of extermination instituted by this journal against the hordes of play-pirates that formerly thieved without fear of interference or exposure. Before another Christmas comes round we hope to announce an act of legislation by the Federal Government which will completely and forever end the unlawful appropriation of copyrighted plays in this country.

In view of all that the past twelvemonth has brought forth, professionals in this holiday time will heartily partake of its good cheer. The compliments of the season are never trite when they are offered sincerely and with good feeling. It is in that spirit that THE MIRROR again wishes its friends and readers everywhere a very Merrie Christmas and a truly Happy New Year!

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

MR. A. M. PALMER.

A SPEAKING portrait of Mr. A. M. Palmer, Manager of the Madison Square Theatre, appears on the last page of the cover of this number. We know that every reader of THE MIRROR will be glad to possess this admirable picture of the foremost American manager. Surrounding it are the names of the famous productions that have characterized this gentleman's seventeen years of successful metropolitan management. What radiant memories of brilliant first-nights, superb histrionic achievements and long "runs" the mere mention of the names of these plays arouse! No manager of a stock company in the world has had so few failures, so many successes, as A. M. Palmer. Why? Because, for one thing, he has not followed the speculative channel; he has not bought pigs in pokes, or acted on the principle that luck is the same in management as in roulette. He has followed in nobody's wake, but while shrewdly observing the current of public taste, he has preserved a characteristic and judicious independence in catering to it. Mr. Palmer is peculiarly qualified to direct a playhouse, possessing a complete and practical knowledge of all its departments. His taste and skill in the selection of plays are proverbial. A ripe scholar, his large acquaintance with literature, classic and contemporaneous, enables him to view the material submitted for his approval with a calmly critical eye. As a literary analyst he has few superiors. Besides knowing plays he knows his public, and is able to decide with marvelous accuracy, after the æsthetic value of a work is once adjudged, whether it will meet with popular acceptance. "There are many plays," said he the other day, "that can be logically defended against criticism, but a manager cannot argue a play into success. The independent impressions of the audience are the final and vital test." Mr. Palmer holds that it is the purpose of the theatre to give entertainment to men and women. That is its primary object. The conveyance of a moral truth or the enlargement of human knowledge by the dramatic medium is only secondary and incidental. He believes that it is for amusement, and for amusement solely, that the public resort to the theatre, and it is the function of the manager to supply this demand in as artistic and refined a manner as the state of the public taste will allow. Mr. Palmer drills and rehearses his company for every new production. In this he admittedly stands at the head of every one of the managers that personally direct the preparatory work of their organizations. He furthermore supervises the business department of the theatre and the tone that pervades it is faultless. The Madison Square is a playhouse to which well-bred people may go and find a well-bred atmosphere. It is our model stock-theatre. In all its departments and belongings the dignity and ability of its master-spirit prevail. The retirement of Mr. Wallack gives Mr. Palmer the nominal as well as the actual managerial pre-eminence. His shrewd judgment often leads him into supplementary enterprises of an important character, but never to the neglect of his chief interest, the Madison Square. Mr. Palmer is a charitable man, and his private as well as his public life has been marked by many good and noble deeds. Socially considered, he ranks among New York's most respected and distinguished citizens. He is the president of the Actors' Fund, in whose work he takes a heartfelt, unselfish interest, and he fills the responsible office with firmness and dignity. He is an officer of the Goethe Club, and is connected with several other leading clubs and benevolent organizations. The profession has reason to be proud of such a broad and gifted man as A. M. Palmer.

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MISS KITTY CHEATHAM.

MISS KITTY CHEATHAM, a new recruit to the Casino opera forces, is a Southern belle. She hails from Nashville, and comes of a well-known Tennessee family. She is a relative of General Cheatham, a distinguished officer of the Confederate Army. Before going upon the professional boards, Miss Cheatham was well known through the South as an amateur actress and singer, and was a favorite in society. Her first professional experience was with "The Professor," which had been converted into a musical comedy. Later she attracted the attention of Manager John A. McCaull, who engaged her for one of his opera companies. Miss Cheatham remained with Manager McCaull one season, and was then engaged by Manager Rudolph Aronson for the Casino. She is now appearing in a principal rôle in "Erminie," and is a member of the company that recently entered upon a two months' engagement in Philadelphia. Miss Cheatham is a remarkably handsome young woman, and a fine vocalist, and at the same time possesses a goodly share of dramatic ability.

* * *

MISS KITTIE RHOADES.

FOR some seasons Miss Kittie Rhoades has been a very popular star in the Middle States. Miss Rhoades plays in a repertoire of wide range. She travels over a circuit in which she has gained great popularity, and her advent is looked forward to with eager delight as the seasons roll round. The lady has had but a brief stage career, but it has been very successful, and she is already the possessor of a modest competence. She gained her present position after a short but sharp struggle with the Fates. Early in life she developed an aptitude for the painter's art, and in this she was encouraged by her parents and friends; but in the midst of her studies she was seized with a desire to become an actress. Nothing could change her purpose, and her parents gave reluctant consent to their daughter entering a new path in life. Miss Rhoades is a native of Auburn, N. Y. Recently she purchased a farm a few miles outside the city. It is the permanent home of her parents and her own summer abiding-place.

* * *

MISS SIBYL JOHNSTONE.

SIBYL JOHNSTONE is a handsome woman with a facility of vocal and facial expression that is pleasing in these days when repressed nothingness is sought after and achieved by so many actresses in the "society" play. Miss Johnstone is an actress equipped with the power of expressing the emotions that her parts demand. She is tall and graceful; her figure is excellent and her features are very attractive. Miss Johnstone created one of the leading rôles in "The Henrietta" at the Union Square Theatre, and is still appearing in that remarkably brilliant and successful comedy. Her part is semi-serious, and it is an evidence of her skill and good taste that she manages it so that it is effective amid its merry surroundings. Miss Johnstone is under engagement to Messrs. Robson and Crane for two years. Last year she played the title-rôle in "Clio" with gratifying success.

* * *

MISS SYDNEY ARMSTRONG.

WHEN ambition and ability are united in an aspirant to stage honors, preferment is sometimes rapid. Miss Sydney Armstrong possesses this enviable equipment, and her progress has been exceptional. When it is stated that she has been before the public only three or four years, and that her aims have had no other assistance than her own perseverance, earnestness, and intelligence, it must be admitted that her present *status* among the few accomplished young leading women of the day has been honestly and creditably earned. Miss Armstrong is gifted with intellectual acuteness as well as industry and energy. She is not a copyist in any sense of the word; she thinks for herself, and in consequence her impersonations bear the stamp of freshness and untrammeled originality. Miss Armstrong made a genuine success in the cities she visited last season with the company playing "Hoodman Blind." Her performance of the twin rôles Nance and Jess was commended by the critics and applauded by the public. At the beginning of this season she acted with Mr. Joseph Haworth in "Rosedale," and was to have been seen in Ophelia and other standard parts. Owing to the failure of the management, the tour came to an early termination, and the actress has since been disengaged.

* * *

MR. ROBERT DOWNING.

MR. ROBERT DOWNING is now firmly established as a star in the firmament of tragedy. Nature has liberally endowed him in respect to physique and voice, and he presents a fine stage picture in the title-rôle of "Spartacus, the Gladiator," in which he has made his greatest success as a star. He is now in his second season as a stellar attraction, and is making careful additions to his repertoire. Recently he bought the play "St. Marc" from Mrs. E. L. Davenport. In this drama Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Davenport shone conspicuously. "Julius Cæsar" is another addition to the repertoire. At the sale of McCullough's effects Mr. Downing was a large purchaser. The young actor has in him the stuff of which tragedians are made. Although on the sunny side of thirty-five, he has attended the school of stage experience for many seasons. As a leading man he has been seen in the support of such stars as Mr. Joseph Jefferson and Miss Mary Anderson. Much of Mr. Downing's success is due to the shrewd business tact of his manager and partner, Mr. Joseph H. Mack.

* * *

E. H. VAN VEGHTEN.

MR. E. H. VAN VEGHTEN is to star under the direction of Mr. M. F. Dallett, of Philadelphia, with John F. Harley as manager. His reputation in comic opera is well established. At the outset of his professional career he filled engagements in the companies of Miss Fay Templeton and Miss Jeannie Winston. His services were then secured for two seasons by Col. John A. McCaull, and he was in the cast of "The Bat," "Prince Methusalem," "Beggar Student," and other operas presented at the New York Casino. Mr. Van Veghten is probably best known throughout the country as Lord Dolphin, in "The Little Tycoon," having acted that part with great success during the past two seasons. He is an excellent singing comedian, and his popularity is fully deserved. A good portrait of him will be found on another page.

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CHRISTMAS REFLECTIONS.

CHRISTMAS is celebrated variously, according to place and circumstances, by the members of the dramatic profession. It is a day of double duty for those that are fulfilling engagements, the extra matinee and the evening performance keeping the actors busy from noon until midnight. In the cartoon that ornaments the title page of this number of THE MIRROR our artist has depicted several characteristic and familiar incidents associated with the day. There is the company *en route* that are compelled to make their Christmas dinner on the uncertain *menu* of the railway restaurant. "Ten minutes for refreshments," is a cry that bodes ill for the digestion, and puts good-nature even on the merriest of all holidays to the severest test. There is the star in her dressing-room, before the evening performance, just receiving presents and welcome letters from the loved ones at home. There are the jovial painters and the sky-lifters in "heaven;" *i.e.* the "flies," enjoying some savory punch and pledging good health and prosperity for the New Year. There is "Uncle Ben," the Actors' Fund's own inimitable Santa Claus, burdened down with good things for the invalid actor and his poor family, who find reason to rejoice because the world—or at least the professional part of it—is not selfish or oblivious. And then there is the box-office Christmas, with the dapper ticket-seller ineffectually trying to attend to the wants of fifty patrons—each one of whom demands a seat on the "centre aisle, Row C."—at once. The combination manager observes the holiday rush with inward glee.

* * *

AT THE PLAY—1807—THE PARK BOX AND PIT.

WASHINGTON IRVING is still a good name on the Literary Exchange, and is always quoted at par on any occasion calling for a show of bonhomie and the festive spirit on the alert. Who can forget the plum-pudding passages in his glowing and toothsome descriptions of the celebration of Christmas Time in the jolly old fashion? His memory rises vividly if we will but look before us at the horseshoe the artist has wrought out. In that very horseshoe, a portion of which the artist shows, sat Irving in his youthful days or nights and booked the notes from which he wrote the theatre notices published in his brother's newspaper over the signature of Jonathan Old-style. You would have there seen, as in our picture, the fine old gentleman "all of the olden time," the prim maiden, seated in the pit and in the dress circle the best people of the town in their best clothes. Also in his record, bearing date March 20, 1807, when the great Thomas Cooper was on the old Park boards, there was a dude present who is thus theorized: "His hat was twitched a little on one side as much as to say, 'Demme, I'm your sorts,' he was sucking the end of a little stick; he was 'gemman' from head to foot; but as to his face there was no more expression in it than in the face of a Chinese lady on a tea-cup. On Cooper's giving one of his gunpowder explosions of passion, I exclaimed 'Fine, very fine.' 'Pardon me,' said my friend Snivers, 'that is damnable! the gesture, my dear sir, only look at the gesture! how horrible! do you not observe that the actor slaps his forehead? whereas the passion not having arrived at the proper height, he should have slapped his pocket flap.'"

THE ACTOR.

OH, man, with your wonderful dower!
Oh, woman, with genius and grace!
You can teach the whole world by your power,
If you are but worthy the place.
The stage is a force and a factor
In molding the thought of the day,
If only the heart of the actor
Is high as the theme of the play.

No discourse, no sermon can reach us
Through feeling to reason like you;
No author can stir us or teach us,
With lessons so subtle and true!
Your words and your gestures obeying,
We weep or rejoice with your part,
And the player behind all this playing,
He ought to be great as his art!

No matter what rôle you are giving,
No matter what skill you betray,
The everyday life you are living
Is certain to color the play.
The thoughts we call secret and hidden
Are creatures of malice in fact;
They steal forth unseen and unbidden,
And permeate motive and act.

The genius that shines like a comet,
Fills only one part of God's plan.
So the lesson the world derives from it
Is marred by the life of the man.
Be worthy your work if you love it,
The king should be fit for the crown;
Stand high as your art or above it,
And make us look up—and not down.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

NOTES.

MR. FREDERICK DE BELLEVILLE.

Mr. Frederick de Belleville, whose portrait is given above, is an actor of distinction. A Frenchman by birth—the son of a colonel in the army—he determined at an early age to adopt the stage. Having mastered the English language, he played in London and the English provinces. Mr. de Belleville went to Australia, where he appeared successfully, and from there came to the United States, acting first in San Francisco in 1880. Mr. A. M. Palmer saw him while on a visit to the Pacific Slope, and was so impressed that he offered Mr. de Belleville an engagement at the Union Square Theatre. Since he left Mr. Palmer's company he has been connected with several important stars, or "featured" at the head of a number of first-rate combinations. He toured successfully as Wilfrid Denver in "The Silver King," and other strong parts. At present he is appearing as Jack Yeulett in the popular melodrama "Hoodman Blind."

The Metropolitan Theatre at Oneonta, N. Y., has all the requisite facilities for first-class combinations.

Mr. Den Howe has won his spurs as a clever comedian, and recently undertook the stage management of the "Three Corners" company.

Mr. Clarence Montaine, for some time past with the Florences, has had a valuable histrionic experience in other first-class companies, and is also gifted with pencil and brush.

Alice Butler, who plays the title-rôle in "Evangeline," has become a very popular burlesquer. She is the veritable star of the burlesque. Miss Butler is a statuesque beauty.

Manager Phil H. Irving continues to direct the fortunes of Charles A. Gardner, the German dialect actor and singer. Mr. Irving's managerial tact has brought Mr. Gardner to the front.

Messrs. Green and Slater, the managers of Kellogg's Opera House at Charlotte, Mich., declare themselves ready to share with all good companies, but they offer no hospitality to poor ones.

Mr. G. Stuart Brodock has played Sam Bowler with Louis Aldrich's "My Partner" company all over the country, and the critics have frequently acknowledged the merit of his impersonation.

Mr. John F. Ward still continues on tour under the management of Mr. D. H. Wilson. Mr. Ward's performance of the part of Higgins, the servant, in "The Doctor," is an artistic triumph. The comedian has been doing well in the South and West.

In "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," Mr. Richard Mansfield has materially augmented his popularity *en tour*. His remarkable dual impersonation has been the theme of a score of pulpit discourses, while the hold it has taken everywhere on the public attention is remarkable.

Mr. George H. Adams, the well known pantomimist, has been identified with the spectacle "Zozo" for several seasons. He is starred in the piece, and is its principal attraction. Mr. Adams plays the comedy part of George Washington Knowall, which has become famous.

Mr. E. M. Gardiner is the directing head of three theatrical successes—Frank Mayo in "Nordeck," the well-known and ever-popular drama "Streets of New York," and "Zozo, the Magic Queen." Mr. Gardiner is a very industrious manager, and deserves his success.

The Noss Family is a popular musical attraction. Its concert entertainments increase in popularity with each season. The party numbers eight, all of one family. The purity of the entertainments, and their classical character as well, bids for and secures the most select patronage.

Mr Alfred Ayres has devoted many years to the subject of correct pronunciation and elocution. He has written books and essays about them, and his writings bear the impress of intellectual research and studious thought. Mr. Ayres teaches elocution and prepares pupils for the stage.

The date of the opening of Mr. Will J. Davis' New Haymarket Theatre, Chicago, is Dec. 24 (Christmas Eve), the original time set. It is situated in the most populous part of the city, and is a large, commodious and thoroughly equipped house. Mr. Thomas W. Keene, the tragedian, will be the opening attraction.

Manager E. V. Anglim is having a prosperous season at his Masonic Theatre, Nashville, Tenn. Thus far this season he has played some of the most popular attractions on the road, and the results have been very satisfactory to both resident and traveling managers. Manager Anglim ably directs the affairs of the Masonic.

Miss Amy Lee, the leading soubrette of Edward Harrigan's company, is very popular with the patrons of the New York Park Theatre. Miss Lee is now in her third season at the Park. She has been happily cast in the round of productions in which she has appeared, and is an industrious and brave little worker in all she undertakes.

The robes of tragedy fall gracefully from the shoulders of that sterling actress Mrs. Augusta Foster. Of late years Mrs. Foster has played leading heavy rôles for our greatest tragic stars. She is a handsome woman, of superb figure, and in certain rôles is a study for the sculptor. This season the lady is supporting Mr. Frederick Warde.

Mr. W. H. Power struck a bonanza when he purchased "The Ivy Leaf" from Con T. Murphy several years ago. He has since made a deal of money with this play on the Eastern and Western circuits. During his recent engagements at the Windsor Theatre and other New York houses, "The Ivy Leaf" drew crowded houses night after night.

Miss C. Daniels, just returned from abroad, is better known to our theatre-goers as Miss Carrie Daniels, and was last seen in this country in "Fun on the Bristol." Miss Daniels went to England to support John F. Sheridan in this skit, and remained there several years. Her success was marked wherever she appeared. The lady has settled down in New York as a teacher of elocution and voice culture.

The pride of Manager P. Harris is his Academy of Music, Baltimore. It is one of the largest and handsomest theatres in the country. Managers not caring to play over Mr. Harris' circuit can book at the Academy only. The popular-price circuit includes Louisville, Cincinnati, Pittsburgh, Baltimore and Washington. Good attractions are assured a profitable five weeks' business over this chain of theatres.

Miss Cora Van Tassel is this year shining with greater brilliancy than ever. She is a very popular actress in the West and South. Miss Van Tassel is giving a special production—largely spectacular—of "The Hidden Hand," doubling the rôles of Capitola Black and the street arab. The revived play in its new setting is a great success. Mr. Edwin Young is Miss Van Tassel's manager, and ably looks after her interests.

Mr. Frederick Warde never had a more prosperous season than the present, under the management of Hudson and O'Neil. The tragedian is now seen in his new play, "Gaston Cadol," and it takes a prominent place in his repertoire. Mr. Warde's annual engagements in Philadelphia are red letters in the record of the Academy of Music in that city, the vast auditorium being filled to overflowing at every performance.

The Carleton Opera Company is one of the few prosperous musical organizations touring the country. Mr W. T. Carleton's artistic powers and business acumen combine to fit him eminently for the direction of so large and excellent an organization. He mounts and casts his pieces in a manner that approaches the metropolitan standard, with the result that out-of-town lovers of operetta can see the best New York productions mounted in the New York style.

The name "Rhéa" is a talismanic dramatic trade-mark in the United States and the adjacent English dominions. Mlle. Rhéa is unquestionably one of the greatest stage favorites in this country. She is magnetic, and especially popular with theatre-goers of her own sex. Those who marvel at the great success of this charming foreigner need only be told of this fact, and they will at once divine the reason for her popularity; for when the ladies of the land give in their adherence, the sterner sex must follow.

Among the clever young women, who have risen to leading positions by virtue of their talent alone, Miss Mittens Willett is an example. This actress has acquitted herself worthily in parts of an exacting nature. Miss Willett began this season with Mrs. D. P. Bowers, but fired by a laudable ambition to enact rôles more important than those falling to the lot of one supporting a lady star, she resigned in the month of November, and consequently is at liberty.

Manager J. O. Milsom is the directing head of the handsome new theatre in the South. It is the Theatre Vendome, in Tennessee's capital, Nashville. It is patronized by the swelldom of Nashville; it is the house at which the high-priced attractions play. Manager Milsom lingeringly dwells upon the fact that managers who may not desire to play further South than Nashville can retrace their steps northward, westward, or eastward, as present railroad connections afford this opportunity.

The one vaudeville theatre in New York that is patronized by ladies is Tony Pastor's Fourteenth Street Theatre—the little bandbox next door to the Academy of Music. Mr. Pastor is very popular with the ladies. Eliminate the line "Tony Pastor at Every Performance" from the bill, and there would be a "beggarly array," etc. But Mr. Pastor does not claim to be the "whole show in himself;" he is the shrewdest of vaudeville caterers, and is always surrounded by a company of leading artists.

Louis James and Miss Marie Wainwright have reaped their share of the theatrical harvest this year. It matters little whether it be "Virginius," "Gretchen," "Hamlet," "Romeo and Juliet," "Ingomar," "Othello," "Much Ado about Nothing," or "Macbeth"—they seem to draw in whatever play they appear. The histrionic ability of Mr. and Mrs. James is certainly of a high order. Moreover, it is no small advantage to have such a worker as Mr. Gustave A. Mortimer to look after their managerial interests.

Next season Henry Greenwall will devote his entire time to the management of the Grand Opera House, New Orleans, which comes into his possession by lease on May 1st next. During next summer Manager Greenwall will thoroughly renovate the house and make many repairs. The enterprising manager is to be congratulated on securing this commodious theatre. It will aid him greatly in his theatrical interests in Texas. Manager Greenwall's son and partner, Edward Greenwall, will manage the firm's theatres in Galveston, Dallas and Houston.

Mr. Augustus Pitou, of managerial fame, has secured a corner in two "bright particular" stars—W. J. Scanlan and R. B. Mantell. Mr. Scanlan scintillates as an Irish comedian to large houses throughout the country in "Shane-na-Lawn" and "The Irish Minstrel." Mr. Mantell is one of our best romantic actors. He recently produced his new play "Monbars" with gratifying success. Mr. Pitou is confident of making a large sum of money for both stars. To judge from present indications the money-making chances of this triune combination are certainly auspicious.

An important factor in the field of the drama in the South is Mr. Frank P. O'Brien, manager of the Opera House at Birmingham, Ala. This city has made wonderful strides in the past few years, and Manager O'Brien has kept pace in providing amusement for this rapidly growing manufacturing centre. He is the projector of the large hotel adjoining his Opera House. The hotel, recently opened, is a boon to companies visiting Birmingham. Manager O'Brien is also the projector of a new opera house that will soon rear a handsome front in the growing manufacturing city of Anniston, in the same State.

For many seasons throughout the United States, it has been "Hail 'Fantasma!'" This gorgeous panorama of spectacle, pantomime, mechanical effects and costume is here to stay. It is in constant process of renewal at the brains and hands of those deft magicians of the stage, the Hanlon Brothers, so that with each succeeding season there comes a "New Fantasma." This season George, Edward and William Hanlon, the survivors of the famous six brothers, have revived their "Le Voyage en Suisse,"—aptly described as a "farcical comedy on wheels"—and it is little behind "Fantasma" in popularity and prosperity.

Harrigan's Park Theatre may, indeed, be called the home of the local drama. Mr. Edward Harrigan has won an enviable position as an American dramatist, and his reputation as a clever comedian is also well established. Mr. Dave Braham, his musical director, has probably introduced more catchy melodies, than any other composer of the day, while Mr. M. W. Hanley, his manager, possesses rare tact and shrewd business qualifications. "Pete," the current attraction, abounds in Mr. Harrigan's witty sayings, and the songs that Mr. Braham has furnished for this piece will soon be whistled from Maine to California.

The vocabulary is almost exhausted in framing any more sentences in praise of Miss Jennie Yeamans. It has long been conceded that she has few peers as a soubrette; there are those who say—and they are many—that she has none. She sings sweetly, and her dancing is the perfection of grace. The unique dresses she wears in Clay Greene's comedy, "Our Jennie," are of her own designing. She is very clever at this work. Miss Yeamans is the third daughter of Mrs. Annie Yeamans, the admirable "old woman" of Edward Harrigan's New York Park Theatre Company. She is now touring the country in "Our Jennie."

MR. T. D. FRAWLEY.

Mr. T. D. Frawley is a rising young leading man. He has been acting Steve in "May Blossom" during the present season, with flattering success, and has won golden opinions wherever the company has appeared. The naturalness of his histrionic methods has been the subject of special comment.

Quietly but determinedly Messrs. Knowles and Morris have raised their Grand Opera House to a point where it commands attention as the leading theatre in Brooklyn. Fair-dealing with both professionals and patrons, no doubt, has done much to effect this result; but experience, knowledge of the best managerial policy, and enterprise of an unremitting kind have also been important factors in the achievement. The Grand Opera House is handsome, capacious, and conveniently situated. It presents many of the leading attractions, and the bookings for the season serve as an example of the high standard that is maintained.

For many years past it has happened that, among the melodramas annually launched upon the uncertain theatrical sea, one has proved a pre-eminent success. This year Mr. Joseph Arthur's spirited piece, "The Still Alarm," is the lucky venture in the melodramatic class. In New York, where it was produced early last autumn and also in the places to which it has since been taken, the play has met with popular approval and generous support. Not a little of "The Still Alarm's" popularity is due to Mr. Harry Lacy, who acts the leading part very effectively, and to whom the credit of training the noble horses that are used in the representation is due.

"The Highest Bidder" was written a good many years ago, and it lay neglected until a few months past when it happily provided Mr. Edward H. Sothern with just the medium he required to enter the ranks of the stars. The best test of the play's success is found in the fact that it held the stage in New York during an entire summer—a time of year that is unfavorable to the box-office. The public out of town, too, rate "The Highest Bidder" as one of the most cheerful and diverting of comedies, and Mr. Sothern's tour with it is proving a source of profit to the management and rapidly growing favor to the actor himself. The latter is rising surely to an enviable place in his profession.

MISS EMMA R. STEINER.

Miss Emma R. Steiner, now musical conductor of one of the Bennett and Moulton Opera Companies, is a talented woman. She is one of the few lady leaders of orchestra in the land. In wielding the baton she is not a mere figurehead, as is the case with most of the others. Miss Steiner is a gifted musician, able to orchestrate, and to compose as well. She is the author of two operas and any number of musical gems.

For more than seven years Mrs. Rosa M. Leland has successfully managed the Leland Opera House at Albany. Her direction of the theatre and all the business appertaining to it is practical, not nominal. She books companies, makes terms, and personally supervises the details of running a first-rate place of amusement with a sagacity, cleverness and system that would command admiration even if she belonged to the sterner sex. Moreover, Mrs. Leland has shown how it is possible for a lady to manage a theatre prosperously and at the same time to fulfill the manifold duties devolving upon one that occupies an enviable social position in two communities. Mrs. Leland divides her time between this city and Albany. She is noted for her amiability and her unostentatious charity.

The popular young comedian, Roland Reed, comes of a theatrical family. His father, now in the eighties, has attended to candles, lamps, gas and electricity—as improved lighting came into use—during the last sixty-five years. It is possible that the young comedian cannot remember his début, for several of "Pop" Reed's children first blinked at the footlights as babies. They were numerous, but the supply was not always equal to the demand. Roland Reed is now in his sixth annual starring tour. He is a legitimate comedian, and appears in American comedies by American authors. He has been especially successful this season in "The Woman Hater," written for the late John T. Raymond by David D. Lloyd. "Cheek," "Humbug" and "Quack, M. D.," are his other plays.

The Mosstype portraits used in this number were manufactured by the Moss Engraving Company, which has made remarkable progress latterly in engraving accurate plates direct from photographs. The first-page cartoon, the illustrations of Mr. Boucicault's "Shakspere & Co.," and other pictures, were engraved by Mr. Ben Day, at whose studio the best fac-similes in America of pen-and-ink drawings are turned out. The handsome paper used for this edition was specially manufactured for The Mirror by Messrs. Henry Lindemeyer & Company. The Ogden Press, of which Mr. G. Wotherspoon is the proprietor, designed and executed the novel lithographic cover. The typography and press-work were done in the fine printing establishment of Messrs. J. J. Little & Company, of Astor Place.

The Casino is the only permanent home of light opera in the metropolis, and New Yorkers have ample reason to feel proud of it. The beautiful Moresque edifice is a splendid monument to the young men whose energy, enterprise and brains brought it into existence. Its appointments are well nigh perfect and strangers invariably visit it among the many points of interest in the capital city. The stage department, under the capable direction of Mr. Rudolph Aronson, is wondrously complete in every detail. Here operetta is seen under the brightest, gayest auspices. The company is composed of the best procurable artists in this branch of amusement. The director has an invaluable associate in Mr. Edward Aronson, who superintends the multifarious matters of moment appertaining to the front of the house, with skill and courtesy.

For a long time the name of Bunnell has been identified with amusements in this country and abroad. One of the most important undertakings in the busy career of George B. Bunnell is his recent assumption of the management of the Hyperion Theatre (late Carll's Opera House), New Haven. It is one of the largest and finest theatres in the country, and easily surpasses any house on the New England circuit. The great attractions of the amusement world favor this house with engagements. The theatre-goers of New Haven have great confidence in Manager Bunnell, and give him liberal patronage. He is also manager of Bunnell's Grand Opera House in that city. It is a haven for the minor attractions, and is a mint o' money. Mr. Bunnell's latest undertaking is the management of the Olde London Streetes, in New York City, where he has retained the best of the old programme and introduced many novelties.

One of the most fascinating queens of the comic opera stage is Corinne, the star of the Kimball Opera Comique and Burlesque Company, under the direction of Miss Jennie Kimball. As a prima donna and comedienne in miniature, Corinne has long held undisputed sway. After running the gamut of comic opera, the little lady has launched into burlesque, and her success has been greater than ever. She has become identified with the mischievous pranks of Tom-Tom, the Piper's Son in Gill's burlesque, "Arcadia," and so great is her fame in this rôle, that the largest theatres will not hold the crowds that come to see her. For her sword dance, the Boston Caledonian Club recently presented her with a diamond medal. The presents she receives during a season would make up a small fortune. Miss Kimball has now in preparation the burlesque "Monte Cristo, Jr.," in which Corinne will play the title-rôle. The success of Corinne is due to the able management of Miss Kimball. Next season this untiring business woman will have a hand in the direction of half a dozen important amusement enterprises.

It is just twenty years ago that Milton Nobles made his first professional appearance, at Leavenworth, Kansas. He then underwent an excellent training, playing in various stock companies, East and West. During the season of 1873-74, he was the leading man of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, and the following year he acted in the same capacity at Wood's, Philadelphia. His pen has been prolific. "From Sire to Son" his latest composition, is said to be the best play that Milton Nobles has ever written, and one which can claim more originality of plot and action than most of the American plays produced in the last decade. It is a story of Western life; two acts occur on the Californian coast, and the concluding ones in Europe. There is a happy mixture of humorous and dramatic episodes, and the performance invariably maintains the interest of the audience to the end of the last act. Mr. Nobles is particularly strong in his impersonation of Alfred Armytage. He invests the part of the reformed gambler with genuine human interest, and has been the recipient of enthusiastic applause wherever he has appeared in this piece. Dolly Nobles, his talented wife, has a dual rôle in "From Sire to Son."

For some time the Editor of The Mirror has recognized the fact that the theatrical profession would be greatly benefited by the publication of a dramatic year book. After due deliberation, it was decided to issue an Annual for 1888, which should not only be a valuable and trustworthy record of dramatic occurrences in 1887, but also contain a theatrical directory, giving the names, permanent address, and line of parts, of all actors and actresses who are filling engagements on the American stage, with a supplementary list of those "at liberty" during the month of December. The list has been made as complete as possible, and comprises several thousands of names. Besides the actors and actresses the directory contains the name and permanent address of the various managers of road and stock companies, the press agents, advance agents, property and baggage agents, and other persons engaged in the theatrical business. The Editor will furnish a critical review of the new plays and other noteworthy features of 1887, and Albert E. Berg has compiled the Dramatic Record, an authentic diary of first representations; the death of theatrical personages, and all other important and interesting events of the past year at home and abroad. Other departments include a Chronological Calendar of 1888, Dramatic Bibliography, a list of American dramatists, and the principal dramatic critics of this country. Biographical sketches and portraits will be given of eminent actors and actresses who have died in 1887.

MR. JOHN HAZELRIGG.

Mr. John Hazelrigg, whose portrait in character is given here, is a rising comedian, and intends to reach the top round of the professional ladder if talent, accompanied by hard work and perseverance, can place him there. He made his first appearance about six years ago at Indianapolis. Since then he has filled various engagements. For three seasons he was the leading support of Bertha Welby, and his Bill Sykes in "Oliver Twist" received no small measure of praise from the critics. Mr. Hazelrigg is starring at present as Dick Coulter in "One Million Dollars," a new comedy-drama especially adapted to bring out his strong points. His rôle is full of comedy lines which create no end of laughter, while the pathetic touches with which he invests the character of the poor old tramp invariably win the sympathies of his audiences.

Mr. James B. Curran has been with Mr. T. W. Keene for the past three seasons.

Mr. Arthur Pell is a good musical director. His address is 92 John Street, New York.

"Mora," under the management of Mr. Fred Williams, is one of the comedy successes of the season.

Mr. Archibald Cowper is with Miss. Fanny Davenport's company, and is considered an excellent actor in his line of parts.

Mr. John P. Pallas can boast of some reputation as a character comedian. He has made a specialty of eccentric old men parts.

Miss Marguerite Saxton is playing leading parts this season with Miss Marie Prescott. Miss Saxton's work is artistic and effective.

The Ogden Press, 4 Stone street, executes all kinds of artistic printing and lithographing, and furnishes special designs for theatrical souvenirs or other purposes.

Mrs. Georgie Dickson has been for some time connected with the "White Slave" Company. Her work is marked by intelligence and the adaptability that is born of experience.

The New York School of Acting announces that special courses of private lessons in elocution, pantomime, etc., are now open to students who are not regular school members.

Professionals visiting Trenton, N. J., would do well to register at the Hotel Windsor. It is next door to Taylor's Opera House, and gives the advantage of special rates. Every room is heated by steam.

It is not generally known that Mr. Harry Alden, late of Pittsburgh, has bought the popular Criterion, at No. 2 Union Square, and is installed as mine host therein. The resort has taken on renewed prosperity.

"De Chavigné, or wounded Honor," is advertised as a strong romantic drama, for which Mr. Thomas H. Kane would like to organize a company, providing he can find a responsible capitalist to back him.

Mr. James Owen O'Connor has engaged a well-balanced company to present Shakespearian plays. Mr. O'Connor has perseveringly devoted his talents to the interest of the standard drama for several seasons.

Scott Marble is an American dramatist who has turned out such successful plays as "Over the Garden Wall" and "Muggs Landing." "Three Corners," his latest effort, is at present being re-written by him.

Mr. J. J. Eichenlaub has the progressive tendency of a Western manager. He runs a good theatre at Columbus, Ohio, and consequently is ready to book any first-class attractions for open dates of the present season.

Mr. F. M. Kendrick, who is at liberty, has the faculty of amusing an audience. Those who have seen his Obadiah Dingle, in "Skipped by the Light of the Moon," say that he created no end of laughter in that character.

Mr. Henry C. Miner is one of the largest theatrical operators at the present time. He manages five prosperous theatres, three successful traveling combinations, and Mrs. Potter's American tour, and publishes a dramatic directory.

The Eaves Costume Company have a well-established reputation for excellent workmanship. Mr. Eaves is noted for his skill and taste in the matter of theatrical costuming, and his company is patronized by many of the best people in the profession.

Mr. Sydney Chidley is an amiable gentleman, who is skilled with his pen as well as his brush. Mr. Chidley has made scenic-painting a specialty, and is prepared to undertake the painting of anything in that line, from a drop curtain to a set rock.

Miss Marie Petravsky engages in literary work when she isn't acting, and whether writing or playing, she infuses the enthusiasm of a buoyant temperament into her work. At present Miss Petravsky is writing for several journals, but she is desirous of securing a suitable engagement.

Miss Adelaide Fitz-Allan is the handsome young leading lady of Mlle. Rhéa's Co. Recently she appeared in an important rôle in Mlle. Rhéa's new play, "Lady Amyott," and made the hit of the production. Mlle. Rhéa looks upon Miss Fitz-Allan as one of the most promising young women on the American stage.

Mr. A. S. Seer, of Broadway and Seventeenth street, enjoys a large professional custom. His printing establishment is equipped with every facility for doing fine work, either from type or lithographic stone, and to the promptness, excellence and unvarying quality of his work THE MIRROR can cheerfully bear testimony.

Many of the actors who are playing "shape" parts get their dresses from Mr. Hawthorne, the costumer of this city. Those that employ his services in designing and making costumes are usually noticeable for picturesqueness and tastefulness of attire. Mr. Hawthorne is an artist and an archaeologist and therefore his productions are both graceful and historically accurate.

"Two Old Cronies" is a musical comedy that has been and continues to be a success on the road. The principal parts are played by Messrs. Wills and Henshaw and Miss May Ten Broeck, and they make a strong trio. The company is under the able management of Mr. W. C. Anderson, whose experience in the business department of the profession has been varied and valuable.

Mr. J. M. Hill's new star, Mr. James Connor Roach, is rapidly coming to the front among Irish comedians. In his play, "Dan Darcy," Mr. Roach has been winning glory and profit on the New England circuit. In Boston the performance was highly commended by discriminating critics. Mr. Hill is a manager whose business judgment is singularly accurate, and who has rarely made a false move on the theatrical chessboard.

Miss Blanche Curtisse, for the last few seasons known as the "Vassar Star," is now a member of Mr. A. M. Palmer's Madison Square Theatre Company. Miss Curtisse is well known throughout the country for her work in "Only a Farmer's Daughter," and "Zozo, the Magic Queen." She is a tall, lithe, handsome, graceful girl, who has probably not yet bidden good-by to her 'teens.

Everybody who visits the Madison Square Theatre, admires the scenic pictures that are a feature of the productions there. Although the stage is small, Mr. Richard Marston, the artist to whose achievments the notability of this department is due, always gives it whatever variety and perspective may be demanded. His ingenuity in architectural novelties and artistic coloring are worthy of the warmest praise.

Charles T. Parsloe, the original Chinaman of the American stage, has re-entered the dramatic ranks, after a retirement of some years. He was the original Chinaman in "The Danites" and "My Partner," and in the latter play amassed a competency. He is now at the head of the "Grass Widow" company. This is a sterling good farce-comedy, and in it the comedian is again seen in the rôle of a Chinese servant.

Professor A. Loisette has had success in developing the natural memory of those who have placed themselves under his tuition. The permanent retention of their lines is certainly "devoutly to be wished" by all professional actors and actresses. Professor Loisette's specialty is to cure "mind-wandering," and he was recent Memory-Instructor to classes of students at Columbia, Yale, Wellesley, and other colleges.

Ear trumpets are not particularly desirable as specimens of decorative art. The Micro-Audiphone Company, of 1986 Broadway, New York City, offers to furnish a scientific appliance with vibrating membranes and air chambers for increasing sound. Individuals suffering from deafness may thus enhance their enjoyment of a theatrical performance by attaching a flesh-colored sounding board to their aural appendages.

The Richardson & Foos Theatrical Printing House, at No. 112 Fourth Avenue, is now under the sole proprietorship of Mr. George Patterson. The founders are dead, but the good work that first gave the house prominence has not deteriorated—it has advanced in excellence. Mr. Patterson is a practical man in his business, and progressive in ideas. His small army of workmen are all artists in their especial lines, carefully selected for their fitness.

Messrs. Helmer and Lietz of this city, have taken their place as the leading theatrical wig-makers. Nearly all the improvements in artistic wig-making and the manufacture of make-up materials during the past few years were introduced by this firm. Actors know that their requirements are met most conscientiously and intelligently at this establishment, and that the paints and powders made by Messrs. Helmer and Lietz—unlike those of other people in the same business—are free from poisonous chemicals.

THE MIRROR has frequently had occasion to commend the unique usefulness of the National Press Intelligence Company of this city. Perhaps the best evidence of our appreciation is the fact that we employ its service and consider it a positive necessity. To managers and actors, as to other public persons, its advantages are obvious. With the argus-eye of the National Press reading several thousands of papers regularly in his behalf, the professional subscriber can rest satisfied that any notice in which he may be interested, will reach him.

Mr. H. S. Taylor is an active and important factor just now in the amusement field. His Managers' Agency at 23 East Fourteenth Street is the headquarters of the principal out-of-town managers, both in Canada and the United States. Mr. Taylor, as the head of the Anglo-American Agency, arranges for the purchase and production of English and American plays, and books engagements for more than two hundred theatres in both countries. In addition to these enterprises Mr. Taylor is interested in "A Dark Secret," and other popular plays now before the public.

"La Tosca," produced for the first time at the Porte St. Martin, Paris, on November 24, is proclaimed as the master-piece of the master-dramatist, M. Victorien Sardou. Miss Fanny Davenport, whose interpretation of "Fedora" has added so much lustre the past few years to her distinguished career, has secured from the author the sole American rights to "La Tosca." Arrangements for its production in this city have been completed. Miss Davenport will appear in the drama on February 27 next, opening the new Broadway Theatre. At present she is engaged in studying the rôle, which is described as being intensely emotional and most exacting in its requirements. The fact that M. Sardou has intrusted the interpretation of so difficult a character to Miss Davenport is in itself a marked compliment. Mr. Edwin H. Price, her manager, has gone to Paris to obtain models of the scenery and dresses.

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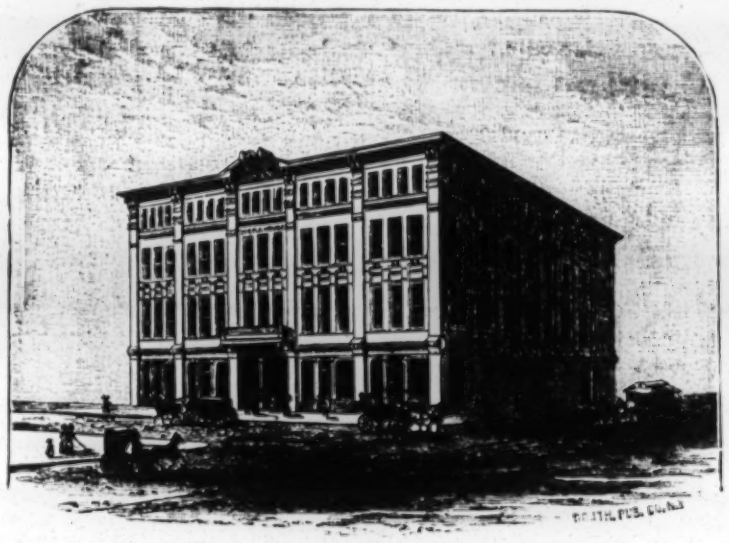

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That Mr. Milton Nobles is a man of more than ordinary versatile talents has long been conceded. An actor of good ability, he is also a dramatist of no mean order. For several years he has enjoyed popularity in eccentric comedy-dramas of his own writing, and has shown a disposition to improve the quality of the work, both as player and as writer. He has reached a plane, in his last play, "From Sire to Son" that must entitle him to more respect than many of its casual critics have seen fit to accord him in the past. This play, now being presented successfully at the Academy, is not only the best work of the author, but it is work of a quality to indicate yet greater possibilities with this practically ambitious dramatist. It is not free from fault by any means. But Mr. Nobles is a clever man and a thoroughly experienced actor, and what effects and incidents are in themselves absurd have been given ingeniously a logical and consistent seeming. The play is, however, very skillfully constructed, and in the treatment there is an air of probability given to the most incredible conditions and combination of events. Moreover, the story—somewhat complicated, making many narrative scenes necessary—is interesting, has novelty, and is relieved by an agreeable sort of comedy that arises naturally and easily out of the scenes and as a cognate part of the whole. Nothing is deliberately dragged in for the mere purpose of providing a comic episode. The whole play, whatever its other defects, is homogeneous, completely harmonious. The story is too involved for easy synopsis, nor is it necessary to reduce it to narrative. It is enough to know that the plot is based on a murder, followed by the usurpation of property and family relations by the murderer, who is, of course, the villain of the play. Mr. Nobles has treated this act uniquely, and, generally, in a very clever manner. The first act occurs in a mining town in California, and is romantically conducted. We see nothing of the conventional types of the familiar Western play, and it may be objected that the author has given too much refinement and "gift of speech" to several of his characters: but that is a small matter compared with the daring originality of having all the characters including the Sheriff meet in Venice four months later in regulation evening toilet. This is done for a dramatic purpose, however, and the purpose is very well met. The play ends with a stormy scene in the tower of an old castle on the Rhine where virtue is triumphant and retribution attends. The audience very enthusiastically commended the play, and we believe Mr. Nobles has in his last play a valuable piece of property. The company is superior to any Mr. Nobles has ever before had surrounding him.—*Inter-Ocean*, Chicago.

"From Sire to Son" is a better melodrama than "Love and Law," but both show indications that Mr. Nobles could write a better play than either if he were convinced that it would pay. He has given Mrs. Nobles an attractive role, which, as she is a very attractive little woman, with a sweet face, a graceful, refined manner, and a nice talent, has suited her admirably. She is a versatile actress, earnest and painstaking, and has improved wonderfully since she played here last. There is something agreeable about Milton Nobles, and one is sure of being interested when one goes to see his plays. This last one embodies a very dramatic as well as an original idea. The loss of speech, by which Alfred Armitage is stricken at the moment when he needs speech most, is turned to excellent account, and is logically accounted for.—*San Francisco Examiner.*

"From Sire to Son," in the hands of Milton Nobles and his excellent support, has proved a big attraction at the Alcazar Theatre during the week, every seat having its occupant on the rising up of the curtain each evening. Nobles has always been a favorite with San Francisco theatre-goers, and "From Sire to Son" has proved the most entertaining melodrama that this playwright and actor has yet produced. The scene is laid in the mining camp of Yuba, and introduces many of the scenes familiar to old Californians. Mr. Nobles plays are all full of strong "human interest." In the present instance his early California experiences have materially aided him in reproducing many life-like types of character, notably the two gamblers, the old express agent and postmaster, and the mining camp doctor. "From Sire to Son" will live.—*Alta Californian.*

Milton Nobles gave last night, at the Alcazar, his first performance in this city of his own drama, "From Sire to Son." It is the fashion to speak sometimes in a deprecating tone of Mr. Nobles, both as a playwright and actor, but it is certain that his work appeals with great force to his audiences, that it is never dull or stupid, and that it is filled with strong situations, and is always consistent and coherent. The opening scenes of his new play are laid in a mining camp in California in 1860, and his men and women are so near the real thing as to make the illusion entirely successful, which is the acme of the dramatic art. As an actor Milton Nobles has lost none of his old-time fire and vigor. He is well supported by an excellent company. Mrs. Nobles has improved markedly, and her husband has fitted her with a part which she does naturally and gracefully.—* * * *San Francisco Chronicle.*

"From Sire to Son," measured by whatever standard you will, is a strong and taking play. It is entirely different from anything Milton Nobles has previously produced, being essentially melodramatic from first to last, while all his other pieces are of the comedy school. The characters are strongly and distinctively drawn, the plot is intricate and interesting, and some of the situations are irresistible. No stronger proof of the latter quality could be asked than the tumultuous recalls at the end of the second and third acts. The entire company is one of the best that travels, each seeming to have been selected with special reference to his fitness for the part he has in hand.—*Chicago Evening Journal.*

Of Mr. Nobles and his wife little need be said except that they have more than ever the power to sway their audiences, a power evidenced last night by their vociferous recall after every act, and twice at the close of the second. This company is an excellent one. * * * Indeed, it would seem as if the people had been specially selected for the production of this play. Of all the successful plays which Mr. Nobles has written, "From Sire to Son" is decidedly the best. While the plot is not deep, the drama is constructed on strong lines and appeals to the deepest emotions. The dialogue is rich, and the climax of each act is very strong. The comedy is neatly interwoven, never "lugged in," and there are no unnatural situations. * * * —*Portland Oregonian.*

* * * From "Sire to Son" is beyond all comparison the best play Mr. Nobles has yet written. The comedy is bright and clean, and there are many expressions that will, I prophesy, become popular, catch phrases; notably, the Doctor's line, "There are moments when we desire to be alone with our surging thoughts." In the role of Alfred Armitage, Mr. Nobles achieved a distinct success in a character entirely unlike anything that he has previously written for himself. Dollie Nobles as Mabel Armitage, mother and daughter, played with intense feeling and naturalness. The groupings at the ends of various acts showed Mr. Nobles to be a master of stage-craft. Mr. Nobles is to be congratulated upon having evolved one of the very best plays yet written by an American.—*N. Y. Mirror* (St. Louis Correspondent).

* * * A very strong play has Mr. Nobles evolved this time, and, as usual, one that happily hits the happy medium between dress circle and gallery. His language is always forceful, heathful and strong; his climaxes intense and naturally wrought, and his characters flesh and blood creations that stand out with life-like prominence. Mr. Nobles was, of course, the central figure; as the reformed gambler, he filled the idea to perfection and gave some admirable instances of natural, quiet, and effective acting. Mrs. Nobles, we think, appears to better advantage than in anything she has yet done here. There were the usual excellent features in the support.—*Salt Lake Herald.*

If "From Sire to Son" were the first drama from the pen of Milton Nobles, we have not the slightest question that the critics would grant it a high place among plays. * * * We desire to compliment Mr. Nobles upon the writing of so excellent a play as "From Sire to Son." It has faults, but as a whole it is strong and well managed. * * * In the main the dialogue which Mr. Nobles has written for this play is natural and effective. "From Sire to Son" is a play that the author may well be proud of, and whose presentation will bring many dollars into the box office. The climaxes are all strong and well managed, and the idea of the play is unique without being unnatural. * * * The cast was entirely adequate. Mr. Nobles and his wife played the *roles* of the hero and the heroine, respectively, and Mr. Thomas Hunter did some really very artistic work in the character of a mining camp doctor. Another word about the play. Its first two acts are a sensational but not exaggerated picture of mining camp life in the West, and this alone is an achievement that entitles Mr. Nobles' latest production to consideration.—*Denver Republican*, Sept. 27.

Mr. Nobles' new play is a decided step forward in his advance as a dramatic author, and in his rendition of the leading character, "From Sire to Son" is decidedly Mr. Nobles' best drama. Dollie Nobles was very effective in the dual role of mother and daughter, and her singing "Home, Sweet Home" with mandolin accompaniment was one of the features of the evening. Both Mr. Nobles and his wife were repeatedly called before the curtain, and at the end of the third act were obliged to respond twice.—*Omaha Bee.*

"From Sire to Son" is incomparably Mr. Nobles' best work from a literary and constructive point of view. Like all of the author's plays, it contains types easily recognized in American character. The company is superior to any with which Mr. Nobles has ever surrounded himself, and the scenery and general mounting is simply superb. Mr. Nobles' performance of the character of Alfred Armitage was both a surprise and a delight to those who knew him simply as a comedian. This performance advances Milton Nobles many degrees in the plane of dramatic measurement. Dollie Nobles assumed a dual role of mother and daughter, and played both with much feeling and natural sweetness. The toilets worn by the ladies were rich and elegant, and in keeping with the general surroundings.—*Omaha Republican.*

Milton Nobles is the same indefatigable worker and the same jolly person he always was. His acting and plays grow better and better, and it would not be surprising should he yet write the "great American drama" that we hear so much about. That he is one of the most popular and successful actors on the American stage, is beyond question. And at last Milton Nobles has written a play that can be classed among the masterpieces of late American dramatists, and there is no reason why "From Sire to Son" should not become as popular as Bartley Campbell's excellent play, "My Partner."—*Denver Times.*

* * * As the hero—a man whose bright side of life at the commencement of the piece, is just dawning—Milton Nobles had a trying task on his hands. We have been accustomed to seeing him in the lighter shades of character, those in which the quaint and comical element prevailed; but this time he had a hero to portray—a man who had determined to turn his back upon the past, which contained but one redeeming feature, and with the whole of his remaining life restore what had been for the time lost, and make amends for the wrongs and shortcomings connected with a dissolute career. The love he bore his wife and daughter, and the terrible determination to avenge the death of the one and the outrage inflicted upon the other, required physical as well as metaphysical power which we should hardly have looked for in a comedian, but the task was well, even surprisingly well, performed. The audience were loud and enthusiastic in their tokens of approval, and the curtain descended on the second and third acts in a furore.—*Salt Lake News.*

The time has passed for turning up the critical nose at Milton Nobles and his plays. As good cider is preferable to cheap champagne, so is a good wholesome play like "From Sire to Son" preferable to pretentious failures in more lofty styles, of which the San Francisco public have seen two or three this season. And we confess to having spent an evening at the Alcazar this week with genuine enjoyment, shared, as is usual there, with a large audience. The first two acts "From Sire to Son" are laid in the village and mining camp of Yuba, California, in 1860, and have strong local color; the third is in Venice, and the fourth in an old castle on the Rhine. Milton Nobles personates a reformed gambler, of course at heart a noble fellow; Dolly Nobles, in a very charming way, personates his wife in the first act, and his daughter in the third and fourth. Henry D. Clifton plays the part of the wicked partner, Thomas M. Hunter that of a friendly, big-hearted and humorous doctor, with a son, played by Charles Morrell; and these two (the doctor being a widower) find wives in the Yuba hotel proprietress and her daughter, personated respectively by Misses Mary Davenport and Lizzy Jeremy. Other important characters are the Village Postmaster, played by Lewis F. Howard, and the County Sheriff by Charles Canfield. These last two roles and that of the Doctor are especially well done, and Mr. Nobles has by no means monopolized the effective situations, but has given plenty of capital business to his principal associates. The story can hardly be told within our limits, but is vitally interesting, the title of the play being derived from an inherited tendency in the hero to attacks of speechlessness, which figure in the first and second acts. The enthusiasm of large audiences would justify a second week's run for the play, but "Love and Law" will be produced on Monday.—*San Francisco News Letter.*

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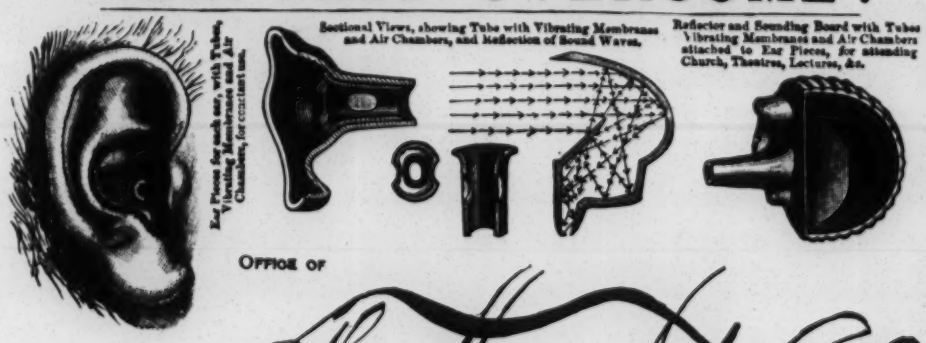
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